What to tell your child about sex
Dr. Hilliard

8-PAGE BONUS
Cookbook for brides

I was insane for 11 years

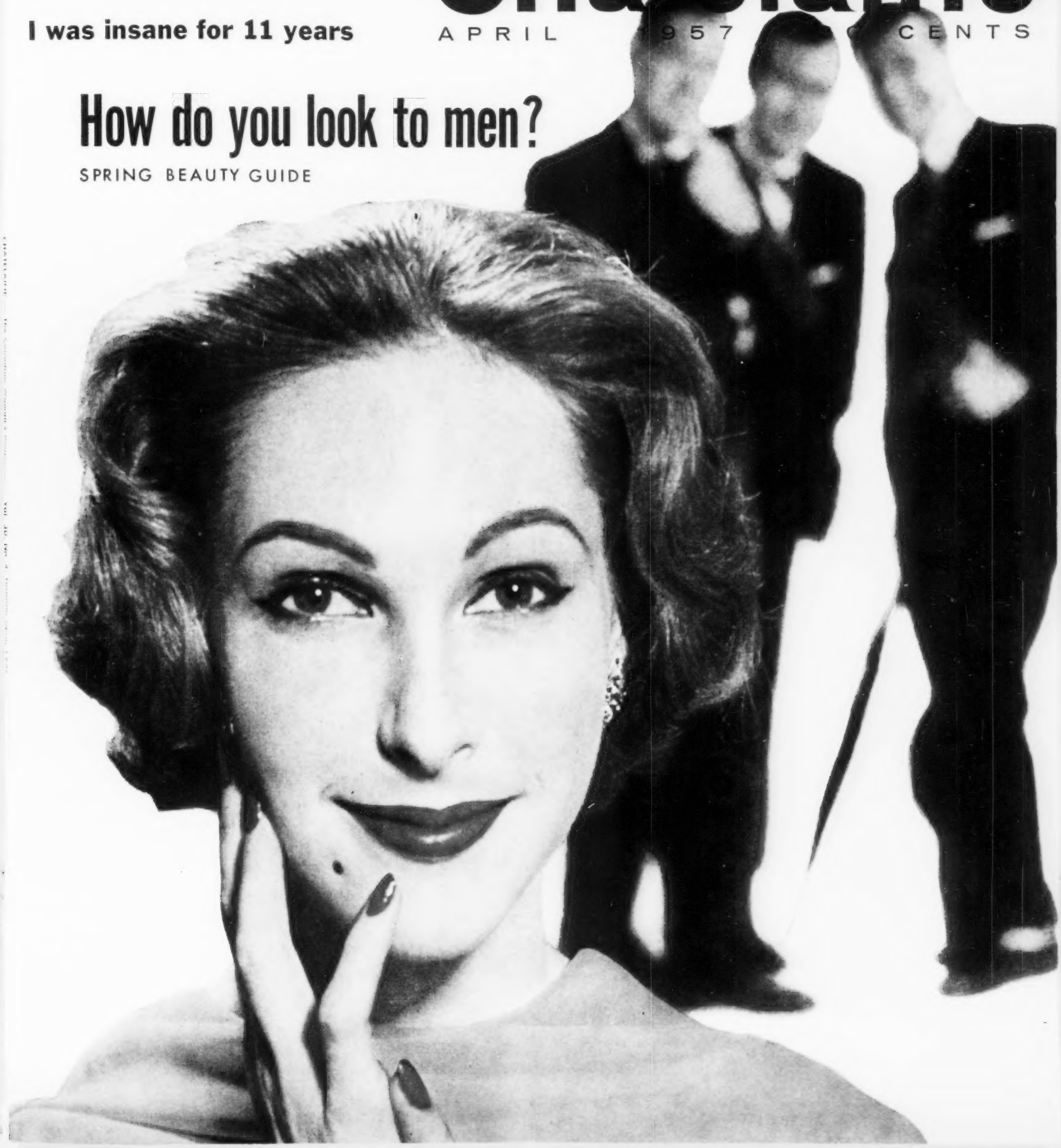
for the Canadian Woman

Chatelaine

APRIL 1957 [illegible] CENTS

How do you look to men?

SPRING BEAUTY GUIDE



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Chatelaine for the Canadian Woman

APRIL 1957 VOL. 29 NO. 4

Whatever happened to our cover girls — and young lovers?

This year, instead of our traditional beauty makeover, we've a new approach to Spring Beauty Week — with the help of some handsome, co-operative and articulate men whom you'll see on page 21. But we thought you might like to know what has become of those former makeover winners. Cover girl Marion Clarke, of Pugwash, N.S., left her job as a stenographer to join CBC-TV and is now free-lancing in TV in England. Joyce Smith, the redheaded Regina housewife, took a modeling course and found a new part-time career. Val Campbell still works on Chrysler's staff paper in Windsor and often writes to say hello and thanks, again. Another cover girl back in 1952 was Peggy Nairn, then a script girl in newly launched CBC-TV. Peggy, who sat for a word portrait of herself and her exciting job, is still with CBC as producer of the afternoon show, Open House.

MARION CLARKE

VAL CAMPBELL

PEGGY NAIRN

JOYCE SMITH

The heroine of most of the four hundred short stories entered in Chatelaine's Fiction Contest was someone we have often met before. In fact, we would know her anywhere. She is a Canadian housewife.

If this finding has any significance beyond the obvious one that a great many housewives have stories to tell we're not going to grope for it. But we did make a few random jottings as we read, and these we'd like to pass along after first telling you that winners of the $1,000 and $500 prizes are introduced in this issue on pages 16 and 18.

Our heroine's story often started at breakfast. (Next month Elaine Collett, director of Chatelaine Institute, and her staff tell about Breakfast—the Best Meal of the Day. This is a sneaky device, but we have to work in some news about what is coming.) Quite often the heroine feels that "life has passed her by" and after her family has gone to school and business she has a cup of coffee and thinks about this. Her son was sometimes called Roddie, and several husbands, one of whom rode a horse on weekends, were called Race.

The Other Woman, and she raised her unugly head fairly often, had some haunting names—Dawn, Silver, Willow, although our favorite menace was called, simply, Canada. The heroine frequently lived in the suburbs and almost as frequently she was named Sue or Rosemary. The pollsters might have called these families average. But one small boy we met was anything but average. He looked Sue right in the eye and said, "You kindled us with life and set us here, Mother. What are you going to do about it?" How about that, Dr. Blatz? (And speaking of Dr. Blatz, he has written a piece in his Canadian marriage series for the next issue which tells you what you don't know about your husband.) That's about all, except we wonder why there weren't more romantic stories. Hello there, young lovers, whatever became of you?

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LETTERS TO CHATELAINE

Everybody Loves a Bonus . . .

Heartiest and sincere congratulations on March Chatelaine. New ideas, new features—the stories all locked in one piece at the end. Gardening, cooking—oh so many ideas and ways of doing so many things . . . You've always been my pet magazine.

Mrs. Ellen Whitman, Sutherland, Sask.

Are Newfs any better?

In regard to your article, Why Don't They Like Us in Newfoundland? (by Jeannine Locke, March), it burns me up to think that Newfoundlanders want privileges other Canadians haven't thought of for seventy years. Why should they consider themselves any better (or worse) than the other provinces? We'd be better off, if they feel this way, without them.

Peter Toner, Fredericton.

Second-rate wife

I have just finished reading I Was a First-Rate Mother but a Second-Rate Wife (by Joanna Seton, February) and feel that "and a second-rate human being" should have been added to the title. What has happened to so-called intelligent Canadians? As long as they insist upon reproducing at the speed of rabbits they should expect to be disorganized.

Mrs. Allan Sutherland, Bury, Que.

Why Canadian babies die

Your article, Why do so Many Canadian Babies Die? (by Frank Croft, February), was brought to the attention of the board of directors of this society with words of commendation for the writer. Your advice regarding prenatal visits to the doctor is sound and we echo it. But we also suggest that the patient get from her doctor written permission to join a Mothercraft Prenatal class, and learn the Grantly Dick Read exercises.

Miss Kate Miles, Canadian Mothercraft Society, Toronto.

Am I mad! So they are now blaming the Canadian women for our deplorable infant-mortality rate. Some of us have been burned up for years over what we have found in our hospitals . . . In my own case there was not one precaution taken despite the fact it was my first baby and I was three weeks overdue, thirty-eight and a half years of age and small of frame. Not even an X-ray until my labor had come and gone and until I had spent another twelve or fourteen hours with a nurse-in-training putting a mask over my face, which was probably not good for either my baby or myself. They could do this but they could not call a specialist because that was against the rules of the hospital. A Caesarean was finally performed and my 8¼-pound baby lived thirty-six hours despite concussion of the liver, lungs, brain.

Mrs. A. M. McLean, Vancouver.

UN pen pals wanted

Each year we get requests from people over twenty-five, especially from Britain, who want to write to Canadians. It occurs to me that there must be readers of Chatelaine who are interested or have leisure time who would be glad to correspond with these people. If such readers will write to our department (below) we will be happy to supply suitable pen friends.

Mrs. R. T. Tanner, Director, Overseas Correspondence Department, United Nations Association in Canada, 237 Queen Street, Ottawa.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Paul Rockett (cover, 15, 25, 46), Peter Croydon (9, 21), Ken Bell (9), Geraldine Carpenter (19), Ray Webber (22, 23), Panda Photography (22, 23), Toronto Telegram (24), John Sebert (25, 108), John Steele (25), Bev Ford (25), Lockwood Haight (28), Jean Merrill (74), Nelson Hitchinson (100), Miller Services (102). ARTWORK IN THIS ISSUE—By Robert Turnbull (3, 22, 52), Huntley Brown (16), John Adams (18), William Winter (20, 108), Sylvia McDonald (26, 30, 32, 35, 36, 37), Harold Town (42), Bruce Hefkey (50), Jean Miller (65-72).

CHATELAINE'S

Club News

FROM COAST TO COAST

CONDUCTED BY PAT PARKINSON

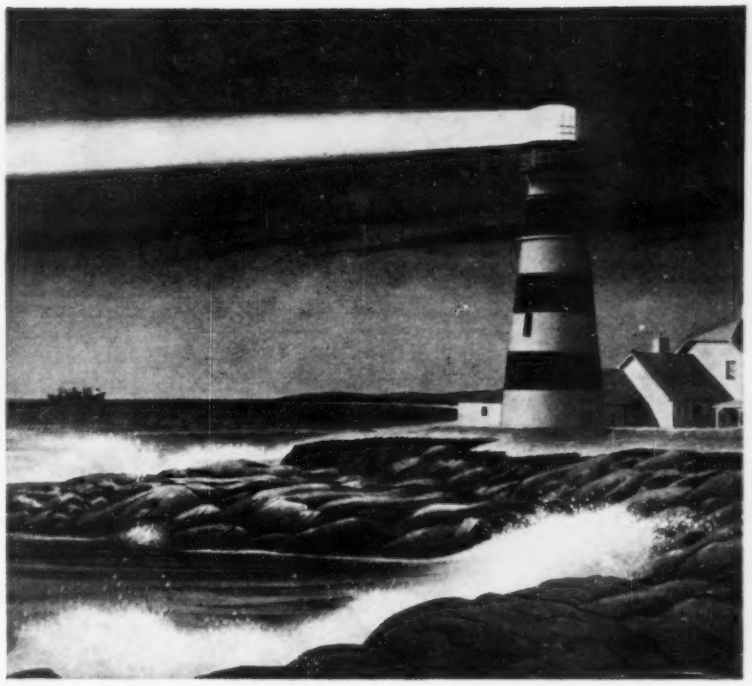
Boat rides and bedding, cocktails and chauffeur service represent one of the liveliest women's groups in Canada — the year-old WOMEN'S AUXILIARY OF THE METROPOLITAN TORONTO ASSOCIATION FOR RETARDED CHILDREN. The first of its kind in Canada, this group of seventy-five housewives and business women grew from friendships formed during a fund-raising drive last year. At the parent-operated school for retarded children, the women donate bedding, clothing, furniture and drive the youngsters to swimming classes. In one year they have raised three thousand dollars through theatre parties, raffles, rummage sales and a giant "after-five" party. Each member must also raise ten dollars talent money on her own. One enterprising mother provides a ten-cent ferry service in her boat driving the children to the mainland from island cottages during the summer; another makes educational toys.

Circulating art gallery. If you're one of the people who shy away from art galleries because "I don't understand art" then this will interest you. The WOMEN'S COMMITTEE, LONDON PUBLIC ART GALLERY have a "look-lecture" series to interest the public in their gallery by helping them to understand and enjoy the paintings. In one evening, four of the forty members will bundle eighteen pictures in a station wagon and travel to private homes or organizations to take turns giving informative talks on the paintings — free of charge. These women are all amateurs interested in art and many paint well themselves. Before her talk, each speaker studies the life of the artist and the history of the painting. The committee have taken the paintings to homes for the aged, and for the blind, for whom they describe each picture, as well.

Spectacles turned into clothes. Now that spring is on the way, maybe a quick overhaul of your attic would produce some old gold spectacles. We know where you can dispose of them. VANCOUVER'S SIR CHARLES TUPPER CHAPTER IODE has turned thousands of these discarded spectacles and other precious metals (including silver coffin plates) into five thousand dollars for new clothes for needy children. These women support the Strathcona Day Nursery where many of the children are from recent immigrant families or from poor or broken homes. The spectacle fund forms a permanent clothing pool to help these children in emergencies.

Tots Topics. This is the title of a gay do-it-yourself booklet of cutouts and puzzles for four- to eight-year-old children, produced and delivered ten times a year by VANCOUVER'S JUNIOR LEAGUE. Even the cover is often the creation of a member's young child. Five hundred subscriptions of the magazine sell for a dollar each to help pay for the real reason behind the project: this number is matched by members and sent to children's hospitals and agencies.

IF YOUR ORGANIZATION is planning a new project or has discovered a new way to make an old project more successful, Chatelaine will be happy to tell our readers about it. Write to Pat Parkinson, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.



Charting a safer course against CANCER . . .

Just as the pilots of ships are helped to chart safer courses by heeding signals, so, too, have many people been made safe by recognizing warning signals of possible cancer and taking proper action. In fact, thousands of people are alive and well today because they knew cancer's warning signs and were treated in time.

For your own protection, you should know the seven danger signals which may mean cancer. They are listed here for you.

Remember, however, that these signals do *not* always indicate cancer. Rather, they may just be signs that something is wrong — and that you should see your doctor promptly. If cancer is found, precious time will be gained by starting treatment immediately.

Even if no symptoms occur, it is important to have periodic health examinations, particularly if you are 35 years of age or older. Studies show that about 95 percent of all cancers are found in people over 35.

Through health examinations, many cancers are discovered before symptoms develop. If the disease is detected early, chances for cure or control are generally greatly increased. For example, at least 95 percent of the cases of skin cancer could be saved if diagnosed early and properly treated.

If people would act promptly when a danger signal is noticed . . . if apparently well people would have their doctors examine them regularly . . . the Canadian Cancer Society believes that the annual number of cancer cases saved from death could be *increased* significantly with weapons now at hand.

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. **Any sore that does not heal.**
2. **A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.**
3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in a wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

These facts point up the vital importance of early detection and treatment. Surgery, X-rays and other forms of radiation offer the best assurance of cure. Remember, however, that there is no "sure-cure" for cancer . . . despite some claims that are made.

Medical science is now pushing a total attack against cancer . . . and progress is being made in both cancer diagnosis and treatment. Meantime, you have a responsibility to yourself and others to:

1. Have periodic health examinations
2. Know cancer's early danger signals
3. Get prompt medical care at once if any danger signal appears.

For more information on this subject, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "What You Should Know About Cancer."

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6N 57

Learn to Live with yourself

BY DR. REVA GERSTEIN

What to Do When Panic Strikes

MOST of us have acquired a little basic knowledge about first aid. We know, for example, how to stop a nosebleed and how to bring somebody out of a faint. But suppose you were suddenly faced with a screaming, hysterical woman or a man immobilized by fear. What would you do? Few people realize that a little psychological first aid is just as necessary knowledge as physical first aid in times of disaster such as a traffic accident, a flood or a bad fire.

Some people can remain calm under even the most severe stress. But most of us show our strain by perspiring profusely, trembling a bit, or even feeling weak and sick to our stomachs. Most of us can recover control of ourselves after the first impact. But there are occasions when even very stable people are so overwhelmed by an event that they can't establish emotional stability for quite a while and they may require some help from outside.

Four Ways People Lose Control

The most difficult reaction you might be faced with is blind panic. People in this state seem to have lost all sense of reason. They have been known to leap into overcrowded lifeboats when there are other lifeboats empty nearby. In theatre fires they have stampeded to the nearest exit only to be crushed to death, although other exits were available. Sometimes these people give way to uncontrolled weeping or aimless dashing about.

Far fewer people than you might imagine are given to this kind of reaction but the danger is that their attitude might spread to others and cause them to panic too.

Just the opposite are those who react to disaster as though they were drugged. They will sit in the midst of complete chaos as though they were by themselves in a self-imposed vacuum. Their gaze will be vacant. If spoken to, they will not reply, or merely shrug. They seem quite unaware of their danger and make no attempt to get out of the situation. They are unable to help themselves without guidance.

Other people react to shock with increased activity. They will talk rapidly, make all kinds of pointless jokes, suggest solutions that won't work. They try to cope with the situation with a burst of overconfidence. They are particularly difficult to deal with because they won't listen to any suggestions except their own.

Another reaction people have in a state of shock is called conversion hysteria. In this state the person converts his anxiety into a belief that some part of his body has been hurt. He thinks he is blind or he can't hear or that he has lost the power to speak. All feeling may disappear from his legs and he is sure he can't walk. You may think he is faking, but he's not. He is completely unaware that there is no physical reason for his symptom and he is just as disabled as if he had a real injury.

How to Give Psychological First Aid

These are the four main classes into which disaster victims fall. Some people may show symptoms from more than one category. For example, the initially numbed may later swing into excessive activity.

There are four simple principles you *Continued on page 6*

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Never strike or slap a panic victim

should try to keep in mind when faced with a disaster victim. The first rule is to accept the person's right to feel whatever he wants. Never blame or ridicule a person for how he is reacting. If a man cries or a woman cowers in a corner, don't tell them that this kind of reaction is foolish or unbecoming to a grown-up person. Nobody can decide how to feel in a disaster. People just react and they can't do anything about it. Our particular personalities take over. Some people will tend to blame themselves no matter how ridiculous this may seem to an outsider —if only they had been home the gas main wouldn't have blown up. Other people will blame everyone else but themselves although the accident may be clearly their fault.

But this is not a time to try to reason logically. The first thing you do is to accept the person's feelings as they exist and let him know you want to help. Don't overwhelm him with pity. You must be sympathetic but try to do it with a few words or a simple gesture.

The second rule is to accept the person's limitations as real. When you see a broken leg, you don't ask the victim to get up and walk on it. The same is true when a person's ability to cope with his feelings is shattered. It does no good to tell anyone to "snap out of it" or "pull yourself together." Such goading and reassurance have no place in the situation.

If he's depressed, you talk

You must also guard against resentment because of the victim's real or imaginary disabilities. You might have been involved in the disaster yourself. You reason that if you have coped he should be able to cope too. But you must recognize that the same experience has different meanings for different people and the powers of coping with a situation are very different.

The third rule is to size up a casualty's potentialities as accurately and quickly as possible. While you are making allowance for a disturbed person's limitations, you should be on the lookout for skills and other assets you can revive and use. Try to find out by gentle enquiry what happened. Let him reply in his own way. You haven't time to let him ramble on endlessly but a few minutes' sympathetic conversation will help. Find out if he is concerned about his family and friends. If you can, try to tell him when and how he can expect to make contact with the people dear to him. If he is too depressed to talk, then explain gently what may have happened to him to increase his confidence in you to the point where he starts to talk. Ask him what he does in everyday life. There might be some simple job you can give him that will help take his mind off the larger problem.

The fourth rule is not to try to do more than you can manage yourself. Set up a priority list of what you should do first. Don't press yourself beyond what you can do or you will collapse and add to the burden of the doctor and other helpers.

How do you deal with individual types? Your first task, when faced with victims of a traffic accident or fire or flood, is to try to size up the people who need help fast because they are in danger of losing control of themselves. Many people temporarily are frightened, feel sick or tremble but if they can follow directions and act rationally they can look after themselves with just a word or two of encouragement.

The people who need immediate help are people who panic. They are particularly difficult to deal with because often you can't get their attention. But they must be calmed down or removed from the scene or they will spread their terror to other people who may be barely hanging onto control themselves, or they will harm themselves with their irrational behavior.

Try to calm them with gentle firmness. If this fails, you'll have to use physical force. But never try to handle these people by yourself because they will most certainly break away and become even more disturbed. If they won't calm down get the help of one or two more people. Whatever you do to them, be firm but never brutal. There's a myth that a person in panic can be jolted out of it by socking him on the jaw or slapping him across the face, or dousing him in cold water. This is not true. It may halt his panic temporarily but in a few minutes he will be even more unmanageable and you will alarm other people who may be fighting for control themselves.

With people who go into a trance in the face of disaster, quiet talk is the best method. Your concern is often enough to coax them out of their private world of shock. Sometimes they show no response, but keep on talking calmly because your voice and manner are probably forming some impression and helping them out of their numbed state.

Older people and children need special attention. Older people tend to become more confused in the face of disaster and they need prompt attention. Children, on the other hand, reflect the attitude of adults, which means you have to be particularly careful to speak calmly and confidently to them.

The people who overact are as difficult to handle as the people who panic. They won't listen to anyone's advice but their own. They are calmed by giving them jobs to do. As they react by being overconfident in the face of disaster, they are often critical of what is being done to help and they loudly condemn anyone in authority. They must be calmed with talk, if possible, because their critical attitude can spread and cause just as much trouble as the panic. Don't argue with the rightness or wrongness of their views. Try to make them realize that once the disaster has occurred the immediate need is to repair the damage, not find the culprit. Try to channel their excessive energies into cleaning up the mess at hand.

Never give a casualty sedatives except as a last resort. Leave this to the doctor. People in a state of shock don't think clearly, and however calming a sedative may be it will only add to their confusion. When a person is in a state of shock it takes large doses of sedatives to put them to sleep. Sometimes a drug which normally is supposed to calm them will only excite them more. If you should give anyone a sedative, make sure you tell the doctor what you have done—or he might administer another dose which could be fatal.

Above all, in any disaster try to keep as calm as you can. There's a premium on common sense and it's the most valuable first aid you can possibly bring to the situation. ◆

TEX-MADE SUMMERTIME COTTONS

"Tex-made's new fashion colours bloom, they're so beautiful! And there's a whole garden of completely different new prints to pick from," reports Joan Blanchard, Tex-made stylist. So, sewing for the sweet summertime will be a delight in itself, this year. And never fear—the charms of Summertime Cottons won't fade away. They'll last, because they're *Tex-made* colour-fast—made to take frequent washings, and look fresh as flowers after summer showers.

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CHEVROLET

Bad Ballet Lessons Can Cripple Your Child

By BETTY OLIPHANT
Ballet Mistress, National Ballet Guild of Canada
As told to GLADYS SHENNER

The sugar-coated brand of training too often given in Canada can cause serious muscle damage, and poor teachers and overeager mothers must share the blame

MODERN mothers are a finicky breed. They raise their daughters with the help of a raft of pediatricians, orthodontists and child psychologists. They stuff them with vitamin pills and protein-laden foods. They insist on a healthy nine-hour sleep each night. And then thousands of these same mothers risk their daughters' health by sending them off to poorly qualified ballet teachers. Ballet, wrongly taught, can and has injured growing bodies. Bad ballet training can distort young feet, turn legs into a mass of large bulging muscles, strain muscles and result in such chronic postural faults as a sway back.

Ballet is a classic dance form with definite and exact movements. Taught and practiced correctly, the right muscles come into play and there is no physical harm. But it's also the most strenuous of all dancing arts and requires great skill and body control. It demands a strength that can only be built up through years of carefully supervised training. The unqualified teacher doesn't take this into account, and her pupils' health can suffer.

"Girls who are not taught properly may develop swollen leg muscles, flat feet, painfully enlarged toe joints, and sprains and strains," a prominent orthopedic surgeon recently told me.

At one time only a few gifted and physically perfect children studied ballet. Today, in ballet-conscious Canada, the chances are that you, like many other mothers, want your daughter to have ballet lessons. She may never become a ballerina, but if she's well taught, ballet can improve her posture, give her poise and grace. It's only when she's badly taught that she is susceptible to serious injury.

Although I draw a frightening picture, I'm not trying to undermine ballet or the teaching of it. Ballet is my life, as well as my profession. I started ballet when I was seven and I danced professionally in England for many years. Before I came to Canada in 1947 I was a Fellow and Examiner of the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing. I now have my own school in Toronto and I'm ballet mistress of the National Ballet Guild of Canada, as well as principal of the National Ballet's annual summer school.

I know ballet and ballet dancers. I have made a study of teaching in this country and too often I have found that some teachers across Canada are offering a dangerously sugar-coated brand of ballet in place of solid training and experience. Too often the

Continued on page 10

After seven, serious training can start, says Betty Oliphant, rear.

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★ Crow's feet!
★ Flaky patches!
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★ Crepey throat!

If *you* have dry skin problems in these "danger zones," then start using Woodbury Dry Skin Cream today. It softens and moisturizes your skin. It makes these "age-revealers" less apparent with your very first treatment!

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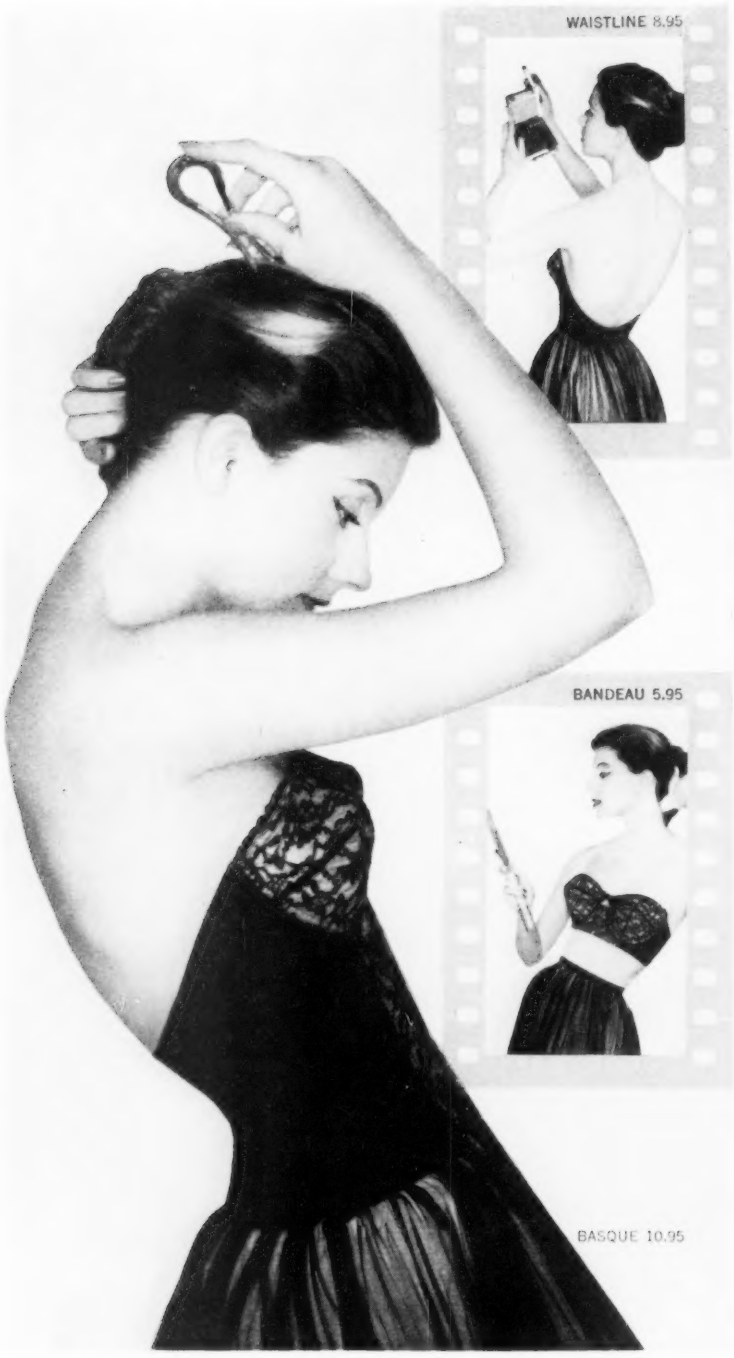

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THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS

Ideally, once-a-week pupils should not be allowed to dance on tiptoe

Continued from page 9

parents share the responsibility for this sugar coating by demanding quick, spectacular results. There are no statistics, but this country is glutted with ballet teachers who force your daughter into advanced steps and techniques before she's strong and skillful enough to do them without danger of permanent injury.

I shall never forget the Toronto mother who came to me for advice about her thirteen-year-old daughter. The girl had started ballet lessons when she was six. Her teacher had put her up on her toes at her very first lesson. By the time I saw the girl her feet were painfully deformed. When I told her she should get off her toes immediately, her mother protested, "But it's only three months till her recital. Can't she dance on her toes until then?"

Dancing on tiptoe, called *sur les pointes*, has become the stance most often associated with ballet. But *pointe* work needs a great deal of strength and years of solid training.

Ideally, once-a-week pupils should never go on their toes. But a good teacher compromises by not putting them on *pointe* for two or three years, and then, for only about five minutes at the end of the class. Of course, all pupils are anxious to go on their toes since to them this is the essence of the dance.

Another movement commonly associated with ballet is the extension — the height of the raised leg while standing on the other one. The higher the leg, it is felt, the more effective the result. The poor teacher encourages her pupils to get their legs as high as they can immediately, instead of starting with the raised leg a few inches from the floor. As strength develops the leg may be raised higher and higher.

This brings up a special problem, that of the facile pupil, the youngster who is especially gifted. In the hands of an unqualified teacher her progress is hurried and she can appear to achieve spectacular results within a short time. She can raise her legs higher than the average child, and she quickly looks attractive on *pointe*. She is the star attraction at recitals for a few years until she burns out. As the teacher has not spent enough time laying a proper groundwork, she weakens the child and often destroys her chances for a professional career.

I can remember such a child, a girl who had the kind of talent you come across perhaps once in a lifetime. She had started to dance when she was seven and by the time she was eighteen she was a professional dancer. But, because she had been poorly trained over the years, her muscles were weak and without elasticity. Even with constant treatment and rest they couldn't sustain her for the eight hours of dancing that she had to do each day. At the end of a year and a half she was forced to quit.

Rolling ankles are a common result of poor ballet training. This happens when a child is made to "turn out" too far. She is forced to do exercises with her heels together, while the toes of one foot point to one wall and the toes of the other foot point to the opposite wall.

The whole ballet technique is based on standing and performing exercises with the legs and feet in this position. But if she is forced to turn her feet farther than she comfortably can, her ankles roll forward and cause big painful toe joints, weak arches, flat feet and thick lower calves. Bones sometimes protrude from the foot and toes overlap. Turning out the feet too far also puts too much strain on the small of the back and can cause a sway back.

A good teacher never accepts a pupil for serious ballet training younger than seven, although dancing on a nursery or pre-ballet level is good for younger children. Before seven or eight, the bones of a child's feet are soft and easily distorted and her knees are weak. Ballet needs more strength and discipline than she can give, and until she's twelve she should practice only a limited time each day. Whether she's a serious ballet student or not, she should be taught by the most experienced teacher available. It's during this period, when her body is still delicate, that good training can correct postural faults and wrong training can cause permanent defects.

Large muscular legs are automatically associated with the ballet dancer. Although the calf muscles of the professional dancer do thicken, she will have ugly legs only if she's given unbalanced training. The ballet student need not have them if she's properly trained. Muscles "blow up" when the teacher doesn't alternate exercises to use different sets of muscles. If the pupil does all her exercises standing on the same leg, the muscles of that leg become overworked, weaken and swell. Doing the same exercises continuously is not the way to develop strength, and a good teacher varies them to give balanced training—and well-shaped legs.

The right training can do a lot for your daughter. One girl who had had glandular fever began ballet lessons with me when she was eleven. She was delicate and without much stamina and even the mildest cold would send her to bed. When she first started she would miss lessons for weeks at a stretch. But years of carefully supervised training built up her strength to such an extent that now, at seventeen, she is a professional dancer who is able to put in a strenuous eight hours of dancing each day.

Certain ballet exercises can improve flat feet and weak arches. Some orthopedic surgeons recommend this. By teaching your daughter to distribute the weight of her body evenly, ballet strengthens the back and squares rounded shoulders. It can tone up her muscles and make her body more supple. Ballet tends to improve the lines of the legs by teaching her to place her weight forward, instead of back on her heels.

The professional ballet dancer needs a high degree of intelligence and the ability to work doggedly. Her training is long and hard and she must have patience and strength of spirit. This is perhaps even more important than strength of body, for the latter can usually be

Continued on page 105

(Advertisement)

Skin specialist develops home treatment that

rinses away blackheads

in 15 minutes

by Claire Hoffman

A leading New York skin specialist developed a simple medicated home treatment that rinses away blackheads and whiteheads in a matter of minutes.

I saw it demonstrated recently on five women and two teenage boys. The results were almost breath-taking. Blackheads really rinsed away. In fact, many could be seen on the cleansing tissues that finished each treatment.

But this wasn't all! I saw enlarged pores reduced, and rough, muddy complexions made cleaner, clearer and smoother-looking. After seeing these results, I can well understand why so many beauticians are now acclaiming this treatment one of the most important beauty discoveries of the century.

Anyone Can Use It

The treatment starts with a thorough skin cleansing. A special laboratory-developed *whipped* cleansing cream is used that takes off not only surface dirt, but also softens and loosens stubborn grime with its emollient action. It liquefies as soon as it is applied and literally floats the dirt right off your face.

After this is tissued off, a delightful mint-scented cream is applied. Within 2 or 3 minutes an absorbing agent dries and turns this specially medicated cream into a plastic-like masque. As it firms and hardens, it draws off waste matter . . . In 8 or 10 minutes you simply rinse the masque away with lukewarm water which dissolves it immediately. When you wipe your face you can see blackheads and other impurities actually come off on your tissue. And your skin feels clean—really clean — and refreshed and smooth, like velvet!

Pore Sponging and Closing

The third step in the treatment is an exhilarating application of a unique penetrating astringent—a facial "mint julep" that closes cleansed pores and helps protect your skin against dust and dirt.

Nothing Else Like It

Even after a single treatment, women who have been troubled by blackheads for years see a marked improvement. Many find it hard to believe their eyes. Some blackheads and whiteheads just rinse away. Others are softened and made ready to be floated off by future treatments. Enlarged pores appear to be smaller. The skin looks smoother and firmer — feels fresher and more *alive!*

In short, after a single treatment taking only 15 minutes, you can expect to see results that normally you would not dare to hope for even after many weeks . . . but don't expect everything at once. Damage done by years of neglect can't be undone in a day. Yet with 3 or 4 treatments a week, you may confidently look forward to startling complexion improvements within 30 days. Then one treatment a week —or every second week—will probably be all your skin will need to keep it clear, lovely and healthy looking.

The specially developed products used in this treatment are manufactured and quality-controlled by QUEEN HELENE. They are *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream, Queen Helene Medicated Masque* and *Queen Helene Penetrating Astringent.* The three items are sold as complete skin and beauty kit for $3.98. Quite a bargain when you think of what it will do for a person's good looks—and self esteem!

See Blackheads "Wipe Off"

After a Single Queen Helene Skin and Beauty Treatment

Look! See them come off on your cleansing tissue—and without squeezing or digging!

1 First apply *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream.* This liquefies instantly on your skin and softens dirt with its rapid emollient action. You tissue off all but a thin film which prepares your face for the masque.

2 Now smooth on the *Queen Helene Medicated Masque.* As it hardens into a masque you feel a pleasant tingle as the cleansing action helps draw off blackheads and other pore impurities.

3 After about 8 or 10 minutes, rinse off the masque with lukewarm water. It dissolves in seconds, carrying off impurities along with the masque. Then apply *Queen Helene Mint Julep Astringent* — a special formula helps close cleansed pores, tones your complexion and makes it feel vibrant.

all these items
3.98
(Enough for 33 Treatments)
Economical Size 5.95

RESULTS ARE GUARANTEED

Examine your face before and after treatment. You should see a startling difference. Some of the blackheads should be gone and others loosened for removal by future treatments. These results are guaranteed *or your money will be refunded.*

Para Laboratories Sales Co., Dept. H-550, 64 Front Street West, Toronto, Ontario.
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3. ASTRINGENT

I will pay postman low introductory price and postage. If I don't see dramatic improvement in my skin after just one 10-minute treatment — if Queen Helene doesn't do for my skin everything you have led me to believe it will do, I will return unused portion for my money back.

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Match your mood to the fragrances of these best-loved soaps by Yardley. Lilting, blithe-spirited Lavender, exotic Orchis, dewy-fresh Red Roses, subtle Lotus or shy, woodsy April Violets . . . each creamy tablet cleanses your skin to a satin smoothness . . . wraps you in an aura of loveliness. Choose any or all of these Yardley soaps . . . for the ultimate in fragrant bath luxury.

Chatelaine
APRIL 1957

I LIVE AGAIN

after Eleven years of Insanity

New methods of treatment now make it possible for patients once thought to be hopeless to leave our mental hospitals. Here is the dramatic, personal story of one woman who came back

As told to

JUNE CALLWOOD

NOW that I live in a world of time, where people wake and sleep on schedule, keep appointments and plan ahead for weekend parties, I am stunned to realize that I was mentally ill for eleven years. One aspect of mental illness that few people understand is the vacuum it inhabits. Time stops in a mental hospital, has no reality at all. The meals seem only moments apart, an infuriating nuisance to those patients who have no interest in eating. Daylight and darkness repeat themselves but the insane take no notice.

Sometimes the lawn outside the mental hospital is vividly green and sometimes it is covered with snow. The change seems a whim of decoration. Quite often there is a Christmas tree in the main hall. It is pretty, but meaningless. So is everything, all the world, completely meaningless. I spent eleven years in such a living tomb, from 1945 to 1956; for all I knew, then, it might have been eleven months, or eleven weeks. I can remember it only in gaps.

I realize only now that I am cured, one of the miracle recoveries from severe mental illness made possible in part by the new tranquilizing drugs, that eleven years out of the centre of a woman's life is a long, long time. I am able to measure now. I was thirty-one when I was certified insane. I was an attractive brunette, newly the mother of a lovely little girl. My husband and I were separated after a singularly argumentative marriage so I lived with my mother. I had been an office worker.

Now I am forty-two, but I don't look it. I look older. My hair is nearly white and my body has aged. My daughter is grown as tall as I am. We are strangers to each other and I can *Continued on page 91*

What should you tell your child about Sex?

There's a happy medium between being furtive and too frank. But no words can instruct, for good or bad, as forcefully as your own attitude to love and marriage

By Dr. Marion Hilliard

• It may seem incongruous for an obstetrician and gynecologist to be preoccupied with the raising of children, but it is a matter of pure logic—cause-and-effect variety.

I have discovered during the twenty-five years that I have been treating women's ailments, the real and the imagined ones, that childhood has mighty power to maim an adult.

Sometimes it is a comparatively minor crippling, as in the girl who has witnessed her mother's groanings during menstruation and accordingly suffers from painful menstruation herself.

But sometimes the damage bites deeper and withers the womanliness of the future woman. The child may get the impression that sex is a furtive and dirty preoccupation—and the seed of frigidity is sown. If she hears her mother pity a pregnant woman, motherhood may seem shoddy to her. If she never receives the blessing of warm affection, she may never be able to give it.

A doctor can make a shrewd analysis of a patient's childhood sometimes on the basis of her attitude to illness. Some little girls are never taught to absorb small discomforts, such as growing pains and bruises, and they grow

PAUL ROCKETT

up to be women who are outraged at the aches and pains of pregnancy and hysterical during labor. Others have had an opposite training and are conditioned to be stoical. I have seen a woman with such a background close to death and still sturdily and angrily protesting that she was feeling fine.

I'm not so much interested in *what* mothers tell their daughters about living as in the emotional attitude that is instilled. A proper, soundly constructed attitude can see a girl through her whole life, relatively unharmed no matter what catastrophes occur. It's an annuity against abandonment to despair, fear or grief. Teach a little girl to accept the mishaps of life over which she has no control—a tragedy in the home, for instance, the pangs of the snob system of society, her own limitations. Some women can spend a lifetime being infuriated at their thick ankles. Steady a child with love and fill her with laughter.

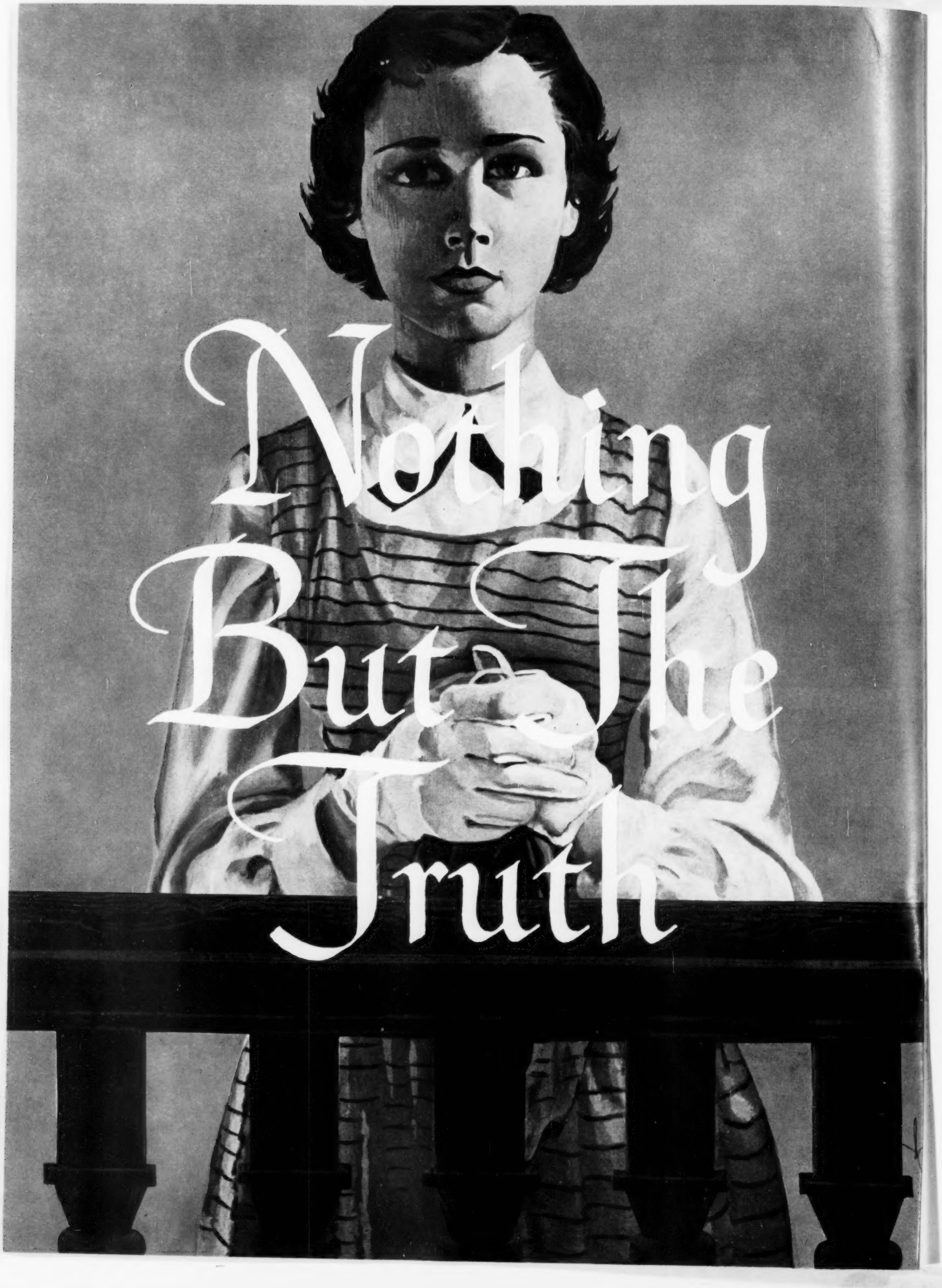
None of this can be taught at some appointed moment convenient for the mother. It's hopeless to draw a child aside on a quiet afternoon when the ironing is done and launch a discussion about sex. The child simply won't listen. A young person hears only what she wants to hear and only when she is ready. The very finest moment in the child's life to tell her about the pull of desire, for example, can very easily occur when guests are expected at any moment. The little girl, watching her mother hurriedly fastening her earrings, suddenly asks, "How did Annie get a baby—she's not married?" The child is ready for an explanation and will listen to every word. The guests are not nearly so important.

Even if the mother is wise enough to seize the opportunity, she must also realize that anything, *anything*, delivered like a sermon is unpleasant listening for a child and will be tuned out. The right attitude for imparting knowledge is warmth and gentleness. I favor myself the old-style way of taking a child into your arms at such times. The closeness of mother and daughter is as essential as anything the mother is saying.

Be natural and simple in explaining reproduction to a child. It can be easily told, even in a city, with the example of familiar animals. One mother related her description of human procreation to the family pet, an exceedingly amoral female cat.

"Is that how Fluffy gets her babies?" asked the child at the conclusion.

"Yes, dear," replied the mother. *Continued on page 96*


Nothing
But The
Truth

FIRST-PRIZE WINNER IN CHATELAINE'S FICTION CONTEST

ELDA CADOGAN, of Durham, Ont., wife of the editor of the Durham Chronicle and mother of three, is a prolific and successful writer. Her poetry has taken prizes and last year she placed second in the IODE short story contest. Her fiction and articles have appeared in national magazines, including Chatelaine. She also writes for radio and the stage. In 1954, Victoria held an Elda Cadogan Night and presented three of her plays. One, Rise and Shine, has had more than two hundred performances and forty awards.

Her parents had told her just what to say in court. But why couldn't she tell the real story of that soft September night?

LORENE struggled up from the warm oblivion of sleep to find her mother's gentle hand upon her shoulder. She knew at once that it was still dark and therefore early, and for a moment happiness lit her young face. Early rising must mean a trip of some sort, a day in the city, a fair, something exciting. But in the same second memory, roused by the look in her mother's eyes, came back and wiped the momentary glow away. She remembered, now that she was fully awake, what day this was. Yesterday's misery waited patiently at her bedside for her acknowledgment. Now that she remembered, it leaped into her heart with the assurance of an old inhabitant and began, steadily, to gnaw at the old wound.

Her young face, still rounded and childish, settled into a replica of her mother's: a look of patience under suffering, a look of anxiety, secret and terrible, and something else; a look of shame that hinted at dark terrors escaping from her heart to peer frighteningly from the windows of her eyes.

"Come down and dress by the fire, dear," her mother said kindly. "Dad isn't in from the chores yet and Ronnie's still asleep."

The irony of this consideration for her modesty struck them both at the same moment, and her mother turned away. It was always like that now. The simplest, most commonplace words would suddenly turn into two-edged swords, wounding both the speaker and the hearer. It had cut conversation to a minimum in the Carter home. Even nine-year-old Ronnie rarely chattered as he had used to. He could not understand what had happened, but he could feel the sorrow and the shame and the silence.

The kitchen was warm and fragrant with breakfast. Outside, snow swirled in the grey morning and brushed against the windows. Lorene shivered a little, even while the heat from the wood stove burned against her skin. She dressed quickly and silently, handling her silk underthings with an almost furtive haste. They, too, had a message for her, one she did not want to hear or think about. She had bathed the night before and now she washed her face and hands in the soapy soft water and put lipstick and rouge on the pale face that stared at her from the mirror. She was expert at this, but somehow, this morning, the rouge would not blend with her skin, adding the warm, rosy tint of other days. They stayed quite separate, these two; the rouge a round, red circle, the skin still coldly white, aloof beneath it.

"Just a very little, Lorene," her mother warned, and there it was again. A hundred times her mother had said this to her, and a hundred times she had shrugged off the command impatiently. But this morning it had another meaning; the same meaning that explained the simple, childish dress she wore, with its little white blouse, its straight lines, its pastel shade; the same meaning that explained the new hair arrangement, cut short, parted on one side, brushed softly around her face. She looked *Continued on page 76*

By ELDA CADOGAN

Illustrated by Huntley Brown

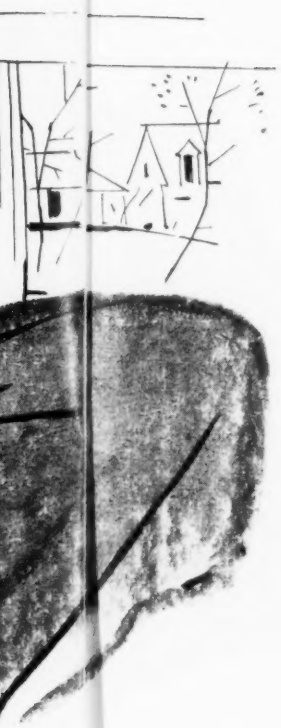
Today she was through with being
"just a housewife." But first
she had to tidy up a few
housewifely details like . . .
a classroom ogre . . . a homesick
snake . . . and Mrs. Vronek
and the Community Ladies

Illustration by
JOHN ADAMS

The Day of Abbie's GREAT DECISION

By JUNE GRANT

SECOND-PRIZE WINNER IN CHATELAINE'S FICTION CONTEST



• ABBIE SANK INTO her place, reached thankfully for her first cup of coffee and ran a practiced eye around the breakfast table, checking her family.

Ricky wasn't eating a thing; David was frowning at his newspaper; Pete *still* hadn't combed his hair. And suddenly she felt a constriction in her chest, as if the tie that bound them all together was tightening itself against the day's separation.

I'm so glad our table is round, she thought, a round table is so much more—more familylike than a square one. I wonder what people do who live by themselves!

"Now boys, enough of that," she said aloud.

"Enough of what?" asked Pete innocently.

"Kicking each other's shins, of course."

"Gosh, how did you know? We weren't making a sound!"

"All mothers have second sight," said David, winking at her over the top of the financial section.

And suddenly she remembered, with a pang. Second sight? All mothers, maybe, but certainly not all wives. Poor David, how blind she had been all these years!

"Would you pass me the women's pages, please dear?" she said and turned quickly to see what A Word to the Wives had to say this morning about her particular type of blindness. Ah, here it was:

> We hope our little chat of yesterday has started you ladies thinking. We hope you are asking yourselves: Am I just a housewife? Because if the answer is yes, then you are *failing* your husband. Think how he has forged ahead in the world, while you have remained — mentally at least! — still *the girl that he married*. A man coming home from the stimulating world of business needs an intellectual companion, one who *understands* his work! Why let your life be limited to dishes . . . meals . . . a line of washing every Monday? Remember — a housebound body does *not* necessitate a housebound mind.

There was lots more, but Abbie folded the paper, her hands trembling. Of course the reason it was affecting her so deeply was that the very same thought had been floating around under the surface of her mind for a long time. Here David had forged ahead practically to the top of the advertising agency, *Continued on page 36*

WRITING HAS ALWAYS fascinated June Grant. She first appeared in print when she was seven — the children's page of a daily newspaper printed her moralistic story of a little rich girl who gave away all her money — and she has been writing ever since: stories, poetry, articles, cartoon captions. Her first sale, a poem, was made to Chatelaine in 1948. She has been concentrating on fiction for the past three years, and in 1955 won the short story contest sponsored by the Canadian Authors' Association. A Montreal secretary, she gave up night school (she was working toward a BA) to spend all her spare time writing, and hopes someday to write "all day, every day."

GRANDMA REALLY HAD IT EASY

She may have been old-fashioned, but when it comes to housework, we slave far harder than Grandmother ever did

I GET RESTIVE every time I hear that bit of folklore concerning Grandma: Her Life and Hard Times. Every husband recalls her spirit and hard work—especially when his wife sighs for a clothes dryer or an electric dishwasher. One husband I could name if you twist my arm pictures his grandmother working like a pit pony for a family of ten. She baked pies a dozen at a time, and in a wood stove. She churned the butter as she rocked the cradle. At fifteen below, she was outdoors hanging out a bale-size wash. Did she demand a lot of newfangled appliances? No! And did Grandma really work like they say she worked? No, she did not! I've been doing some research on Grandma, and I'm here to unmask her as a lovable old fraud who worked at the pace of a lame snail.

You who are reading this article work rings around Grandma. And the wonder to me is that no woman has stood up and said so before now.

Consider. Grandma did needlework . . . piles of pillowcases and miles of dresser scarves. She turned out petit-point pincushions and doilies and tea cosies. She cross-stitched samplers for the kitchen wall that read HOME SWEET HOME and held matches besides.

Sure, because Grandma had time to do it, while you haven't had a moment to unlumber your embroidery hoops since grade eight.

To Grandma, "schedule" was a word in a spelling bee. She had time to scrub down the rubber plant and coddle geraniums. Every day after lunch she fed paregoric to the baby, loosened her stays and hoisted her ample figure onto the horsehair sofa in the kitchen, and snoozed for an hour. She didn't live by a clock; she lived by a calendar. She was in church every Sunday. At Home every Thursday and out paying calls the other afternoons of the week.

We modern wives are clock *Continued on page 54*

BY EILEEN MORRIS

Photograph by Peter Croydon

SHOULD YOU TAKE A HAPPY PILL?

Today in Canada no law prevents you from buying a twelve-cent pill to banish the blues. But should you get rid of worries with a pill? And are dangerous side effects possible?

BY DOROTHY SANGSTER

SPOTTING a car weaving crazily in and out of traffic recently, Toronto police gave chase and stopped its driver, a smartly dressed, middle-aged woman in a state of confusion. They were not too surprised when she identified herself as an executive of a large advertising agency and admitted she had been feeding herself "happy pills" all afternoon to relieve tension and keep her on top of her job.

"But the pills are harmless," she insisted. "They have no bad side effects and they're not habit-forming. Any druggist will sell you as many as you want without a prescription."

No side effects? Then how did she explain her impaired driving and her state of confusion?

"I don't understand it," she said.

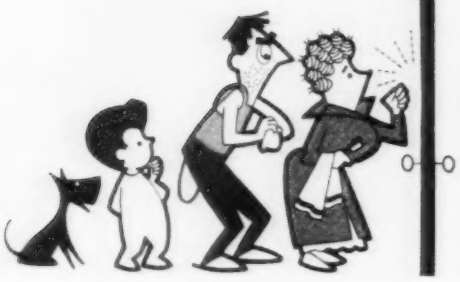
Making you, the Canadian woman, understand why you shouldn't dose yourself indiscriminately with tranquilizers—or as most people call them, "peace-of-mind pills" or "happy pills"—isn't going to be easy, considering the barrage of favorable propaganda that's been aimed at this country from the United States, where tranquilizers are big business. In 1956, we're told, American druggists sold $150,000,000 worth of tranquilizing drugs, filling 35,000,000 prescriptions for forty pills of varying potency. Doctors estimate that 3,200,000 men and women in the United States are "pillcoholics," a situation that has frightened the American Psychiatric Association into warning that casual use of the drugs to relieve everyday tension is "medically unsound and constitutes a grave danger."

Suppose this sort of thing happens in Canada in the months to come—what will it mean to you, the Canadian housewife? Are peace-of-mind pills the magic answer to all your problems, or do they spell trouble with a capital T? When baby is fretful and Junior disobedient and your head aches and your critical in-laws are coming to dinner, can you swallow a tiny white tablet that looks like an Aspirin and turn gay as a lark in a minute? Can you buy peace of mind at your corner drugstore without a prescription for twelve cents a pill, whenever you want?

Fantastic suggestions? Not any more fantastic than some of the claims made by some overenthusiastic manufacturers of the drugs. Peace-of-mind pills, they suggest, are just the thing for alcoholics with the DTs, frigid wives, nervous mothers, senile old ladies and whimpering babies. In addition, it's claimed they will relax petrified patients under the dentist's drill, chase away insomnia, relieve high blood pressure and arthritis, reduce the juvenile delinquency rate, get mental patients out of hospital faster, help women through "those difficult days" and past the menopause and—most intriguing suggestion of all—remove your sense of urgency so that you can sit back and look at your problems with a lackadaisical "this too shall pass away" attitude.

Some of these claims are true, in a limited sense; others are pure advertising hokum. Fortunately—or perhaps unfortunately since it has lulled Ottawa into letting druggists sell tranquilizers without a prescription—a recent country-wide survey by federal health directors failed to establish that Canadians are buying the pills in unusual quantities as yet, or that they are being "abused or misused" in this country.

However, the picture may be changing. A Toronto psychiatrist recently expressed *Continued on page 59*

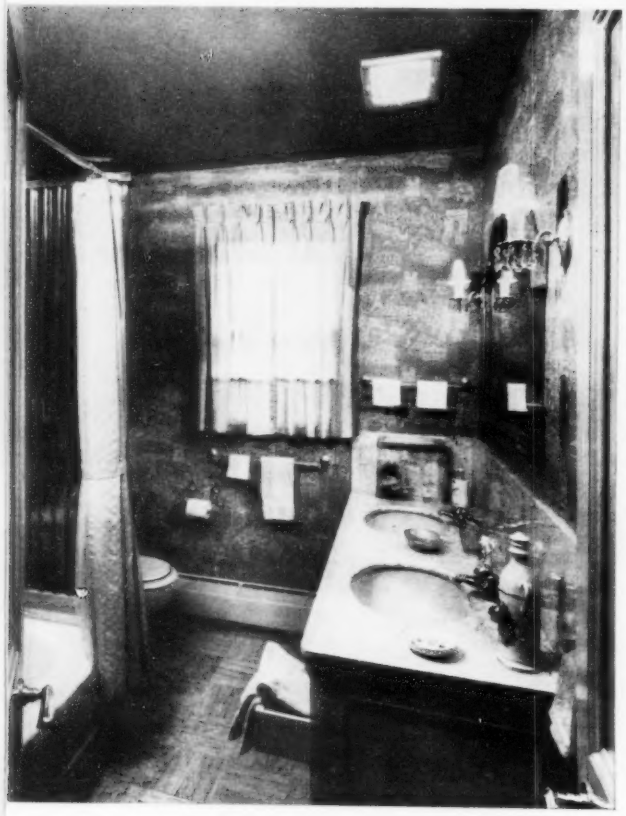


HOW TO BEAT THAT BATHROOM LINE-UP

BY DORIS THISTLEWOOD, *Chatelaine Home Planning Editor*

The present-day Canadian family just doesn't fit the average bathroom (designed and built for the two-child homes of the forties). But you can add an extra bathroom, or revamp the old, for less money than you think

Five ways to revamp the bathroom you're using now



Add an extra washbasin

Twin basins speed children off to school and to bed. These are pink-beige in a blending marble counter, with built-in storage below. To save space, baseboard heating replaces a radiator; and a narrow, double door replaces the usual kind.

Add counter space

Even a cramped corner need not be waste space, if you add a well-planned counter. The counter above tapers in at the basin end to allow standing room. The basin is yellow, the counter gold marbleized plastic laminate. Below: A storage cupboard is built flush with the washbasin and topped with a black-marble counter. The basin has a slanted, easy-to-clean, overhanging lip. New compact toilet saves space.

How to add a second bathroom: where, how, and how much

Where can you put it?

Even in a crowded house you can: convert a closet (one that is three feet by five is enough for a powder room with basin and toilet); install a clean-up "mud" room in the basement, with shower, toilet and basin; put in a new bathroom back-to-back with the old, using space partitioned from an adjoining bedroom. Or you can install a dressing-table counter with basin right in your bedroom. You'll find floor-plan sketches of all four ideas on page 50.

How much will it cost?

You can have a complete second bathroom installed starting at seven hundred to eight hundred dollars.

How can you save on the cost?

About two thirds of the cost of your bathroom is hidden in the walls in the piping and plumbing layout. By setting a new bathroom back-to-back with the old one, you can save on piping by cutting into the existing system. This way you will be paying mostly for the fixtures themselves, your plumber's or contractor's charges, and a minimum of piping. Of course, the existing plumbing must be in good condition and able to be used without extensive remodeling. Since piping is the most expensive item, it's economical to place bathroom fixtures all on one wall, or at most on two.

Can you borrow the money?

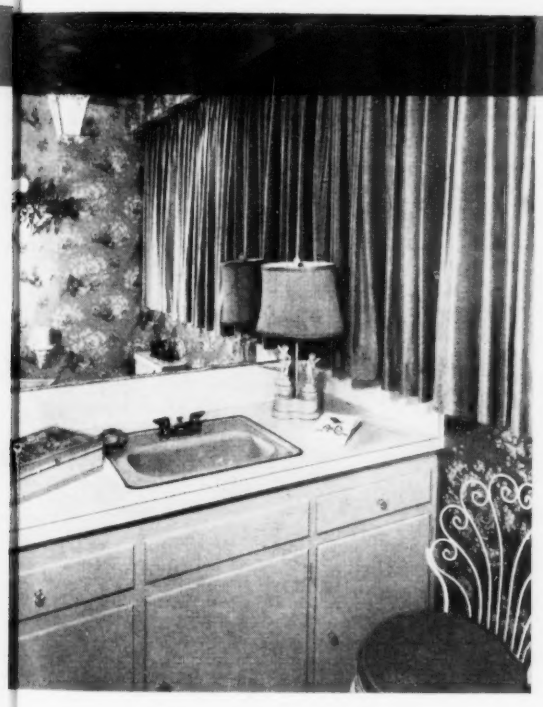
Yes. The government's Home Improvement Loan (up to five thousand dollars at six percent interest) is available to home owners for renovations like this. To get a loan, see your banker.

Who should install it?

Definitely not you! Choose a reputable plumber or contractor. As with any major home improvement, the cheapest way in the long run is to employ a reliable man or firm. Enquire from friends who have had similar work done, or choose a well-established firm to do a good job that will comply with the national health codes.

How do you decorate it?

With today's wealth of new materials, let your imagination go. Fixtures range in color from soft pastels to deep maroon, to suit any color scheme you prefer. Be sure to use an accent color (on jars, shelves) just as you would in the living room. Investigate new textures and materials: corrugated, translucent plastic for dividers and walls; bold or delicate designs and colors in wallpaper and plastic coverings for walls; floor tiles in spatterdash or marble designs; wall-to-wall cotton carpeting, cotton tiles.



Add a powder room

A powder room, with washbasin and toilet, can be installed in a front-hall closet to provide more bathroom space for family and guests. Here a wall-to-wall mirror above the counter is used to create an illusion of space in the room.

Add a partition

It could be a wall or drapery. At right, print drapery on a straight ceiling track conceals the tub and dressing area from the rest of the room. A shorter, square tub saves floor space. A translucent plastic panel in the wall separating the bathtub and toilet lets in daylight.

Add a shower stall

The closed-in, separate stall provides space and privacy for two bathers at a time. Here the square tub (shorter than a regular one) helps create space for the stall. Translucent, ribbed-glass doors let light into the shower. Tub ledges hold soaps or drying youngsters.

Four floor plans page 50

New look in fixtures page 52

HOW DO YOU LOOK TO THE MEN IN YOUR LIFE?

BY VIVIAN WILCOX, BEAUTY EDITOR

HOW do you look to the men in your life? How long is it since one of them complimented you on your hair, your eyes? How long since one of them admired your perfume—presented you with a bottle of it? How long since one of them said, "You look lovely, dear"? If you think their praise might be more lavish or more frequent, this article is for you.

To start you off on the right track, Chatelaine quizzed a number of well-known Canadian men for their opinions on every aspect of feminine beauty from hands to hairdos; asked them whether they preferred the Monroe or the Hepburn figure (their answers may surprise you); questioned them on fashion—colors, earrings, hats (see Chatelaine's Invitation to Beauty on page 12). The men, believing that "women are here to stay and therefore should look good," were all most co-operative . . . bless them. So here it is: the male point of view. And a word or two on how we women can measure up: how to make our hair more attractive, how best to apply eye make-up and lipstick, how to care for our hands, legs and feet, how to improve our measurements and posture—and finally, how to make the most of those two intangibles: voice and fragrance.

WESSELY HICKS

Columnist, Toronto Telegram

"I NOTICE A WOMAN'S face if she's coming toward me and her legs if she's going away. For the most part, though, I think it is only very rarely that you're not aware of a woman's face. Then she's a woman of unusual character, charm or personality like Ethel Waters, Margot Fonteyn or Katharine Cornell. And even then, I think those characteristics show in their faces.

"A woman's hands are most noticeable when she's smoking a cigarette, and few smoke gracefully. I think she should practice in front of a mirror before she smokes in public.

"As for the Monroe figure versus the Hepburn type—I prefer the latter. There are more of them!

"Lipstick should only be applied to the lips a woman has—and not to the lips she wishes she had. Sometimes you're not sure which mouth a woman's talking out of.

"If a woman is wearing a scent a man likes, it never occurs to him that she isn't wearing it especially for him."

"WHAT DO I NOTICE first? Hair. No matter how attractive the other features may be, if the hair isn't long, soft, with natural curl, the specimen isn't worth more than a cursory half-hour glance from any male. I hate frizzy hair, kinky hair. I like pony tails—dislike upsweeps, braids, buns, rolls and stale muffins.

"You ask about figures—Marilyn Monroe versus Audrey Hepburn. I prefer the Audrey Hepburn type. I hate conformity.

"Lipstick is fine—as long as it doesn't look as if it has been put on with a grease gun.

"As for fragrance—women could burn incense behind each ear lobe and I wouldn't know the difference.

"This is as serious, I'm afraid, as I can bring myself to be on the subject of women's beauty!"

MAX FERGUSON
Rawhide, of CBC

"AT FIRST MEETING I notice a woman's eyes. They express character and personality. They can be her greatest asset . . . but many women apply eye make-up in excess for daytime. The theatrical look is not for the street. Save it for the night lights.

"Every woman can't be a Marilyn Monroe or Audrey Hepburn. She should do her best to achieve the figure that best suits her individual height and bone structure. She shouldn't try to be a carbon copy of the beauties of the day.

"It is not difficult to dress the Canadian woman because her figure is good and well proportioned. Canadian women, on the whole, walk gracefully and carry themselves well but they must learn to adapt their walk and posture to suit the occasion. Clothes both *affect* and *are affected by* posture. A sheath dress requires a different posture and walk than does a *bouffant* gown.

"Canadian women do not use enough cologne or perfume."

TIBOR DE NAGAY
Toronto couturier

HAROLD TOWN
Toronto artist

"I NOTICE THE WAY a woman moves and then I notice everything I can . . . I like hair to be worn with original style, not in slavish imitation of the current vogue. I like hair to be dyed if necessary and to shine like the sun. Eyes should be bright, interested and aided by any artifice known to the world of cosmetics. Legs should be long, hairless, straight-seamed and able to walk five miles without complaint. Skin should be clear — free from the gullies created by unnecessary grimacing, free from that dried river-bottom look that comes from too thick make-up, free from the ossification caused by too much sun-worship.

"Lipstick looks best on lips — not on teeth.

"Let's have fragrance at all times but not so strong as to make breathing difficult. And never as a substitute for the bath."

ROSS McLEAN
CBC producer of Tabloid

"YOU ASK WHAT I notice first about a woman — I notice a woman assembled — not in pieces and not in any prescribed sequence. If forced to choose one feature, it would be eyes. Frankly, I suppose I usually notice whether she is noticing me. And about voices: the average woman's voice is too high and shrill, often a monotone lacking color and warmth. The modulated, expressive voice is by far the most pleasant . . . but I prefer the monotone to the voice made self-consciously 'interesting.'

"Which type of figure do I prefer — Monroe or Hepburn? The Hepburn type. (Why should I be the only man to answer truthfully?)

"About perfume—no complaints in my circle."

"WHEN FIRST INTRODUCED to a woman . . . I notice her eyes. If she looks at me with frank, steady, straightforward glance—I know I'm going to like her. If she bats her eyelashes or flashes me a phony smile (which turns on like flicking a light switch), I make for the nearest door.

"The average woman's hair needs discipline. They're always combing and patting it and still it always looks disarranged.

"Do I prefer the Monroe or Hepburn type? Neither. A woman should be natural.

"Canadian women seem afraid of fragrance. I like it used all the time. But let's keep it subtle, suitable.

"There are times women look as undressed without hats as they would without shoes. Hats must have lines that flatter a face and as few gewgaws as possible."

PAUL ROCKETT
Photographer, Toronto

"THE FIRST THING I notice is a woman's face — whether it has character, beauty, in that order. And then the hair—whether it is smartly groomed and then, most important, if it suits the face.

"As for make-up — women should do the most possible with as little as possible.

"If a woman learns how to move gracefully and use her figure to its best advantage, then any type can be attractive.

"If I say more I will sound smug and—forgive my false modesty — like an authority."

CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER
Canadian actor
Stratford and New York

Your beauty guide, continued:
Glamorize your hair, next page
Make-up page 30. Your voice, 32
Figure and posture, 32. Legs, 34
How to use perfume, 35. Your hands, 36

Continued

THEY NOTICE YOUR HAIR FIRST

"No matter how attractive the other features may be . . . if the hair isn't long, soft, with natural curl, the specimen isn't worth more than a cursory half-hour glance from any male. I hate frizzy hair, kinky hair. I like pony tails— dislike upsweeps, braids, rolls and stale muffins" • MAX (RAWHIDE) FERGUSON

FIRST impressions may not always be lasting but no one questions their importance. And so we asked our male correspondents what they noticed first about women. Two out of seven answered, "their hair."

How would you rate with them? Do you wear your hair in a style that plays up your good features and plays down the not so good? Does it give the impression that you are radiantly alive or dull and drab? Smart or staid? Glamorous or dowdy? Fortunately something can be done about hair. If you don't like what nature gave you, you can color and curl—and fashion yourself a new look.

The new look in hair is really an old one with longer, softer natural-looking coiffures in vogue . . . the kind Mr. Ferguson —and for that matter most of our correspondents—prefers. Because the new styles are simple, their beauty depends as much on the condition of the hair—its shine and color—as on the way it is cut and set.

First rule for beautiful hair is cleanliness. Most shampoos are specially created for oily, normal or dry hair and so labeled. A little experimenting will reveal which of the many brands designed for your hair type is best for you. Once you find it, use it often. Once a week anyway but every three or four days if your hair is oily. Cream rinses and conditioning lotions are fine managers for both fine and coarse hair as both types need extra grooming. If your hair is drab you might consider a color rinse. Temporary rinses that you wash in one week and wash out the next are fun to use and give the hair high lights.

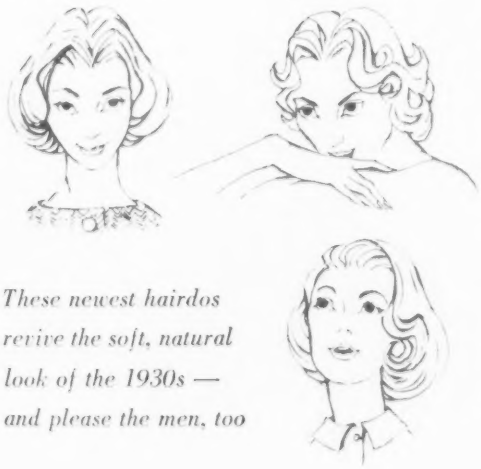
After cleanliness comes massage and brushing. With your finger tips firmly rub little circles all over your head from nape to forehead. This nourishes the hair roots and loosens the scalp. Brushing removes dust and scalp flakings, carries natural oils along the hair shaft, encourages the elasticity that makes your hair easy to manage. A natural-bristle brush is best for those one hundred faithful sweeps from root to tip. If you do this sitting down, with head lowered between the knees, you send revitalizing blood to the hair roots—and to the complexion. Brush with long, even strokes. Don't snap the ends.

Cutting the hair is a job for the expert. Its purpose is not just to shorten and to remove split ends (if you put a permanent in split ends, you get a frizz) but to shape the hair to the head and to a certain style of coiffure. The expert does it in layers. Some of the most natural-looking waves are those that have been "cut in."

All hair, except the naturally curly, looks and behaves better with a permanent. If your hair is thin you may need an all-over permanent to give it body but that doesn't mean a corrugated-paper look. A permanent is not a permanent style. It is merely a conditioning to make the hair easier to manage, to make it hold a set, any set, longer. Often an end curl is all that is necessary. And if you follow instructions closely and are very careful to wind the hair smoothly—and not pull it—you should be able to give yourself a good permanent at home, or have a friend do it for you. Home permanents have been greatly improved over the past few years. There is a strength for every hair type, special solutions for bleached, dyed and grey hair, pin-curl permanents and self-neutralizing permanents.

Once your hair is properly cut and permanented it should be easy to set. All it takes to make an expert curl is practice. For each one, use only a half inch of strands. Place the index finger against them and wind the hair around with the other hand. Tuck the end in neatly as you place the curl against your head and slide a clip over it—or use two plastic-tipped bobby pins placed crosswise. When the curls are set, brush them out just as the professional hairdresser does before carefully combing your hair into the style that suits you best. If you want more body, back-brush the underneath hair, then smooth the top hair over it. This is a good trick for the page-boy style. If your hair has fly-away tendencies, groom your new coiffure with a light hair spray.

The three new styles sketched at left are reminiscent of the 1930s (fashions of the thirties are due for a revival). All are easy to care for. And all are the simple, natural-looking sort of hairdo the men voted for. One of them could be for you. ◆



These newest hairdos revive the soft, natural look of the 1930s — and please the men, too

MORE ABOUT BEAUTY, PAGE 30

Plan your summertime glamour now with a...

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ELECTRIC SHAVER

The world's most luxurious electric shaver
. . . designed for year-round beauty!

You'll *never* have to bother again with scratchy razors, messy depilatories, painful waxes! In mere *minutes*, the "LADY RONSON" *strokes* your skin to silky smoothness. (Who ever *dreamed* "defuzzing" could be so delightfully simple?) "LADY RONSON" is quiet as a sigh, gets close as a caress.

And the shaver-head has two sides: one for underarms, one for legs!

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Blue Heaven
Turquoise
Black Magic

Set with a make-believe diamond!

14.95 *

(complete with case)

RONSON *maker of the world's greatest lighters and electric shavers!*

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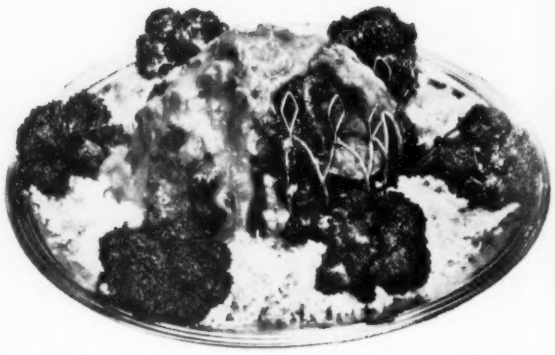
CHATELAINE MEALS OF THE MONTH

April

Treat the family to braised stuffed beef heart / see recipe below



	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
MON 1	Grapefruit Juice Poached Eggs on Toasted Cheese Bread Marmalade Toast Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Green Pea Soup with Dash of Ginger Wheat Cereal Bits Raw Celery and Carrots Yesterday's Cream Pie	Cold Sliced Roast Lamb Boiled Potatoes Green Lima Beans Preserved Raspberries over Ice Cream
TUE 2	Orange Sections Shredded Coconut Garnish Oatmeal Maple Syrup Toast Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Bacon-wrapped Franks Barbecue Sauce Sweet Pickle Relish Toasted Buns Lemon Tapioca Pudding	Breaded Liver Scalloped Onions French Fried Potatoes Spinach Salad Grape Gelatine Dessert
WED 3	Apple Juice Shredded Wheat Biscuits Chopped Stewed Apricots Toast Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Hot Spiced Beef Broth Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Celery Curls Baked Custard Milk Tea	Fish Croquettes Curry Sauce Asparagus Carrots Julienne Rhubarb Tarts
THU 4	Stewed Prunes Scrambled Eggs Pineapple Cheese Muffins Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Corn Fritters Broiled Luncheon Meat Maple Syrup Fresh Fruit Milk Tea	Broiled Ham Slice Cherry Sauce Noodles Green Beans Maple Charlotte Peanut Cookies
FRI 5	Orange Juice Hot Wheat Cereal Molasses Toast Jelly Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Salmon Salad and Lettuce Cucumber Slices Thousand Island Dressing Preserved Strawberries Yesterday's Cookies	Cheese Onion Pie Scalloped Tomatoes Caesar Salad Cherry Crisp Coffee Milk Tea
SAT 6	Pineapple Juice Pancakes Sliced Bananas Cinnamon Honey Sauce Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Corned Beef Hash Assorted Raw Vegetables Chocolate Pudding Milk Tea	Stuffed Green Peppers Minced Pork Baked Squash Jellied Salad Chelsea Buns from Baker
SUN 7	Baked Apple Shirred Eggs in Bacon Curls Toasted Chelsea Buns Marmalade	Cream of Shrimp Soup Croutons Preserved Pears Brownies Milk Tea	Pot Roast and Vegetables Barbecue Sauce Rice Garlic French Bread Orange Walnut Cake
MON 8	Orange Slices Raisin Bran Cereal Whole-wheat Toast Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Tomato Juice Hot Beef Sandwich Cabbage Salad Trifle Milk Tea	Braised Pork Chops Hot Mustard Sauce Whipped Potatoes Peas Strawberry Parfait
TUE 9	Grapefruit Half Soft-cooked Eggs Toasted Raisin Bread Jelly Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Clear Bouillon Cup Fruit Salad Cheddar Cheese Bran Muffins Lemon Junket	Beef Chop Suey Chow Mein Noodles Fried Celery and Green Peppers Fruit Cup Almond Cookies
WED 10	Orange Juice Hot Wheat Cereal on a Peach Half Nut Coffeecake Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Tuna Fish Cream of Celery Sauce Toast Points Crisp Salad Greens Fresh Fruit	Fried Chicken Baked Stuffed Potatoes Mashed Carrots Cole Slaw Hot Corn Bread Chocolate Cream Puffs
THU 11	Stewed Apricots and Lemon Oven-toasted Corn Flakes Wheat Germ Toast Jam Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Tomato Soup Deviled Ham Sandwiches on Rye Bread Raw Carrots Turtle Cookies	Round Steak in Savory Sauce Parsleyed New Potatoes Turnips Beets Lime Jelly Fluff Custard Sauce
FRI 12	Tomato Juice Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cheese Soufflé Tossed Green Salad Preserved Cherries Milk Tea	Oyster Rice Casserole Spinach Raw Celery Sticks Peach Pie Coffee Milk Tea
SAT 13	Orange-Grapefruit Sections Oatmeal Brown Sugar Toast Marmalade Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	French Onion Soup Parmesan Cheese Potato Chips Cucumber Sour Cream Salad Yesterday's Pie	Spaghetti and Meat Balls Tossed Salad Italian Bread Sticks Anchovy Butter Spread Pear Halves Cookies
SUN 14	Dried Fruit Compote Creamed Chipped Beef Toast Points Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Vegetable Salad Gouda Cheese Hot Caraway Rye Bread Stewed Rhubarb Milk Tea	Crown Roast of Lamb Orange Mint Sauce Broccoli Whipped Potatoes Tomato Slices Strawberry Shortcake
MON 15	Lemon Lime Juice Crisp Rice Cereal and Applesauce Whole-wheat Toast Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Chicken Noodle Soup Lettuce-Tomato-Cucumber Sandwich Date Squares Milk Tea	Lamb Stew Frozen Peas Sweet Potatoes Assorted Pickles Preserved Plums Coffee Milk Tea
TUE 16	Apple Juice Scrambled Eggs Back Bacon Corn Meal Muffins Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Waldorf Salad Orange Jelly Mold Creamed Cottage Cheese Baked Chocolate Custard Milk Tea	Baked Haddock Fillets Herbed Carrots Fried Potatoes Gingerbread and Honey Sliced Bananas
WED 17	Broiled Grapefruit Half Oatmeal with Finely Crushed Peanut Brittle Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cheese Fondue Water Cress Grapefruit Salad Butterscotch Delight Bars Milk Tea	Broiled T-bone Steaks Mushrooms Whipped Potatoes Salad Beets Julienne Preserved Strawberries
THU 18	Orange Juice French Toast Broiled Back Bacon Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Barley Soup Tongue Sandwiches Hot Mustard Spread Fresh Fruit Milk Tea	Meat Patties Creole Sauce Green Beans New Potatoes Spongecake Whipped Cream Topping and Raspberries
FRI 19	Fruit Cocktail Buttered and Broiled Shredded Wheat Biscuits with Milk Toasted Hot Cross Buns	Deviled Eggs Lettuce Wedge Blue Cheese Dressing Assorted Relishes Leftover Spongecake	Salmon Loaf Pimento Egg Sauce Green Salad Corn Apple Dumplings Coffee Milk Tea
SAT 20	Grapefruit Juice Buckwheat Pancakes Maple Syrup Toast Jelly Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Beef Hamburgers Spanish Onion Sweet Pickle Relish Toasted Buns Rice Pudding	Baked Beans Onion Stuffed Frankfurters Cheese and Olive Relishes Peach Cobbler Coffee Milk Tea
SUN 21	Tomato Juice Broiled Lamb Chop Minted Pineapple Rings Eggs Sunny Side Up Hot Cross Buns	Vegetable Soup Crisp Crackers Macaroons Fresh Fruit Milk Tea	Grape Ginger Ale Juice Roast Capon Potato Puffs Kumquats Asparagus Carrots Chocolate Mint Parfait
MON 22	Orange Quarters Creamed Wheat Cereal Strawberry Ice Cream Toast Marmalade Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Open-face Chicken Sandwiches Mushroom Sauce Sliced Tomatoes Black Raspberry Jelly Milk Tea	Broiled Liver and Fried Celery, Green Pepper and Green Onions Hot Potato Salad Hot Cherry Pie
TUE 23	Half Grapefruit Soft-cooked Eggs and Bacon Bran Muffins Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Vegetable Beef Soup Crisp Relishes Bread Sticks Yesterday's Cherry Pie Milk Tea	Chicken Noodle Casserole Hot Cheese Biscuits Bavarian Cream Coffee Milk Tea
WED 24	Orange Juice Oatmeal Molasses Jam Toasted Raisin Bread	Pizza Pie Tossed Green Salad Stewed Rhubarb Milk Tea	Meat Loaf Glazed Sweet Potatoes Corn Pudding Cabbage Apple Salad Baked Caramel Custard
THU 25	Applesauce Sugar-coated Wheat Cereal Sliced Bananas Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Consommé Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwiches Lemon Tarts Milk Tea	Braised Veal Chops Spanish Sauce Boiled Potatoes Carrots Stuffed Olives Pear Ginger Crisp
FRI 26	Stewed Apricots and Lemon Poached Eggs on Toast Marmalade Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Sardines Sliced Cucumbers Tossed Salad Hot Cross Buns Instant Chocolate Pudding	Macaroni and Cheese Baked Onions Jellied Vegetable Salad Sliced Bananas Coffee Milk Tea
SAT 27	Orange Juice Whole-wheat Cereal Sliced Peaches Toasted Hot Cross Buns Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Tomato Soup Topped with Sour Cream Cheese Rolls Prune Whip Custard Sauce	Ham Roll-Ups Mushrooms Baked Bananas Orange Sauce Green Salad Preserved Plums
SUN 28	Grapefruit Sections Scrambled Eggs Sausages Toasted Crumpets Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Cream of Chicken Soup Assorted Sandwiches Crisp Relishes Fresh Fruit Oatmeal Cookies	Roast Beef Horseradish Baked Potatoes Glazed Turnip Fingers Brussels Sprouts Frosted Chocolate Angel Cake
MON 29	Apple Juice Crisp Corn Cereal with Honey Mandarin Orange Sections Toast Jelly	Hot Beef Sandwich Cabbage-Carrot-Raisin Salad Yesterday's Angel Cake Milk Tea	Broiled Chicken Baked Sweet Potatoes Carrots Green Beans Baked Apples Coffee Milk Tea
TUE 30	Stewed Prunes Clear Consommé Toast Marmalade Coffee Chocolate Milk Drink	Corn Bacon Omelet Spiced Peaches Rhubarb Crisp Milk Tea	Shepherd's Pie Pickled Beets Broccoli Pineapple Chiffon Pie Coffee Milk Tea

CHATELAINE RECIPE OF THE MONTH

BRAISED STUFFED BEEF HEART

1 beef heart
1½ cups bread crumbs
2 tablespoons evaporated milk
⅓ cup chopped onion
½ cup diced celery
⅓ cup crisp crumbled bacon
1 egg, slightly beaten
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon thyme
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Wash heart thoroughly and wipe with a damp cloth. Trim excess connective tissue and blood vessels from the cavity to prepare for the stuffing. Season the cavity with a sprinkling of salt and pepper. Mix remaining ingredients and fill the heart cavity. Fasten with skewers and tie with a string. Place in a deep kettle or Dutch oven and pour 2 cups of water into the pot. Simmer slowly for 3 to 3½ hours. After 2 hours add 1 cup diced turnip, 1 cup sliced carrots, 1 cup chopped celery and 1 bay leaf. Remove heart and thicken gravy by adding one to two tablespoons of flour mixed with cold water for each cup of broth. Adjust seasonings to taste.

For more recipes, see our bonus Bride's Cookbook

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the Green Giant flavor

Your first forkful may well be the start of a lifelong romance. You'll have lots of company. The peas with the Green Giant label have won their way into more hearts than any others. And not just by chance. It takes pedigreed seed. Special soil. Special climate. Special care. Then we pick and pack these sweet young things at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor. The one and only—Green Giant flavor. Is it a date for dinner? Tonight?

(Two sizes — regular 15 oz. and the convenient 10 oz. can for small families.)

the one and only

Green Giant Peas

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Picked and packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor

Green Giant of Canada Limited, Tecumseh, Ontario. Also packers of the following brands: Niblets Whole Kernel Corn; Niblets Mexicorn; Green Giant Wax Beans and Green Giant Green Beans.

Banana Milk Shake

For four servings, mash two fully ripe bananas with a fork, then beat with hand or electric mixer. Add four cups of fresh whole MILK. Continue beating until well blended and frothy. Pour into tall glasses, top with a scoop of ice cream if desired, and sprinkle with nutmeg. There you have an invitation to goodness . . . a refreshing BANANA MILK SHAKE! So tempting . . . so satisfying.

Morning, noon and night . . . MILK can do so much for you. Into MILK nature pours minerals, vitamins and protein . . . the good things you need for life. Drink three glasses a day. It's a good habit. You'll feel good . . . look good.

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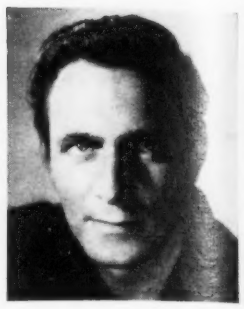
YOUR MAKE-UP —KEEP IT NATURAL



"As for make-up . . . women should do the most possible with as little as possible"

—CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER

NOT ONE of our male correspondents objects to make-up but all of them, including Mr. Plummer who, as an actor, should know more about it than most, like it to look as natural as possible. And that means care in selection, skill in application.

Every skin benefits from foundation. It offers protection from harsh winds and city grime. It disguises minor flaws, gives an even color and helps powder cling. It comes in liquid, cream and cake form. All should be applied sparingly . . . particularly the latter. Cake make-up provides the most complete coverage but for this very reason too much can create a masklike appearance just the opposite to the one the men tell us we ought to be striving for. To disguise dark hollows under the eyes, smooth a lighter shade of foundation on this area than on the rest of your face. And remember, cream and liquid rouge go on after your foundation, before your powder; dry rouge between two separate dustings of powder.

According to Mr. Town, ". . . eyes should be bright, interested and aided by any artifice known to the world of cosmetics." But—and here we quote Mr. de Nagay—"The theatrical look is not for the streets. Save it for the night lights."

Brows should retain the basic shape nature gave them. Do not tamper with the top of the brow. Simply remove the stragglers from underneath and at the bridge of the nose. Brown mascara is best for all but black lashes—and two thin coats better than one thick one. With a wet brush, stroke firmly from root to tip holding the brush against the end of the lashes for a few seconds to give them an upward curl. With the mascara that remains on the brush, stroke the brows so that each hair picks up a small amount of color. This will give a more natural effect than pencil and is easier to apply. However, if your brows are very sparse, you may have to pencil them in. Use short feathery strokes in the direction in which the hair grows.

Eye shadow should be just what the name implies—not a solid block of color. With your finger draw it across the lid beginning at the centre and working outward and upward. If your eyes are deep-set use a light shade. (If you wear glasses have tinted frames to match your eye color, add eye shadow to match.) Blue eyes can wear blue-green, violet, grey. Brown eyes — violet, haze-blue, smoky-green. Green or hazel eyes — green, brown, grey.

"Properly applied lipstick can do a lot for a woman with an otherwise not-so-attractive mouth," our photographer, Paul Rockett, informs us. The proper — or at any rate, the most accurate — way to apply lipstick is with a brush. Get a regular lipbrush from a cosmetic counter or a No. 4 camel-hair brush from an artists' supply shop (snip off the hairs straight across leaving a quarter inch of bristle). Coat the brush generously with lipstick and poise it firmly between finger and thumb. Then draw the brush along your top lip from the centre out to the corner. The trick is bending the bristles slightly against your lip. Go back to the centre and complete the top line. Get more lipstick on the brush and outline the bottom lip—this time beginning at one corner and finishing at the other. Follow the natural lip line varying it only if necessary for symmetry. Finally, fill in the rest of your lips with lipstick straight from the tube.

"Lipstick looks best on lips." The gentlemen are most emphatic on this point. It seems they've seen it on teeth, on cups and on table napkins. To keep your lipstick where it belongs and to increase its lasting power, apply once, blot with tissue (by pressing against your mouth, not by biting on it), apply another coat of lipstick, allow it to set for a minute, then blot again. One other tip: to prevent your lips from sticking to hot cups, moisten them with your tongue before you sip.

Continued on page [illegible]

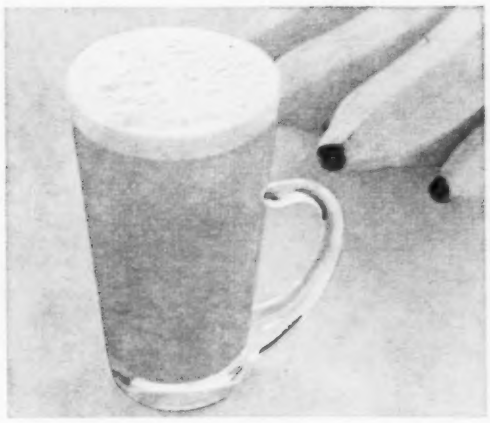
New treat for kids—Mom 'n Pop-ular, too—

SIPABANANA!

Mash a banana and shake with cold milk — banana milkshakes are extra-nourishing, and you'll love the flavor!

Bananas . . . wholesome—and then some!

Multi-sundae — crazy, mixed-up treat, loaded with health-giving fruits. Slice a banana over ice cream. Add what's handy: peaches maybe, or pineapple, or strawberries — fresh or frozen.



Banana crush. It's a refreshing drink, a satisfying snack. Just mash a banana with a fork and shake with cold, cold orange juice. Or do the whole job in your blender. To your good health!

I'm Chiquita Banana and I've come to tell
Of a new banana milkshake
You will think is swell.
There are loads of vitamins
In this new shake —
It's zesty and delicious and a cinch to make.
Serve 'em up when school is over . . .
Kids'll praise 'em to the sky — aye!
In a drink or peeled and eaten
Bananas' flavor can't be beaten.
And there's a hundred ways to fix 'em:
You can broil 'em, bake 'em, mix 'em
In a puddin'—
But any way you eat bananas
Is sure to be a good 'un!
To be sung to the tune of Chiquita Banana

CANADIAN BANANA COMPANY LTD.

No waiting to dry!

NEW *INSTANT* POLISH gives instant cleaning

A clean duster — a few drops of Instant Polish . . . just wipe lightly for a gleaming silicone shine that lasts and lasts.

Because of new formula discoveries, O-Cedar's Instant Polish builds up a layer of permanent protection on any surface, giving a *bone-dry* finish . . . that actually gets brighter and brighter with each application.

UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS, ALL AROUND THE HOUSE
Use it on every surface in the home that needs cleaning, polishing and protecting . . . try it on your refrigerator, kitchen counters, or on your finest furniture — you'll be amazed at the results!

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
O-Cedar of Canada Limited

TWO WAYS TO TEST YOUR VOICE

"Too often a woman's voice is high and shrill or a monotone lacking in color and warmth. The modulated, expressive voice is by far the most pleasant . . . but I prefer the monotone to the voice that is made self-consciously 'interesting'" —ROSS McLEAN

Whenever we talk on the phone to people we haven't met, or listen to them on the radio, we get a mental image of what they look like. Sometimes the image turns out to be amazingly accurate. Sometimes, whether by chance or design, we are completely misled. Take Rawhide (Max Ferguson) for example. Surprised to see what he looks like—page 25?

Men say that a feminine voice—from the first word — can intrigue or disenchant. And being inquisitive creatures, when a voice intrigues they seldom lose any time in seeking out the owner.

One way to discover the drawing power of your voice is to make a recording of it. You can go to a recording studio or use a portable recorder or a dictating machine. The advantage of this method is that you can play it back whenever you want to study it. But if no recording unit is available, reading aloud will do. Stand in a bare corner facing the wall so that it will bounce back the sound. Read a passage from a newspaper, or better still, dictate a letter to a close friend.

Speak in what you consider your normal speaking voice. It's a fair guess you didn't think you sounded the way you do. If your voice is too high or shrill — or a monotone — practice speaking in a lower register and with more expression.

The "modulated, expressive voice is by far the most pleasant," but beware that in achieving it, you don't let your voice become "self-consciously 'interesting.'" No amount of training can give a voice the warmth that comes from a genuine interest in people — the friendliness that makes "Hello" mean "I'm happy to see you."

YOUR FIGURE— WHAT TO CHANGE AND HOW

"Every woman can't be a Marilyn Monroe or Audrey Hepburn. She should do her best to achieve the figure that best suits her individual height and bone structure. She shouldn't try to be a carbon copy of the beauties of the day" —TIBOR DE NAGY

It's a comforting thought that not one of the males questioned would like all women to have Monroe measurements. After all, there is only one Marilyn. There are a lot of the rest of us. But that doesn't excuse us from making the most of what we have . . . of standing straight, walking gracefully, exercising and dieting when health and measurements demand.

Continued on page 34

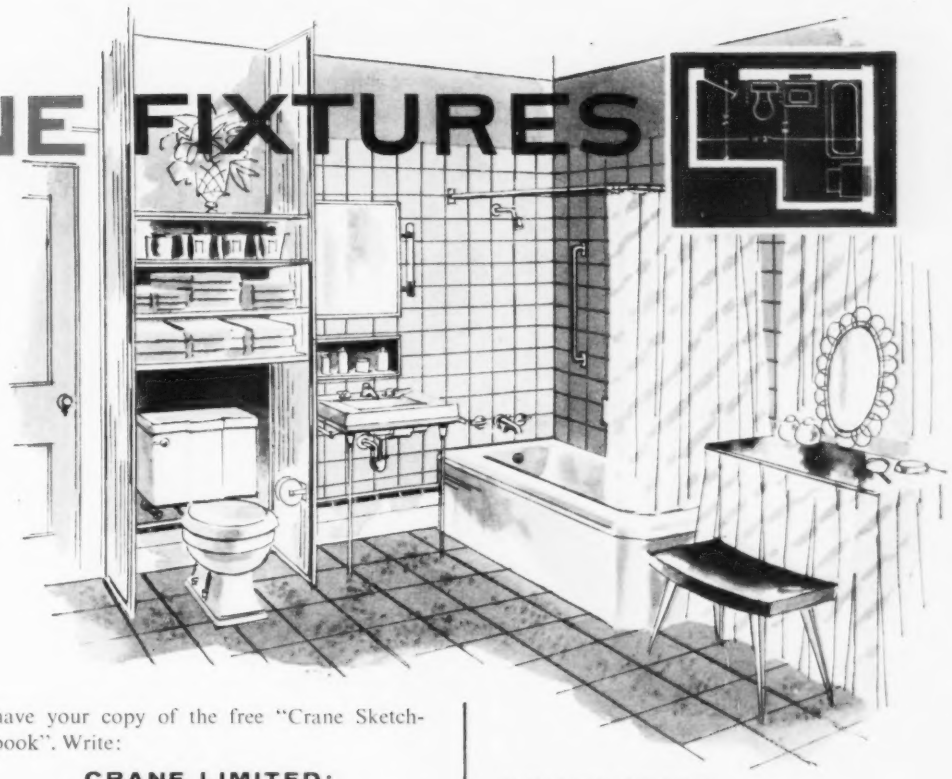
Have Time And Progress

Passed Your Bathroom By?

Note how

NEW CRANE FIXTURES

can bring the
old room up-to-date!



A dull old-fashioned bathroom can catch right up with the modern world. The cost in cash is probably less than you think, because there need be no expensive structural changes. The new Crane fixtures shown here, for example, are installed where the old ones stood. (And the old radiator is replaced by "inconspicuous" Crane baseboard panels!)

Ask your Plumbing and Heating Contractor about the right Crane fixtures for *your* bathroom. Ask him, too, about a low cost Home Improvement Loan — or see your local Bank Branch. And let your architect and builder know your preference for Crane. Bathtubs, toilets and wash basins are available in a complete variety of styles, sizes and materials — and a wide range of lovely colours.

For many interesting suggestions for bathroom planning and remodelling, be sure to have your copy of the free "Crane Sketchbook". Write:

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Crane's New "Norwich" Wash Basin, on metal legs

Crane "Neu-Beaver" Toilet

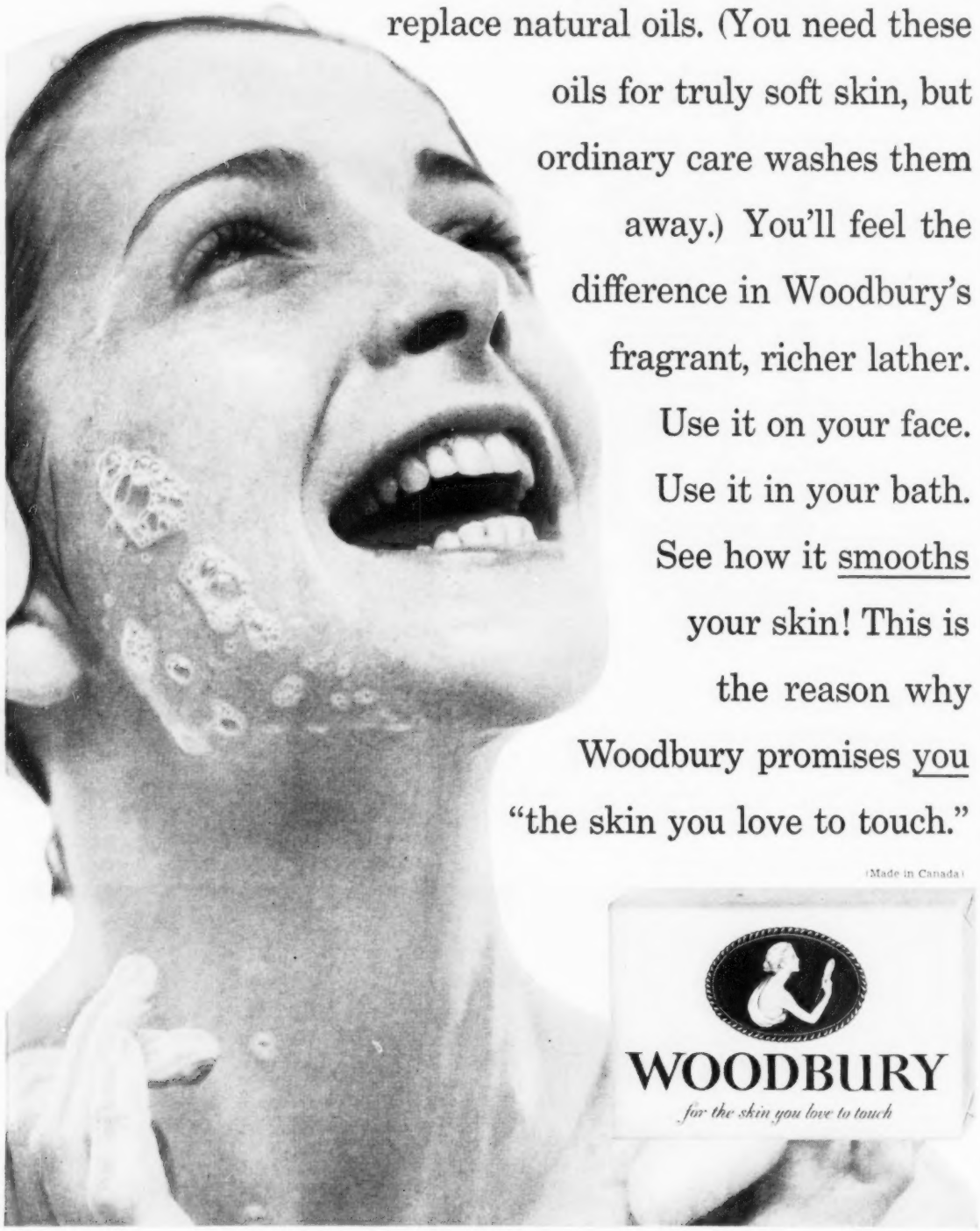
Crane "New Albecor" Corner Bath

Most people prefer Crane . . . and **CRANE** *quality costs no more!*

Try the soap with 7 FACE CREAM OILS.

Try New WOODBURY SOAP! These oils and emollients are there because skin scientists know they help replace natural oils. (You need these oils for truly soft skin, but ordinary care washes them away.) You'll feel the difference in Woodbury's fragrant, richer lather. Use it on your face. Use it in your bath. See how it smooths your skin! This is the reason why Woodbury promises you "the skin you love to touch."

(Made in Canada)



Continued from page 32

Standards of feminine beauty have changed greatly over the years. In the days of Lillian Russell it was the hour-glass figure that men admired and women strove for. In the twenties, it was the slivery slim. Today if a woman's waist is ten inches less than her bust and hips she has "model" proportions. Nine inches difference between waist and bust is more usual and is considered extremely good.

It is very difficult to add to the bust, comparatively easy to reduce waist and hips, so if realignment is in order, concentrate on the latter. For the waist, try this exercise. Stand with feet about eighteen inches apart, knees straight. Bend from the waist touching the right hand to the left foot. Straighten up, then touch left hand to right foot. Repeat ten times. For your hips: sit on the floor with legs straight and roll as far to the left as you can, then to the right. Have your hands resting on either side to catch you as you complete each roll. Roll away for five minutes each day.

Now for posture. Every one of us, regardless of figure, can — and should — check posture regularly. Before going to bed take a good look at your nude figure in front of a full-length mirror. Bust firm and high? Tummy flat?

Take a look at your reflection in the store windows as you walk down the street. Your back and shoulders should be straight, your head held high, chin in. Tummy in too. And tail tucked in and under. Correct your posture, and your measurements will immediately fall in line.

BEAUTY CARE FOR YOUR LEGS

"Legs should be long, hairless, straight-seamed and able to walk five miles without complaint. Feet, if they can't be tiny, should at least be as pretty as possible"

HAROLD TOWN

Unfortunately, we all can't have long legs and tiny feet — (fact is, Mr. Town, long legs and tiny feet are seldom found together). However, we all can have hair-free legs. We can keep our stocking seams straight — or wear the seamless variety — and if necessary we can walk five miles without complaint . . . we doubt if our

feet will look their prettiest on arrival. However, we shall try.

To begin with — the defuzzing. If you use a razor, stroke upward — against the grain. Take it carefully and you shouldn't nick yourself, but if you do, dab on antiseptic. If you don't like the idea of shaving your legs, try one of the many cream depilatories on the market. Whichever you use you will find the process must be repeated often. For a more lasting effect: give yourself a wax treatment.

Then smooth on a good cream or body lotion working from your toes upward and not forgetting your heels. If they are rough and scaly precede the creaming with a pumice-stone treatment. Soap the area well, then rub with a circular motion.

Let the chiropodist deal with corns and hard skin. Cut toenails straight across — do this and your other manicuring right after the bath. At that time both nails and cuticles are softest and easiest to cope with. Professional tip for polishing: place little pads of absorbent cotton between your toes to separate them.

Summer weather — and five-mile walks — put extra strain on your feet. So, bathe them in tepid water to which a handful of kitchen salt has been added (has the same healthful effect as splashing through sea water). Dry them carefully and dust with foot powder or talcum. If they are swollen, give them an alcohol rub.

Propping your feet up on pillows when you lie down so that your feet are higher than your head is also recommended. For a beauty bonus do this every day for ten minutes and relax completely while you're at it.

HOW TO FLATTER WITH PERFUME

"Canadian women do not use enough fragrance. I like it during the day as well as in the evening —if it's subtle, suitable"

PAUL ROCKETT

As a photographer Mr. Rockett is naturally concerned with how women look, but he also feels that there are many subtle ways besides beautiful features, to build up the illusion of beauty. When quizzed about perfume ("Do Canadian women wear too much? Not enough?"), he replied not enough. And

Unretouched photo of Mrs. Michyl Veach's hands. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

(Made in Canada)

PROOF: JERGENS LOTION STOPS "DETERGENT HANDS"

You can SEE the difference!
This unretouched photo was taken — so you can see for yourself how well Jergens Lotion cares for hands.

447 women took this test*
They soaked both hands in a detergent three times a day. They applied Jergens to their *right* hands only. In a few days, their untreated left hands were rough and red. Their right hands, treated with Jergens, were soft and white. No other lotion similarly tested proved so effective.

Penetrates deep down!
Jergens doesn't just "glove" hands with a greasy film, but penetrates deep down where the hurt begins. That's why it's so much more effective than lotions that merely coat the skin. Stops chapping, weather damage, too!

Creamy—never sticky
Jergens Lotion feels luxurious on the skin... is instantly absorbed. No wonder more people use it than any other hand care in the world! And it's still only 15¢ to $1.15.

*Conducted by leading United States research laboratory.

A little of the Lady vanishes in Merry Widow by Warner's

If you're the (daring) darling of your group, you know that if it isn't by Warner's, it just isn't a Merry Widow*. After all, Merry Widow was invented by Warner's. Each year they bring out exciting new versions of this charmer—to mold you under the latest looks. Here, for instance, two of the season's most scintillating—as essential to gala evenings as your most captivating smile.

#1217. Above: Embroidered nylon and nylon elastic marquisette, dipped back. In black or white, $15.00 • #1229. Left: Embroidered cotton and elastic marquisette, fuzzy-lined cups. White only, $15.00.

WARNER'S*

*REGISTERED TRADEMARK IN CANADA

BRAS • GIRDLES • CORSELETTES

he likes fragrance in the daytime as well as in the evening.

Mr. Hicks's answers to the perfume questions were the same. Said he: "If a woman is wearing a scent a man likes, it never occurs to him that she isn't wearing it especially for him." That is perhaps the best reason — and the least publicized one — for wearing perfume: it's flattering to the man (or men) in your life. Each one thinks — knows — you're wearing it specially for him.

When it comes to choosing perfume, there are two schools of thought. Some women have a favorite that they — and their menfolk — like. They make it as personal, as much a part of them, as their voice or their signature. Others believe in variety, suiting their perfume to the occasion and the mood. Both are right.

Whichever course you follow, it's a safe guess that you don't make as much of this beauty aid as you ought. We don't mean to suggest that you should go in for overpowering doses or use a concentrated fragrance when a lighter version (cologne) would be more appropriate, but rather that you might use it more frequently and more effectively. Perfume should be applied to the pulse points at temples, throat, wrists, or sprayed to create an aura. And it needs to be renewed every three or four hours. That's why it's a good idea to have a purse vial as well as one for your dressing table.

To quote another of our correspondents: "Let's have fragrance at all times but not so strong as to make breathing difficult. And never as a substitute for the bath." In other words, use it subtly but make it one of your daily pleasures . . . and his.

WHAT DO YOUR HANDS REVEAL?

"A woman's hands are most noticeable when she's smoking a cigarette, and few smoke gracefully. I think she should practice in front of a mirror before she smokes in public"

—*WESSELY HICKS*

Seeing ourselves as others see us — in action — sometimes comes under the heading of shock treatment. It may be beneficial but we don't like to go through it too often. So why not make a real sev-

sion of this mirror-gazing? There are other everyday gestures besides smoking that might be done more gracefully. Eating is one of them.

And how about some of the gestures we make quite unconsciously . . . Do you ever fidget or doodle? Wring your hands? Tap your fingers? Chew your nails? One doesn't need to be a palmist to analyse a person by her hands and how she handles them.

Once you have the gestures under control, take a close look at the hands themselves. Are they well cared for or do they tell a tale of house cleaning, dishwashing and detergents? Hand cream should be one beauty aid that you are always replenishing. Use it lavishly before as well as after the household chores. This way the grime won't seep too deeply into the pores and can be washed away easily. Wearing rubber gloves for really dirty work and for dishwashing is another excellent protective measure.

However, hands will get grimy and rough. When this happens scrub them with a nail brush and hot sudsy water. Soak several minutes; splash under the cold-water tap to whip up circulation; dry thoroughly (always after your hands have been in water) and shove back the cuticle. Then, with a generous amount of your richest night cream, work from the finger tips to wrists with a "pulling on gloves" motion.

Nails should be filed with an emery board (metal files are too harsh) and in one direction — not back and forth. This puts less strain on them and there's less chance of splitting. Don't file down the sides beyond the fleshy part of your fingers. You're courting trouble if you do.

Most men like colored nails (Mr. Hicks voted for "red shades"). What they don't like is chipped polish. Choose colors to match or tone with your lipstick and costume. Fill the brush with enough to polish the whole nail. Make four smooth sweeps: one across the base of the nail from side to side (leaving a half-moon if you wish); three from base to tip — along each side and down the centre. Finish by lightly drawing the fleshy underside of your thumb along the edge of the nail, removing a hairline of polish. After you've done all your nails this way, add another coat of the same shade, or colorless, for permanence. ◆

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Luxuriously lovely,
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THE NEW 100%
TERYLENE*
TRICOT LINGERIE *by* Seamprufe

Half slip (left) and full slip (above) in 100% 'Terylene' tricot

This new "Seamprufe" lingerie in 'Terylene' is the most luxurious you've yet seen. It needs absolutely no ironing . . . has a most pleasant feel, and, of course, it's fashionably opaque. 'Terylene' tricot won't discolor with detergents . . . stays permanently white through washing after washing. Won't shrink or stretch either. Now at quality stores across Canada.

Keep your eye on 'TERYLENE' C-I-L THE TALENTED TEXTILE FIBRE

'Terylene' polyester fibre is made by C-I-L

*Registered trade-mark polyester fibre

A little of the Lady vanishes in Merry Widow by Warner's

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THE NEW 100%

TERYLENE*

TRICOT LINGERIE *by* Seamprufe

Half slip (left) and full slip (above) in 100% 'Terylene' tricot

This new "Seamprufe" lingerie in 'Terylene' is the most luxurious you've yet seen. It needs absolutely no ironing . . . has a most pleasant feel, and, of course, it's fashionably opaque. 'Terylene' tricot won't discolor with detergents . . . stays permanently white through washing after washing. Won't shrink or stretch either. Now at quality stores across Canada.

Keep your eye on 'TERYLENE' C-I-L THE TALENTED TEXTILE FIBRE

'Terylene' polyester fibre is made by C-I-L

*Registered trade-mark polyester fibre

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NOW—FLORAL-PATTERNED PANTS

1818: The fashion news for casuals and sportswear this year is floral prints. Here, tapered pants of sturdy flower-dashed cotton. Wear them now, for lounging around the house—and later, with different accessories, for picnics and at the beach. Sizes 24 to 28, 50 cents. 1837: Choose fine cotton for the sissy shirt, and edge tucks and cuffs with lace. Team with pants or evening skirt. Sizes 11 to 18, 35 cents.

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AND

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Romano straws

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GRANADA

Shoes Illustrated, **13.95** Other styles, 11.95 to 14.95
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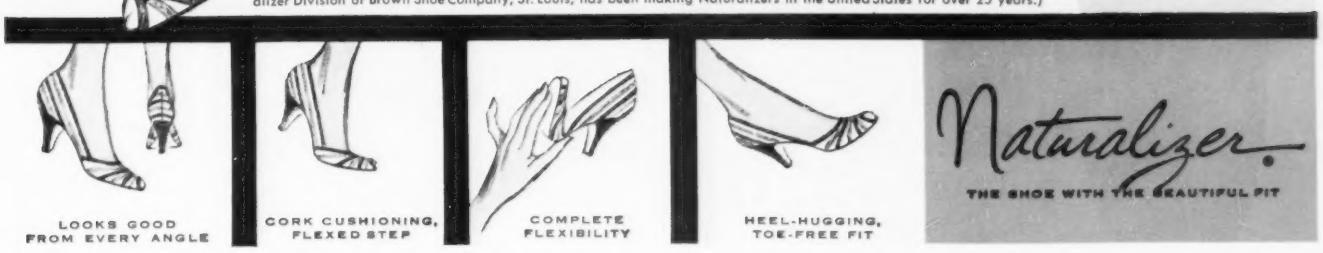
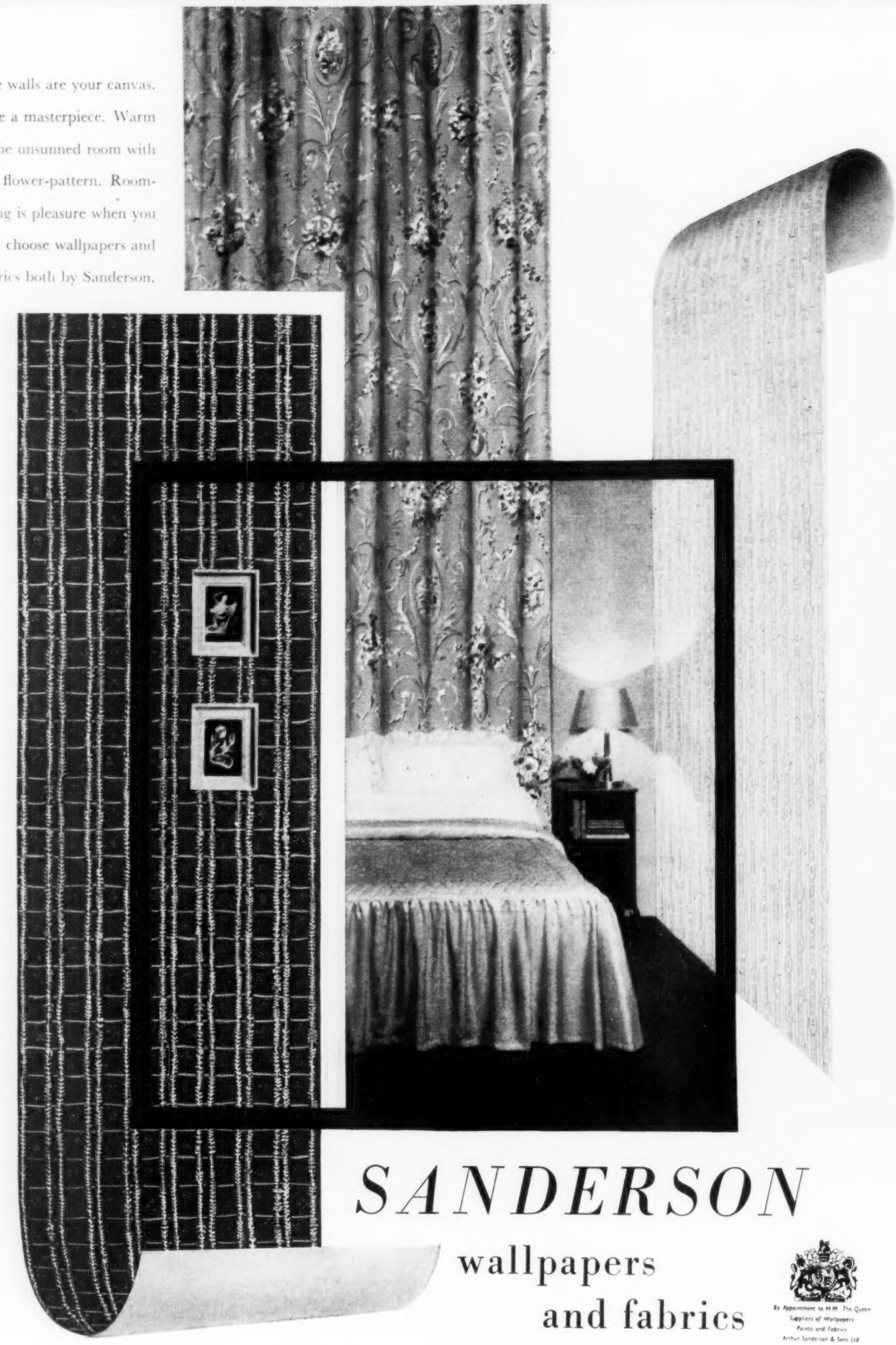
For your nearest Naturalizer dealer, write Naturalizer Division, Perth Shoe Company Limited, Perth, Ontario. (Naturalizer Division of Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, has been making Naturalizers in the United States for over 25 years.)



The walls are your canvas. Make a masterpiece. Warm the unsunned room with bright flower-pattern. Room-making is pleasure when you choose wallpapers and fabrics both by Sanderson.



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wallpapers and fabrics

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Suppliers of Wallpapers
Paints and Fabrics
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CHATELAINE SAYS
MAKE IT FROM A PATTERN

1913: New elegant ease—the bloused suit. Versatile jacket fastens with a drawstring or is softly gathered to a waistband; buttoned front, opened at high-rising neckline, could show pearls or chiffon scarf. Sleeves cut all-in-one can be bracelet length or short for summer. Slender skirt has a back pleat for walking. Choose light wool now, printed or plain silk shantung or linen later. Four main pattern pieces put it in "Simple To Make" class. Sizes 11 to 18, 50 cents.

Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer, or from the Pattern Department, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

FOR SPRING—A BLOUSED SUIT

Sweet-tooth treasures!

CANDY-PEEL BUNS

What could be more enticing at tea-time than sweet and fragrant Candy-Peel Buns? They're a delicious treat at *any* time . . . and easy to make, too! Whenever you bake at home depend on Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast for wonderful results *every* time. Surprise *your* family with *this* toothsome treat tomorrow.

CANDY-PEEL BUNS

Measure into bowl
½ cup lukewarm water

Stir in
2 teaspoons granulated sugar

Sprinkle with contents of
2 envelopes Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

Meantime, sift together into a bowl
1½ cups once-sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons granulated sugar

Mix in
½ teaspoon ground cardamon seeds

Cut in finely
½ cup chilled shortening
and mix in
½ cup chopped candied peel

Combine
3 well-beaten eggs
½ teaspoon vanilla
and dissolved yeast.

Stir into flour mixture and beat until smooth and elastic. Cover with a damp cloth. Let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about ½ hour. Stir down batter.

Work in an additional
1½ cups (about) once-sifted all-purpose flour

Turn out dough onto a large square of cheesecloth; gather edges of cheesecloth together loosely and tie. Drop dough into a large pan of cool, but not chilled water and let stand until doubled in bulk, about 45 minutes. Remove dough from cheesecloth and place on very-well-floured board or canvas. Form into a 16-inch roll; cut roll into 16 equal pieces; form into smooth balls. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Cover. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 25 minutes. Bake in a hot oven, 425°, 12 to 15 minutes.

Frost while warm with the following icing and sprinkle with chopped nutmeats.

Combine 1 cup sifted icing sugar and ¼ teaspoon vanilla; add sufficient milk to make a stiff icing.

Yield: 16 buns.

Needs no refrigeration
Always active, fast rising
Keeps fresh for weeks

Fashion: Men Know What They Like

BY VIVIAN WILCOX

THIS month we have seven guest editors, all of them men—the same men who are so articulate on the subject of feminine beauty, pages 24 and 25. Here they air their views on fashion—everything from king-size earrings to open-toe shoes:

On fashion in general — "Dullness in a woman's appearance" is the thing that "riles" Paul Rockett, Toronto photographer, most. Artist Harold Town takes exception to "underwear showing through transparent blouses." Wessely Hicks, Toronto Telegram columnist, says: "If a famous designer decrees sleeping bags are stylish, some women will wear them." Adds, "If an outfit is becoming you don't mind how often a woman wears it, especially if you have to pay for it."

On jewelry — Harold Town says: "It should not drown the conversation with clatter or blind the eye with glitter. Too many bracelets make a woman's arm look like a curtain rod." Says Max (Rawhide) Ferguson: "Heavy earrings on sagging pierced lobes make me uneasy: with every toss of the head I brace myself for the sound of tearing flesh." Wessely Hicks admits, "Some women look terrific in dramatic costume jewelry. But it must stay put. When a woman is always losing an earring or bracelet you feel you should be running behind her with a broom and dustpan—tidying up."

On color — All the men have decided views. Paul Rockett prefers beige. TV producer Ross McLean goes for "blondes in browns." Harold Town likes black because, "In black a woman is prepared for any emergency, be it a cocktail party, a horse race—or a funeral." Our *couturier*, Tibor de Nagay, has some sound advice to offer: "Black, grey and beige" should be "the backbone colors in every woman's wardrobe. Once you have these, any others may be added."

On shoes — Controversy rages: More shoe or less? Ross McLean is "unimpressed by any opening not absolutely necessary for insertion of the foot." Christopher Plummer, Canadian actor, counters: "If the foot is pretty the less shoe the better." Wessely Hicks: "High heels and open toes do a lot for a woman's legs and feet." Harold Town — "Most open-toe shoes make the front of the foot look like a hot dog."

On hats — War is declared. "If fussy—hate 'em," says Paul Rockett. "Most women can't wear them," adds Christopher Plummer. Harold Town: "I wish women wouldn't make a national uniform out of headwear, viz., the recent inverted fruit-bowl style." Wessely Hicks likes "the bits of whimsey tied up in ribbon." But he adds, "If a woman has lovely hair no hat can match it." (Better read page 26, girls.) Mr. de Nagay insists: "A woman is not elegant without several hats to complete her wardrobe." ◆

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S

Sleek

THE SAFE DEPILATORY THAT CREAMS OFF FACIAL HAIR IN A JIFFY!

SLEEK, created and developed by ELIZABETH ARDEN is the *safe* way to remove unsightly hair on face, arms and legs.

SLEEK is a dependable, medically safe depilatory, time-tested in purity, safety and effectiveness . . . incomparable for all hair removal on delicate areas of the skin.

SLEEK is a quick-action cream . . . works in minutes. And such a pleasure to use . . . no fussy preparations or messy aftermath.

SLEEK is easy to apply, too. Just cream on with your fingers . . . then, minutes later rinse with warm water. All hair vanishes with the rinsing, leaving your skin satiny-smooth . . . delightfully fragrant.

Use SLEEK freely this summer, to keep sun-bared face, arms and legs smoothly beautiful. Remember . . . just touch unwanted hair with S-L-E-E-K . . . and away it goes!

The Safe Depilatory To Use
On Your Face

Big Full
4½ Oz. Size
$2.50

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Beautify your *Natural* Hair Color

ONE OF THESE FAMOUS PRODUCTS IS JUST RIGHT FOR YOU!

Nestle

COLOR CREME RINSE

COLORS AND CONDITIONS

GRAY, WHITE and GRAYING HAIR

Here's a new, easy way to glorify gray, white and graying hair without tinting or dyeing! Nestle Color Creme Rinse adds beautiful, rich, natural-looking smoky, silvery or charcoal color.

In just a few moments, unsightly yellow and discolored streaks vanish — graying hair is cleverly, evenly color-toned.

AND — at the same time — Nestle Color Creme Rinse wonderfully CONDITIONS your hair — improves its texture — corrects dryness and brittle ends — gives it the glorious lustre of youth! 6 beautiful colors.

75¢

39¢

Nestle **COLORINSE**

GIVES COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS

TO ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Use Nestle Colorinse after every shampoo to accent your natural hair color — add glorious new lustre — remove dulling soap film — make hair softer, silkier. Colorinse rinses in — shampoos out! 12 glamorous colors. 15¢, 39¢.

Nestle **COLORTINT**

ADDS COLOR THAT LASTS

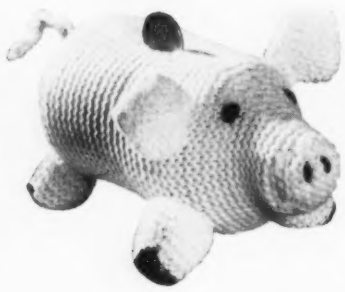
THROUGH 3 SHAMPOOS

Nestle Colortint gives rich, intense all-over color but is not a permanent dye! It intensifies your natural hair color OR — adds exciting NEW color. Lanolin-rich Colortint also blends-in gray, streaked or faded hair. 10 triple-strength colors. 39¢.

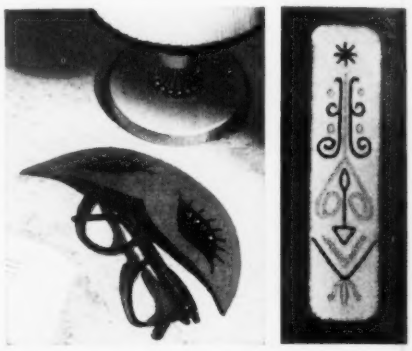
Ask Your Beautician for Professional Applications

CHATELAINE *needlecraft* BAZAAR

Here's our spring selection of easy-to-make items for quick, profitable sales. Ideas for gifts too!



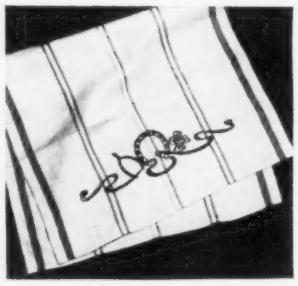
KNIT A PIGGY BANK Knit a plump porker to cover an empty milk can for a novel bank. Piggy measures seven inches from snout to curly tail. No. C305. Price, 25 cents for instructions for knitting and making the bank.



FELT CASES for comb and glasses. This kit contains stamped quality felt for making two matching cases. Order No. C308. Instructions are included. Price, 50 cents for the kit.

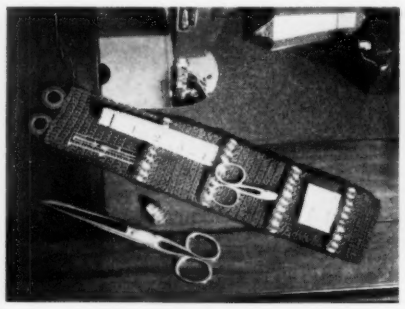
SPECIAL IN EMBROIDERY AND COLOR TRANSFERS

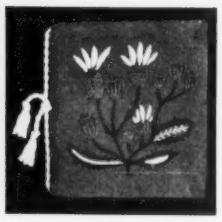
Packet of over 30 designs plus six alphabet transfers. No. C307. Price, 25 cents for bazaar special.



GOOD LUCK TEA TOWEL stamped on Irish linen for brisk bazaar sales. Hemmed. Size, 16 inches by 27 inches. Order No. C306. Price, 50 cents a towel.

FLOWERPOT COVERS will spark interest in the plant table. No. C309. Instructions for making the two crocheted covers. Price, 25 cents.





SEWING KIT AND NEEDLECASE. Crochet a sewing case from scraps of thread. Make the needlecase from stamped felt and embroidery thread supplied. Order No. C310. Price is 50 cents for stamped felt, thread and instructions for the two cases.

MERRY GNOME stands 12 inches high, comes stamped on gay-colored quality felt. Order No. C304. Price, 75 cents for the kit.

Please order from Mrs. Ivy Clark, Chatelaine Needlecraft Dept., 481 University Ave., Toronto. Sorry, no COD orders.

There are so many good reasons why

"Ainsi que beaucoup d'autres, j'aime et j'apprécie Simplicity Patterns," dit Mme. Jean Lecault de Montréal, Québec, "parce qu'ils me donnent un grand choix de dessins de dernière mode. Et aussi, ils ont le don de vous donner un air plus rajeuni." Mme. Lecault est l'épouse du représentant de Ventes pour Samsonite Luggage, et la maman d'André, agé de 12 ans. Avec sa taille 12, cheveux blonds, et yeux bleus, en plus de son vif intérêt dans la musique, l'art moderne et étant hôtesse pour de charmantes réceptions, Mme. Lecault aime les jolies robes et les possède grâce à Simplicity.

Dress #1994

Dress #1914

Mrs. Jack Junod of Royal Oak, Michigan, uses Simplicity Patterns for most of her sewing. "I like them because they're so well marked and easily understood." Mrs. Junod has a degree in Home Economics and "it's the practical application through the years that really counts. Up until I went to work on TV I did practically all of the sewing for the girls and myself. Now it has to be the quickest sewing since I have a three-times a week TV show, 'Kitchen Karousel'." A busy woman, with a husband, four youngsters and a career!

"I have used Simplicity Patterns for years" comments Mrs. Bert James, Stratford, Ontario. "The attractive styling of the patterns caught my eye first—so I was more than pleased to find that Simplicity patterns are so easy to follow and so clearly explained." Here we photoed Mrs. James readying the bassinet for the expected newcomer . . . a baby brother or sister to David, Mary, Bert, Judy and Jeffrey! And Mrs. James has more than the toys and crib waiting — there'll be a complete new Simplicity layette, we'll wager.

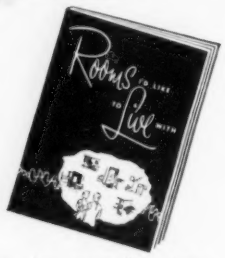
Dress #2009

more women choose *Simplicity* than any other pattern!

Look for the Summer Simplicity Magazine on sale April 15 at newsstands and pattern counters . . . 45¢

LIVE MODERN HERE?

Let this book be your Idea Starter



You can live modern right where you are—by transforming the house you have into the home you have dreamed of. This booklet, "Rooms I'd Like to Live With", shows you old rooms that have been made modern . . . makes it easy to develop new ideas about your present home.

Ask for this booklet now. It will kindle your imagination. You'll develop ideas to make your bathroom sparkle with style and beauty . . . your kitchen a joy to work in . . . a basement with an attractive heating plant which makes an extra room possible . . . a living room where radiators need no longer dictate decor.

You'll be amazed how you can add style, convenience and greater comfort to an older home . . . and usually at far less cost than you thought possible.

Your plumbing and heating contractor will gladly help you. Easy payments may be arranged, if you wish, through your bank with a Government-sponsored Home Improvement Loan.

Fill out the coupon today.

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M1

Canadian Institute of Plumbing & Heating,
Department S-1,
630 Dorchester St. W.,
Montreal, P.Q.

Without obligation, please rush my copy of the colorfully illustrated "Rooms I'd Like to Live With"—FREE

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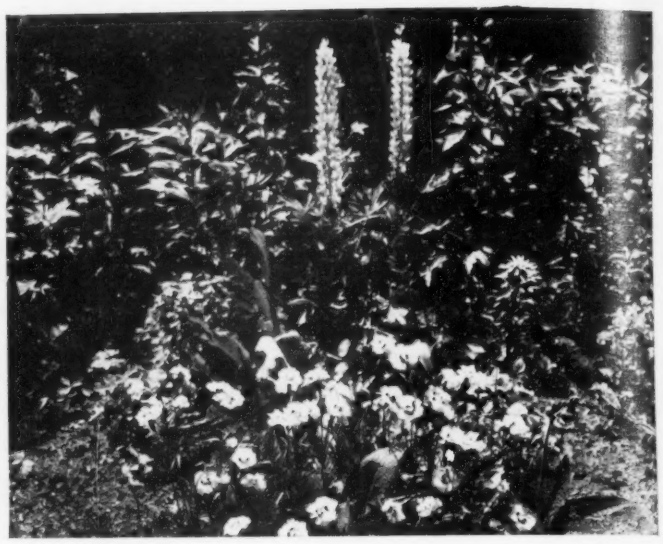


Fatten your pride and your purse with perennials from seed

Here are the best ones to grow this spring, and the easiest way of all to start them

BY HELEN O'REILLY

IF YOU think that perennials are harder to grow from seed than vegetables or annuals, the seedmen tell us you have the majority of gardeners with you. In a word, you are dead right. You may well wonder, then, why I am about to suggest that you grow your own perennials from seed. Well, there are three things to be considered: the size of your purse, the size of your garden, and your gardener's pride. If none of these are of importance, go ahead and buy all your perennials as plants and good luck to you!

Those first two considerations are delicately balanced: if money is no object, or if you have a pocket-handkerchief-sized garden, it is not worth struggling with perennial seeds. But if you are on a budget and you like glorious masses of bloom in your borders, planting from seed is the perfect answer to your problem. As to your gardener's pride, that is something that grows on you (sometimes from seed, sometimes from a sudden transplanting!) and if you have the tiniest sprig of it in you, you will find endless satisfaction in germinating and raising your own perennial plants.

Keen as I am on the do-it-yourself approach, I am not suggesting you start from seed with such long-term subjects as peonies, iris, or lilies—not to begin with anyway. From roots, rhizomes, and bulbs you will gradually build up your clumps of these hardy beauties. But for really effective masses of such flowers as lupines, columbine, Carpathian harebells, Shasta daisies, sweet old-fashioned pinks, and a lovely thing called Blue Mirror (to name just a few on my mind at the moment) try seeds. You can grow in a year, from one seed packet of each, enough plants to fill your own borders and to spare, and giving away home-grown plants is one of the myriad pleasures of gardening.

This month of April is the time to plan your campaign and order your seed. Although some perennial seeds can be sown later than others, nearly all will thrive best with a start in cool soil. You can sow your seed as soon as the ground is workable, which is May in my southern Ontario, but which may be April for luckier Canadians and June for the northerners. There are various ways of making a seed bed and, of course, I want you to try out my latest preference. Oddly enough, it is *not* easier to sow the seeds where they are to bloom. For while they don't require a greenhouse or even a cold frame, they must have some protection and special care in the initial stages—and you will agree that these can be supplied much more handily in one place than all over the lot.

The first requisite of a seed bed is fine, unlumpy soil in good friable condition (friable just means "easily crumbled"), and the second is freedom from weeds. For a large quantity of seeds the routine is to prepare an open-ground seed bed, well dug and slightly raised, but for the small home garden I believe it is far easier to plant in flats or even in bulb pans. (Just for the record, flats are shallow, oblong, wooden boxes. Fish boxes, begged or bought from a restaurant or

Continued on page 48

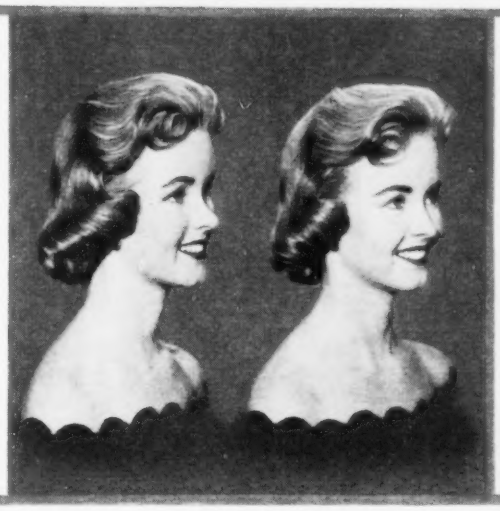
Now You Can Tell Which Twin has the Toni!

TV test viewed by millions proves dramatically a Toni is stronger, livelier, yet the most natural-looking wave ever!

1

Identical Twins with identical hairdo's

Both twins have soft, natural-looking permanents. Charlotte, on the right, has a Toni home permanent. Marianne has another home permanent. Both were given exactly according to directions.



2

The twins exposed to the humidity test

This humidity cabinet was specially engineered to give permanents their toughest test. You can see where the girls have wiped the steam from the glass. If a soft, lovely permanent can stand up to this, it will hold up under any condition your permanent might face.

3 RESULT: See how the Toni holds its set!

See how Marianne's hairdo is all droopy and limp. Now look at Charlotte's. Her Toni really held up! Proof that a Toni home permanent gives soft, natural-looking waves that are lively and long-lasting, too.

And with Toni you get your wave the most pleasant way possible. Toni's Fresh Air Waving Lotion has so little odor you'll hardly know you're having a permanent. Waving lotion action is complete in just 10 minutes. And there's no chance of underwaving or overwaving. Toni is timed so right, your wave just can't go wrong!

Your choice of custom-made waving lotions **REGULAR · SUPER · VERY GENTLE** · $2.00

Continued from page 46

shop, make ideal flats. Bulb pans are the wide, low flower-pots.) Fill these with a rich mixture of equal parts well-rotted manure, peat moss or compost, and sandy loam and, over the top, sift half an inch of sandy loam. If these ingredients are hopelessly out of reach, you can probably buy potting soil ready-made at your nearest greenhouse or seed merchant.

The handy part of this setup is that you can plant the tiny seeds indoors where it is warm and convenient and the wind will not blow them away. I mark the rows by pressing the thick edge of a ruler into the sifted surface and then the trick is to space the seeds along the shallow rows. The more room each little plant has for growth, the longer you can leave it there to gather strength before you transplant it. Tear off just a corner of the packet and tap the seeds out gently. In theory seeds should be covered to a depth three times their diameter but the seeds of pinks are like sand! I just sow them, pat the soil lightly, sift a dusting of earth over them and hope for the best . . .

Another handy thing about this method is the ease of watering. Instead of sprinkling the top thoroughly, which might disarrange all your careful planting, stand the flats or pots in water until surface becomes moist and then you are ready to set them out in the garden, buried to half their depth, with a layer of newspaper to keep them shaded and a pane of glass over that to keep in the moisture, but keep out heavy rain. In average spring weather you will not have to water again until your seeds have sprouted and are securely anchored, but you must check on this every day or so because if your seed bed dries out, all is lost. And if its surface is too moist, you'll have the dreaded "damping off" that is equally fatal.

Once germinated, the glass-cum-newspaper protection comes off but the hair-like seedlings must still be sheltered and half-shaded. The answer to this problem is a lath screen. Mine consists of two garden stakes, top and bottom, with twelve laths nailed along them, like a picket fence, about an inch apart. This contraption I set over the seedlings, raised by two bricks at each corner or resting on a rail along opposite sides nailed up on short stakes. In a word, the lath screen is to temper the direct sunlight and the rain from the seedlings until they are firmly established.

There are some who transplant their seedlings as soon as they get their "true" leaves, that is, their second pair of leaves, but I am afraid I never get around to transplanting until the little things are threatening to crowd each other out. Then I move them out into rows in the vegetable garden, (a) because they must still be specially watered and weeded and

☆ ☆ ☆

TECHNIQUE

By May Richstone

Helter-skelter through the door
Home my exuberant schoolboy comes
To leave a trail on wall and floor
Of fingerprints and cookie crumbs;
But what are crumbs and fingerprints
Or being less than dutiful,
When with his baseball, out he sprints,
Calling, "So long, beautiful!"

☆ ☆ ☆

(b) because my borders are not ready for them, being still full of zinnias or whatever annuals have been filling in while my precious perennials were being grown.

Whether to move these new perennials to their permanent places in the border after the first heavy frost when the annuals are finished or to keep them in their nursery bed until spring is one of the great gardening questions. I prefer to settle in my delphinium plants in the fall but these smaller plants—lupines, campanulas, Shasta daisies, columbine, pinks, and Blue Mirror—I leave in their nursery rows where I can protect them for their first winter by mulching. This doesn't mean covering them, but rather banking them round with peat moss to keep them solidly frozen right through the winter, for it is not the cold that "winter kills" but the alternate thawing and freezing, as you probably know. In the spring I set them out proudly in their appointed places.

And they are worth all the care, never doubt it! As to varieties, Russell lupines are my choice for they come in soft, glowing colors that blend beautifully in the spring border and their luxuriant spikes last for weeks. I have heard that when protected by a mound of earth late in the fall, a lupine plant has twice its usual chance to survive our winters and

new and softest ever

"Just perfect"

New Kotex Sanitary Napkins with Wondersoft covering —the most comfortable, most absorbent ever designed.

Only Kotex has Wondersoft covering . . . a new open-mesh covering that's incredibly light and gentle. Only new Kotex napkins with this Wondersoft covering can give you softness you thought you'd never have; complete open-mesh absorption that never fails; and a perfect fit that can't ever pull out of shape.

Choose from three sizes: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. Buy a new Kotex belt, too. It goes with new Kotex perfectly.

KOTEX AND WONDERSOFT ARE TRADEMARKS OF KIMBERLY-CLARK PRODUCTS LTD.

I intend to try it. Another perennial worth any amount of fuss to me is the Carpathian harebell *(Campanula carpatica)* in clearest white: a dainty bellflower that will bloom a second time if sheared off immediately after it has flowered.

Columbine has taken on a new magnificence with the arrival of McKana's Giants, All-American Bronze Medal Winner for 1955 (be sure to look for columbine under *Aquilegia* in the catalogues). I have been proud as punch of *Aquilegia* Mrs. Scott Elliott, but I am sowing these "Giants" of course. Who could resist "four inches and more across, spurs three to four inches long, and widely flared"? And as to pinks (catalogued as *Dianthus*), I'll have more of the fragrant old-fashioned ones *(Plumarius)* for the front of the border but I yearn, too, for the Allwood Brothers' entrancing new ones from England such as Allwoodii Double "half-pink and half-carnation" and a fringed one called White Loveliness.

I would never be without Shasta daisies, single or double, because they are so satisfactory for cutting, but I think Deiner's Double is my favorite. These daisies, which flower from June to October, are long-lasting in the garden or in the house and their cool whiteness is a highlight of the summer border. The deep blue of the Chinese delphiniums, Blue Mirror, is marvelous in flower arrangements and this is a perennial that breaks the rule and flowers its first year! Its proper name is *Delphinium grandiflorum* and it is heavenly with the white of annual candytuft or as a contrast to floribunda roses. Isn't it hard to wait? ◆

YOU WERE ASKING

Chatelaine

Question:

My problem is draperies for an L-shaped dining and living room. Walls and ceiling are a warm grey with a grey-tone carpet. Our chesterfield is chartreuse and black and wood pieces are blond.

—*Mrs. M. J., Weyburn, Sask.*

Answer:

The trend in draperies today is toward pastels, very simple tailored styles and treating the draperies as part of the background of a room. Choose an unpatterned, textured fabric close to the wall color. A soft rusty pink would be very attractive for occasional chairs and as an accent in cushions, ash trays or a print for the wall.

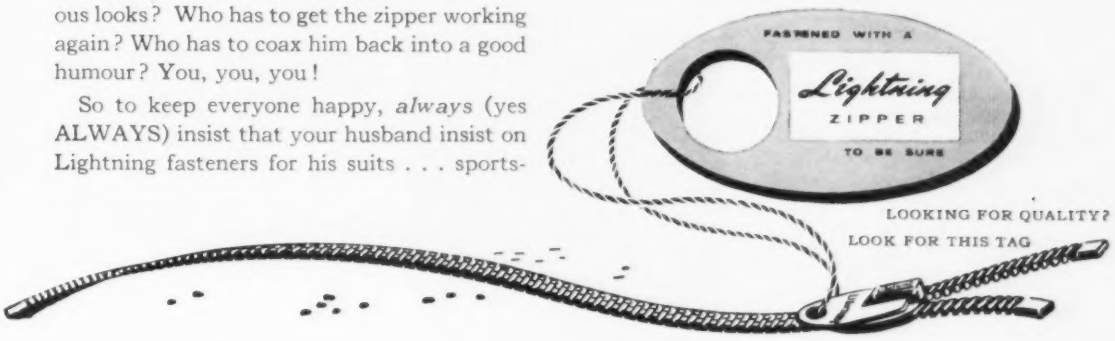
What every wife should know about her husband

There he goes—up with the dawn, out to conquer the world, and bring home the bacon. And he's always ready to settle the international situation, shovel the snow, or make a new leg for the dining room table. Because men can manage just about anything BIG.

But . . . what happens if he's stuck with a faulty zipper? He's lost. Who gets all the furious looks? Who has to get the zipper working again? Who has to coax him back into a good humour? You, you, you!

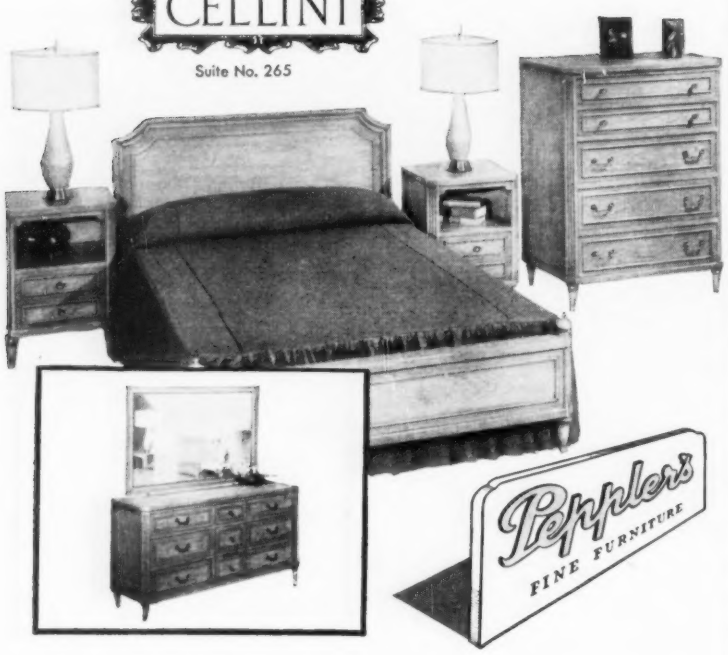
So to keep everyone happy, *always* (yes ALWAYS) insist that your husband insist on Lightning fasteners for his suits . . . sportswear . . . tobacco pouches. In fact, insist on Lightning for everything where you want to make both ends meet—securely, surely, easily, neatly, attractively!

And you can always tell a Lightning fastener by its neat little tag. We've shown you one here to help you to be sure.



CELLINI

Suite No. 265



CELLINI . . . the perfect blend of period grandeur, and present-day simplicity. This is Peppler's superbly-crafted Italian Provincial, equally adaptable to traditional or modern decor. Select the pieces you want now—you may add to them later from this versatile open stock suite. In addition to the pieces illustrated, you may select: Double Dresser; Bookcase Bed; Low Chest, and Vanity. Choose cherry wood Cellini in warm, mellow Fruitwood, or delicate Italian Grey.

56-2

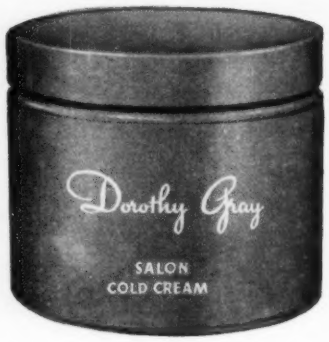
PEPPLER BROS. CO. LIMITED, HANOVER, ONTARIO

TRUST Dorothy Gray*

to make the most of natural beauty

IT TAKES CREAMS AND LOTIONS, TOO, to accomplish what you want beauty-wise. Why waste money on inadequate "short-cuts"? The Basic Creams and Lotions of Dorothy Gray are scientifically blended for your needs alone. They cleanse, stimulate and lubricate your skin properly. Result is loveliness that endures through the years.

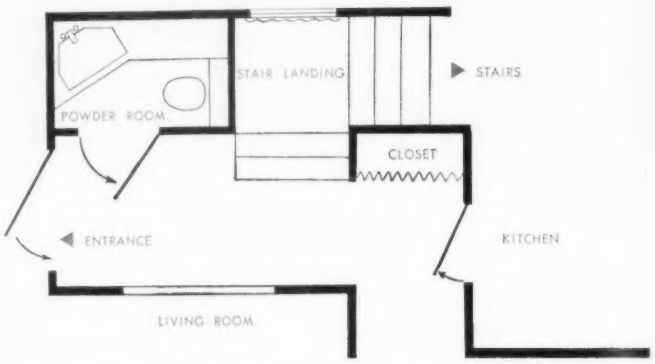
And . . . for the final touch that means so much . . . choose Dorothy Gray Make-Up.



*Canada's Loveliest Women Do!

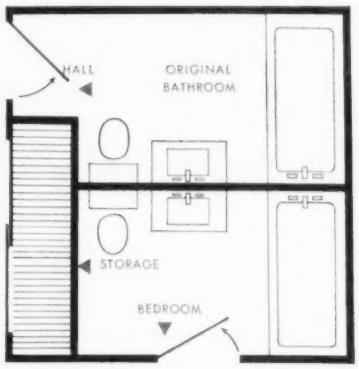
Four Ways to Find Space for that Second Bathroom

Continued from page 23



Put a powder room in a front-hall closet — convenient for guests, and for children to tidy up as they come in from play. Here, the main clothes closet (five feet by three) in a two-story home is large enough for a corner basin and counter, and toilet. A smaller closet for clothes has been built in under the stairway to the second floor.

It's not a complete bathroom but you'll find a basin and counter in the bedroom almost as useful. If you can, have it built all in a piece with a vanity or chest along one wall. To save piping, use a wall beside your bathroom. Here the bathroom is 6½ feet by 9; the bedroom counter is 2 feet wide and 5 feet long.



New bathroom back to back with the old. The needed space is partitioned from an adjoining bedroom; total space for both bathrooms is 10 feet wide by 8 feet. If possible, add 2 feet to the width for extra storage opening into the hall.

A basement "mud" room is ideal for the handymen, gardeners and children in any family. This one has a shower, basin, toilet and clothes closet. Pegboard partitions off the toilet. The total bathroom space is 6 feet by 8.

SEE NEW BATHROOM FIXTURES PAGE 52

MARCH 18 TO APRIL 20

Spring Beauty Festival

AT YOUR **Rexall** DRUG STORE

TIFFANY COSMETICS - *for the loveliest lady in the Easter Parade*

Special!

TIFFANY CREAM DEODORANT
Here's a big saving on this smooth, lasting deodorant cream. Non-oily, won't harm delicate fabrics. Large 3 oz. jar, regular $1.50, now reduced to only ..... **98¢**

Tiffany Tissue Cream. 3 oz. **$1.50**
Tiffany Foundation Cream. In becoming Light, Medium, and Dark shades. 3 oz. **$1.50**
Tiffany Beauty Lotion **$1.25**
Tiffany Face Powder. In 5 attractive shades to compliment your complexion **$1.50**
Tiffany Cream Shampoo. 3 oz. **$1.00**

Special!

TIFFANY LILY OF THE VALLEY COLOGNE
Save on this delightfully refreshing Spring fragrance. Large 6 oz. bottle, regular $2.50, during Spring Beauty Festival only **$2.00**

Tiffany Liquid Lanolin Compound. Conditions and dresses hair. Keeps hands soft, smooth, attractive. 3 oz. **$1.25**
Tiffany Lotion Cleansing Cream. Deep cleans your skin. 6 oz. squeeze bottle **$2.00**
Tiffany Perfumed Deodorant Lotion. In convenient plastic squeeze bottle. 2 oz. **$1.25**

TIFFANY HAND CREAM
This medicated hand cream with chlorophyll quickly soothes and smooths chapped hands and red, rough skin. 8 oz. jar **$2.50**
3 oz. jar **$1.25**

Tiffany Skin Freshener. Mild, soothing. **$1.25**
Tiffany Crystal Cologne Stick. Fragrant solid cologne in purse-size case **$1.25**
Tiffany Talcum. Delightfully perfumed fine-textured talcum for all occasions **$1.00**
Tiffany Dusting Powder. With puff .. **$2.00**
Tiffany Spray Aerosol Cologne. **$2.50**

TIFFANY PERMACREME LIPSTICKS
Glowing new shades for Spring—Karat, Tangerine Red, Medium Red, Passion Pink, Light Clear Red, Blossom Red. Each . **$1.50**

TIFFANY FLUFFY-TYPE CLEANSING CREAM
The perfect cream for delicate, dry skin. Gently lubricates and cleanses. Large money-saving 8 oz. jar **$2.50**
Convenient 3 oz. jar **$1.25**

Tiffany Cologne Creation. 3 oz. **$1.50**
Tiffany Toilet Soap. 2 cakes in box .. **$1.00**
Tiffany Velvet Touch Makeup. Flattering to use. Non-drying. In 5 shades **$1.25**
Tiffany Perfume. Lasting fragrance .. **$2.50**
Tiffany Liquefying Cleansing Cream. Homogenized deep-pore cleanser. 3 oz. **$1.25**

Exciting NEW Beauty Aids by CARA NOME

NEW!

CARA NOME FAST HAIR SET SPRAY
Lanolin mist to keep your hair-do softly perfect even on damp or windy days. Conditions while it controls—makes home permanents last longer—adds lustre and highlights. Not sticky, flaky or drying. Ideal for use after shampoo. Perfumed with delightful Cara Nome fragrance. 5 oz. **$1.50**
Cara Nome Hydrogen Peroxide. Especially designed for use on the hair. 20 Volume. 4 ounce bottle ..... **35¢**

NEW!

CARA NOME FOAM HAND LOTION
Pleasantly-scented foam hand lotion in handy aerosol dispenser to give just the amount you need. Contains silicones to soothe and protect hands. 5 oz. **$1.25**

Special! **CARA NOME LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO**
Foams instantly, rinses easily to leave your hair shining clean. Save on the 8 oz. bottle. Reg. $1.25, now only ..... **98¢**

NEW!

CARA NOME COLOUR SHAMPOO
New, softly flattering gray shades—Misty Gray, Pale Platinum, Satin Steel—plus a complete range of 12 other attractive shades to restore your natural hair beauty **$1.75**

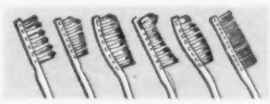
CARA NOME FAST HOME PERMANENTS
For fast, natural-curl home permanents with that professional look. Easy to use—save you money, too.
GENTLE—REGULAR—SUPER—LITTLE GIRL—PIN CURL. Each **$1.75**

Ladies' Hair Brush. Popular Flare-style brush with 8 rows of Perlon bristles ... **98¢**
Rexall Pocket Comb. Hard rubber 5-inch comb. Coarse and fine teeth ..... **25¢**
Helen Cornell Bobby Pins. Card of 50. Rubber-tipped, brown or black ..... **25¢**
Velour Powder Puff. 2¾" diameter. **10¢**
Bachelor Cream Deodorant. Favourite of active men. Large jar **85¢.** Small jar **55¢**
Bachelor Stick Deodorant **$1.00**

NEW!

Bachelor Aerosol Shave Cream. Homogenized foam lather in easy-to-use aerosol form. Softens beard, provides gentle razor slip, makes shaving a treat ... **98¢**
Rexall Shaving Cream. Quickly provides a rich lather that makes shaving easy ... **43¢**
Bachelor Spray Deodorant. Easy to use—and so handy for travelling **$1.00**

REXALL DELUXE



TOOTH BRUSHES
Here's outstanding value with 6 styles to choose from in nylon or natural bristle. Assorted colours, in acetate tube. Only ..... **59¢**

GLOWING GOOD HEALTH IS A BEAUTY SECRET, TOO

Maintain your family's normal resistance to infection with

REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS
Each daily tablet contains 9 important vitamins, including B12, liver and 12 valuable minerals.
2½ months' supply **$4.79**
5 months' supply **$7.95**
5 weeks' supply **$2.59**

REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS JUNIOR
For children 6 to 12. 9 vitamins, phosphorus, calcium and iron in an easy-to-swallow tablet.
2½ months' supply **$3.29**
5 months' supply **$5.49**
5 weeks' supply **$1.79**

Everyday Needs

Rexall Rexadent Tooth Paste. For clean, sparkling teeth. Leaves a pleasant fresh after-taste. It's fluorinated, sugar-free. **65¢**
Rexall Rexadent Tooth Powder. Fluorinated, leaves your mouth refreshed ... **59¢**
Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive Plaster. Non-irritating, waterproof adhesive that sticks and stays in place longer. Stock up and save. ½ in. by 5 yds. regular 35¢, now only ..... **29¢**

Special!

Rexall King-Size Quik-Bands. 25 large bands, 1 in. x 3 in. Plastic, waterproof. **59¢**
Rexall Firstaid Absorbent Cotton. Convenient 2 oz. package ..... **49¢**
Columbia Household Rubber Gloves. Non-slip. In carton. Small, medium, large .. **89¢**
Rexall Quik Swabs. Box of 200 three-inch cotton-tipped applicators. Sterilized .. **49¢**
Wash Cloths. 12 inch x 12 inch size. Stock up and save at this money-saving price. **21¢**
Rexall Baby Talcum. Prevents chafing, diaper rash. Contains no boric acid. 9 oz. **65¢**
Coloured Stationery. 12 sheets of stationery and 12 envelopes. Assorted colours, deckle edge, ribbon tied package ... **25¢**

Suggested special retail prices effective through April 20, 1957

NEW DISCOVERY FROM REXALL LABORATORIES

PRODUCTS OF TOMORROW · Rexall · FOR BETTER HEALTH TODAY

REXALL **THRU**

ACTS THROUGH THE SKIN TO RELIEVE MUSCULAR PAINS

Fast Soothing Relief From
- MUSCULAR ACHES
- MINOR RHEUMATIC PAINS
- SIMPLE NEURITIS AND NEURALGIA
- MUSCULAR LUMBAGO
- SPRAINS, STRAIN, STIFFNESS DUE TO EXERCISE OR FATIGUE

THRU —Rexall's new liquid penetrating analgesic—uses a special agent to penetrate the skin and bring quick relief from muscular aches and pains.

THRU relaxes the muscle tissue, improves circulation, lessens swelling and eases distressing cramps and pain **$1.49**

NEW!

REXALL ASMA-KETS
For fast, effective relief from bronchial asthma and hay fever. Combination of ingredients act to relieve congestion, relax bronchial tubes. 24 tablets. **$1.25**

NEW!

REXALL TRIPLE-ACTION THROAT LOZENGES
Act locally to give immediate and prolonged relief from irritation. Relieve congestion and soreness. 12 ..... **$1.00**

Rexall Remedies

Rexall Bisma-Rex Mates. Handy antacid tablets for quick relief ..... 75 for **89¢**
Rexall Polymulsion. Orange-flavoured multi-vitamin emulsion for infants and young children. 16 oz. **$3.95**
Rexall Triple Action Cough Syrup. Three-way action gives quick relief. 4 oz. ... **98¢**
Rexall Triple Action Cough Syrup for Children. Eases throat tickle, 3 oz. .. **89¢**
Rexall Triple Action Nasal Spray. Quickly relieves stuffy nose. ½ oz ..... **98¢**
Rexall Triple Action Nasal Spray for Children. Handy squeeze bottle. ½ oz. **89¢**
***New!* Rexall Triple Action Nose Drops for Children.** Non-irritating, penetrating. Help clear nasal congestion due to colds. ½ oz. **79¢**

REXALL NEW FORMULA BISMA-REX
Improved new formula Bisma-Rex contains a series of ingredients to give immediate relief from heart-burn, belching, acid indigestion—and acts in relays to give prolonged relief.
16 oz., **$2.50** 4 oz., **$1.00** 2¼ oz. **60¢**

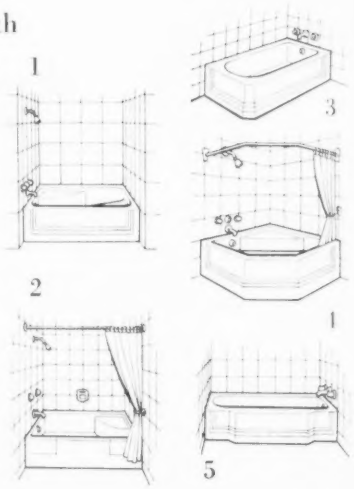
YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY PRODUCT THAT BEARS THE NAME **Rexall**

Bathroom Fixtures—Any Size and Shape You Want

Continued from page 50

Today, choose from any of these compact designs to solve awkward space problems

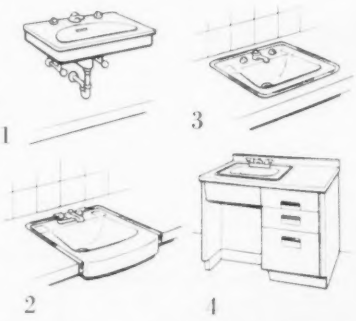
Five Ways to Take a Bath



Besides a variety of shapes, tubs come in two materials: porcelain on steel (some are insulated), or in enameled cast iron (heavier and therefore more expensive to ship). 1. Recessed tub with corner seats; 38 by 19½ inches deep. 2. One ledge; 31 inches deep, in two lengths; 4 or 3½ feet. 3. For left or right corner; 30¾ inches by 5 or 5½ feet. 4. Corner tub measures 61 inches diagonally to the front. 5. Front seating panel; 30¾ inches by 4½, 5 or 5½ feet.

Counter Basins for Efficiency

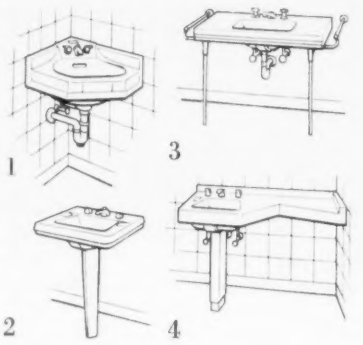
Today's combination counters and basins generally offer the most in bathroom convenience and efficiency. You can buy the basin separately and have a counter built to your own requirements. Or buy the combination ready-made (see No. 4). Basins come in three materials: vitreous china (the same as dinnerware), porcelain on steel or in enameled cast iron. Whatever the surface, never scrape or hit it with a heavy object; avoid using harsh abrasives for cleaning. 1. Semi-oval bowl; in colors; 27 inches by 20 inches deep. 2. Front overhang for easy cleaning; in aluminum frame. 3. In a stainless-steel frame, basin is 20 inches by 18 inches deep. 4. Enamel cabinet with plastic top, 36 inches long, 23⅜ inches deep.



Pedestal Basins Save Space

If you haven't space for a full counter-basin, look for a pedestal type with extended ends as shown here. Note: If you plan to wash clothes in bleach always be sure to fill the basin with water first, then add your bleach to protect the basin.

1. Sides are only 17 inches; raised, easy-to-reach faucets. 2. In colors; 22 inches by 19 deep; towel bars can be added. 3. Semi-counter; 36 inches long, 22 deep. Towel bars. 4. All-in-one china basin and counter; 49½ inches long; basin depth is 18½, counter 13.



Beauty-brush your rugs with this sweeping beauty!

New BISSELL Grand Rapids

Easy does it! Your Bissell* makes light of everyday cleaning. Gentle *beauty-brushing* whisks up crumbs, litter, ashes, *fast*. Fluffs-up pile, keeps rugs looking like new.

New streamlined Bissell GRAND RAPIDS cleans thoroughly. Brush adjusts to thick or thin rugs. Top-opening dustpans mean easier emptying. Try it at your favorite store—only $15.95†.

Other beautiful Bissell sweepers from $9.45†. Wonderful to give—or get—for weddings, showers, Mother's Day or birthdays.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO. of Canada, Ltd.,
NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

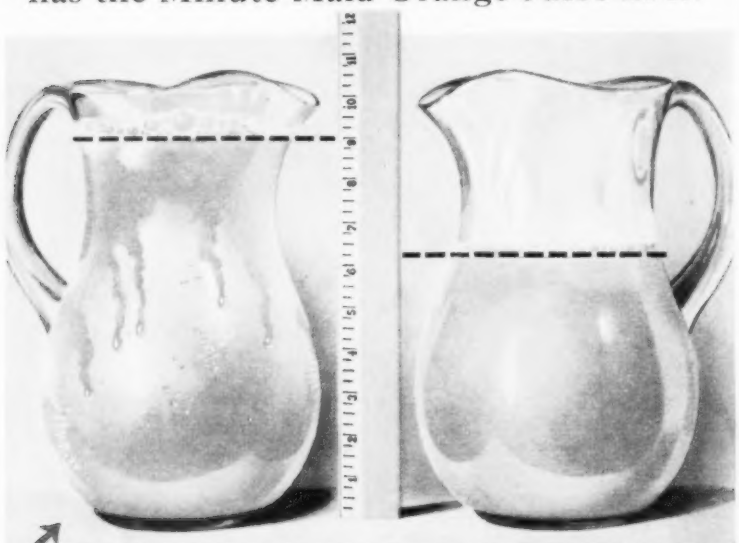
Handsome all-steel case comes in decorator colors: turquoise, yellow, metallic green or black-and-chrome.

• • • •

Follow your rug manufacturer's advice—beauty-brush every day with your Bissell, use your vacuum once a week.

*registered Trade Mark
† slightly higher in the West

Which Pitcher
has the Minute Maid Orange Juice in it?



IT'S THIS ONE—with ¼ more juice for the same money than oranges squeezed at home!

These 2 Pitchers tell you better than 1000 Words why

Minute Maid Fresh-Frozen Orange Juice is your best buy–by far!

1. You get ¼ more Delicious Juice!
2. You get ¼ more Essential Vitamin C!
3. You get ¼ more Dietary Minerals . . .

When you drink Minute Maid "you can almost taste the sunshine!"

NEWEST
idea in Carpeting!

Smith mix 'n match Carpetile TRADE MARK PAT PENDING

A Smith quality product

Real carpeting in 18" squares, with built-in undercushion. Simply remove the backing paper and place Carpetile in position. Stays firmly in place. Cleans and vacuums like other carpets.

Install your own designs in six decorator colours. Carpetile is available in cotton, or Courtauld's viscose, with plain or tweed effects. See your carpet dealer, or write to

Smith MANUFACTURING CO. LIMITED
Weston • Canada

57-2

GRANDMA REALLY HAD IT EASY

Continued from page 20

watchers; we have to be. There is the wall clock with its scurrying second hand, the small clock built in on the stove, another illuminated on the washing-machine back panel, and one strapped to our wrist. For good measure we buy an all-purpose electric timer just to make us jump a little faster.

In case the description of Grandma's day makes you want to climb in the home freezer and stay, let me explain her secret. She didn't have an electric garbage grinder or plug-in ironer because she didn't need them. She had a hired girl. She had a washerwoman. She had a clutch of daughters who stayed home and did housework until they married. She had a handyman. And she had Aunt Emily, the spinster aunt buried in the back bedroom of every old-fashioned household.

And don't get the idea Grandma was wealthy. I'm talking about *our* grandmothers. The hired girl worked for her board and ten dollars a month, Sunday afternoons off. A deserving widow woman came every Monday morning, disappeared down the cellar and by afternoon tottered up under piles of ironed clothes, and accepted her dollar gratefully. Aunt Emily did the family mending and called in another lady even more impecunious than herself for the annual bout of sewing that outfitted the entire family.

The local handyman washed windows or cleared out the attic or clipped the eucalyptus. The sons kept the woodbox filled and beat the carpets, while the daughters did the general tidying and baked on Saturdays.

Grandmother, spinster aunts, homebound daughters and hired girls—all have been replaced by that work horse in a wraparound: you. A charwoman costs six dollars a day—too expensive for us. A handyman carries a union card and three degrees, and must be paid accordingly. The children are out roller skating or expressing themselves through the dance, and your husband is downtown cajoling a client into signing an order form. So, Susie, if you want that dripping tap repaired, you'll have to do it yourself.

We do. While the men roll on their heels in awe before Grandmother's hallowed memory, we modern wives are putting in a killing day repairing broken switches and fixing plumbing, besides the 333 other jobs we're stuck with. I carry scar tissue from encounters with the crosscut saw, the tack hammer and the power mower. Certainly, it's rugged, but a wife is cheaper than a union man every time.

Granny didn't need your freezer: Mr. Jones delivered anything day or night. If she had had to hike two miles of supermarket aisles with baby bellowing in the carrier and Junior helpfully tossing in his hero's wheat puffs and corn syrup, she would have swooned. Grandma, bless her, was also spared the effort of taking clothes to the cleaner and the toaster to the repair shop: service people picked up at the door—the *back* door.

Grandma lived in a big sprawly house that didn't get in too much of a shambles because there was plenty of space for kith and kin. If there wasn't, Grandpa

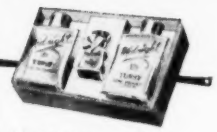
Tussy
for complete beauty and skin care

Tussy Creams and Lotions . . . the "Beauty Diet" of perfect essentials for your skin.

Tussy Deodorant and *Anti-Perspirant* for round-the-clock protection.

Perma-Stick by Tussy . . . the long-lasting lipstick that stays on and on.

Fragrance for every mood and moment



Midnight . . . the fragrance to create that mysterious, magical mood.

Bright Secret . . . an intimate, haunting fragrance that stays and stays.

Tussy COSMETIQUES

d add another wing because the gar- was laid out on a generous scale. compact houses, cursed with multi- ose rooms and inadequate storage, always disorganized no matter how d we shove the vacuum cleaner.

Grandma's decorating schemes lacked thing in beauty, but they were sens- She would have recognized pastel ls, pale sofas, mushroom broadloom white lamps for the how-to-clean rors they are. Her dark, tough-hided rnishings didn't show the wear and r. Ditto the rose wallpaper, ruby angings and dark oak trim. *We* scrimp d save to buy acres of fine, polished ods that break out in a prickly heat the first thumbprint.

Grandma did a massive house cleaning wice a year that looked so impressive people are still talking about it. You keep our house dust-free and kissing sweet the year round, chasing daily dirt with a rotating vacuum, mudguarded sweeper, silicone dusters and cellulose mops.

Granny's notion of what made a clean house isn't ours. She kept the parlor doors locked except for funerals, and blinds stayed at half-mast against the sunlight. Our glass houses cause as much trouble as Cinderella's slipper.

Yes, we have steam irons instead of flatirons, kitchens stuffed with appliances, frozen foods and mixes—and we need them all, if we're going to outlast the mortgage. We use more soap and detergent in a year than Grandma used in her lifetime. She changed bed sheets occasionally; when baby damped his cot the covers were hung up to dry, and reused. Children's dresses were covered by pinnies, and the Saturday-night bath was an institution. She would have collapsed in a heap at our modern standard of a bath a day, innumerable showers, an every-five-days hair shampoo and a complete daily change of underwear for all.

"Grandma sure could cook!" This remark from a husband, usually made when we serve a TV dinner, makes me choke on my omelet. Sure she could cook: she could boil a potato to pulp

YOU WERE ASKING

Chatelaine

Question:

Is it possible to remove indelible-pencil marks (deep purple) from a tan-colored chenille bedspread?

Mrs. Douglas Gillis,
Shearwater, N.S.

Answer:

Soak a cloth with alcohol and sponge the stains. Then launder the bedspread in hot soapy water. It would be a good idea to try a little of the alcohol on a corner of the bedspread first to make sure that it does not affect the color.

(Advertisement)

Something really new for the home owner has just been introduced by the company which has pioneered in the development of most of the major innovations in the miraculous world of plastic laminates. If you are interested in walls or counter tops . . . whether you're the do-it-yourself type or prefer to have-it-done . . . this new product will enable you to get results never before available.

Here are the details. The Arborite Company Limited has just announced the introduction of a new exclusive development in the field of plastic laminates. It's called Twin-Trim. It is a metal moulding with a matching Arborite finish designed specially for use with Arborite 10 (1/10" Grade).

Arborite Twin-Trim provides the ultra-professional look you've always wanted . . . **an unbroken expanse of colour and pattern in all wall and countertop installations.** It is available in five standard shapes, covering every possible need—counter nosing, inside corner and cove, outside corner, divider and cap—and comes in the majority of colours in each of the following Arborite patterns: Pearls, Linens, Marbles, Echos, Holidays, Solid Colours as well as in the popular Woodgrains.

These colour-match mouldings are ideal for use on all wall and counter installations, in bathrooms, kitchens, recreation rooms, hotels and restaurants, hospitals, elevator interiors, etc. They also combine very effectively with Arborite Curvatop, the famous one-piece counter top and splashback.

Arborite Twin-Trim is applied in the same manner as standard metal channel mouldings. The new colour-match mouldings, available in eight-foot lengths, are made for use on flat surfaces only, and bending around corners is not recommended.

This new exclusive product is another of the many innovations carried out in the field of plastic laminates by The Arborite Company Limited, Canada's leading manufacturer in the industry.

Actually, you have to **see** Twin-Trim to really appreciate the difference it can make in your re-modelling or building program. Ask for full information about Twin-Trim at your local lumber or building supply dealer's, or write: The Arborite Company Limited, Montreal 32, Que.

Gives you walls with an unbroken expanse of colour and pattern

NOW—AT NO EXTRA COST—you can have the ultra-professional look you've always wanted—a broad, unbroken sweep of colour and pattern on all Arborite wall or counter installations in bathroom, kitchen or recreation room.

TWIN-TRIM is an exclusive Arborite product, a colour match metal moulding with an Arborite finish, designed for use with Arborite 10 (1/10" grade). It comes in 8 ft. lengths . . . and in the majority of colours in each of these Arborite patterns: Pearls, Linens, Marbles, Echos, Holidays, Solid Colours and Woodgrains.

Ask your lumber or building supply dealer to show you Arborite TWIN-TRIM.

ONLY GENUINE ARBORITE
Gives Life-Lasting Satisfaction—
In So Many Places!

There's a Genuine Arborite grade for everything—walls, counter and table tops, bar tops and facings. And for the "do-it-yourself" folks there are special Arborite adhesives, edge trim and other accessory products.

The Arborite Company Limited,
Dept. AC3, Montreal 32, Que.

Please send me full information on Arborite and Arborite Twin-Trim.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

It's years ahead! **Clare** Jewel

SINCE 1854

it almost thinks for you!

Cook-o-matic

the ONLY range with ALL the FEATURES

- 6 INTERCHANGEABLE COLOURS
- TOP ELEMENT TEMPERATURE CONTROL
- ANY-HEAT TOP ELEMENT
- SMOKELESS OVEN

For the very first time you get ALL the newest features in ONE range—the Clare Cook-o-matic electric! The marvellous Hold-O-Temp top element maintains the exact amount of heat you need, in the same way that a thermostat controls your furnace. Smokeless Oven with new Clarifier broils and bakes without smoke or odour in your kitchen . . . it's Time-controlled, Automatic. And you have a choice of six smart panel colours . . . Chrome, Gold, Red, Copper, Pink, and Blue. These lovely decorator shades can be quickly changed at low cost if you change your kitchen colour scheme.

See the Clare Cook-o-matic Range at your dealer's today—it's years ahead! Write for illustrated booklet.

CLARE BROTHERS LIMITED
PRESTON TORONTO QUEBEC MONTREAL

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Wm. Jones—5711 Highbury St. Vancouver

Also in GAS Models

57-1

New . . . Inlaid China by Wedgwood

This exclusive new Wedgwood process means the colour is actually *inlaid* into the body of the china—*under* the glaze. Can't mar or scratch! And colours can never vary from one exquisite piece to the next. Yet, this entirely new concept in fine bone china is so moderately priced—around $18.50 for a five-piece place setting.

Greenwood
Inlaid rim of Chinese-Green encircled in platinum makes a striking contrast to the wild yellow rose.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD AND SONS (CANADA) LIMITED
863 Bay Street Toronto, Ontario

or fry it to crackle. But balanced, nutritious meals? Fresh salad? Grandma's cooking was the reason everybody went around complaining about their gout and dyspepsia and mysterious shooting pains in the liver.

We modern wives may not be Oscar of the Waldorf, but we try to bring a dash of imagination to our menus, and strive to pack all the vitamins and proteins we can into every casserole.

For what she did Grandmother was praised at the hearth and in the pulpit as the heart of the home. But with our higher standards and far harder working day, today's housewife is classed with the aardvark in usefulness to mankind. Domestic work has lost its sex appeal: you aren't even a housewife, you are "*just* a housewife."

Today's young wife lives with her husband and children in a look-alike house in a raw new development two miles from the bus line and thirty miles from parents and relatives. There is no one but a paid teen-ager to leave the children with, if there is a teen-ager at all. Her house has all the modern conveniences including a ten-thousand-dollar mortgage and a TV set being bought on the easy-payment plan. This is modern marriage, and it's enough to give any girl the jitters.

Every wife is expected to be the perfect housekeeper, a good mother, charming hostess and papa's passion flower. She is expected to do what it took the women of a whole clan to do in Grandma's day.

The word obey has changed to "cherish" in the marriage ceremony. In Grandmother's prudish age, sex was a man's right and a woman's duty. The Victorian idea was that no lady enjoyed sexual feelings. Our modern view of sex in marriage, that it is freely offered, loving and mutually satisfying, is harder to achieve and maintain than Grandma's version. The modern wife is expected to keep herself alluring to her husband for a longer time. We must stay young: the pressure is applied by the entertainment we watch, our fiction and advertisers' models. Once Grandma landed her man she could forget her figure and her looks. Beauty parlors? Diet? She was above such frippery. We cannot afford to slump in looks or health or mental alertness; the modern husband is a lot harder to live up to than Grandpa was. And Grandpa didn't have an office filled with sweatered career girls, either!

A good deal of chaff has been blown about on the subject of Grandma and her brood. Our husbands worship her as the saintly mother of many children, but today's mother works far harder raising two than Grandma did with ten.

Grandma's children were seen and not heard. Mother Knew Best, and there were no child-guidance experts to tell her otherwise. What's more Granny's path wasn't booby-trapped by the infidelities of Hollywood, TV crime shows, trashy comics and love movies. Her family was a close-knit unit, working and playing together. Our children's diversions lead them away from home at an early age. Thanks to modern child raising and modern living, our children are more creative than Grandmother's, freer, more poised and noisier. To keep up with them, Mother has to be a blend of Tarzan's mate and the Ding Dong School Lady.

Husbands praise Grandma's shining silver tea service, her stitched patchwork quilts, her preserves . . . big, imposing

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jobs that impressed the family and the neighbors.

We taxi our young to music lessons, ball parks and nursery school; confer with teachers; pick up new footballs and return overdue library books. We hurtle through each day with the speed of a Sabre jet, and at night all we have to show for our mothering is a nervous tic.

If you are a suburbanite, you are isolated as Grandma never was. She could gossip with warm, live people who were always near to lend an ear or a helping hand. Now life comes to us through a twenty-one-inch screen. Trapped all day with soap operas, a two-year-old and Arthur Godfrey, the only live adult we see is the bread man.

Stark were descriptions of Grandma's yearly lying-in, but let's just check. She could slug-a-bed for weeks after birth, sipping camomile tea, looking hollow-eyed and delicate. You are back on the job five days later, and you're expected to look like a dreamboat. What's more, babies didn't scare Grandma; she'd burped brothers and sisters since she was eight. Today, girls are educated to be lawyers and salesclerks, and the day we arrive home with our firstborn we fold in pleats because we know nothing of child care.

Grandma's babies lived on milk and a little gruel for a year. By the second month we spend hours flaking egg yolk,

☆ ☆ ☆

INJUNCTION TO MY HEART

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Poor craven heart, be brave! If you are brittle,
Then dare to break . . . oh, dare to stand or fall.
Fearing to say too much, you say too little.
Fearing to lose too much, you will lose all.

☆ ☆ ☆

squeezing orange juice and spooning in bean mush, apricot fluff and Pablum.

Gram could box a child's ear or smack a small behind, serene in the knowledge that she was combating the devil. We can't raise our voice to our young without the guilty thought that we are turning their minds into a happy hunting ground for the psychiatrists. And Grandma had a strong ally in Grandpa. Nowadays the suburban father is away so much he is a charcoal-grey blur to his offspring.

Mothers have abandoned the woodshed, the birds and the bees, the bogey man and sugar pacifiers. Instead, you trust fast brainwork and family companionship to train your children. As one example of the work this can lead to, look at the way we mother our teen-agers. How often, with your last strength, have you spent a gala evening hostessing your teen-ager's Coke party? Why, the very term teen-ager was Greek to Grandma.

Grandma never rode our financial merry-go-round. Children cost us a lot more; *everything* costs more. We struggle to pay for bonds for their education, medical insurance and life insurance. We escort them from pediatricians to orthodontists, pump them full of sulfa and injections and fish-oil capsules. They get home permanents, bands on their teeth, space helmets, tartan slacks and a character-building month every summer at

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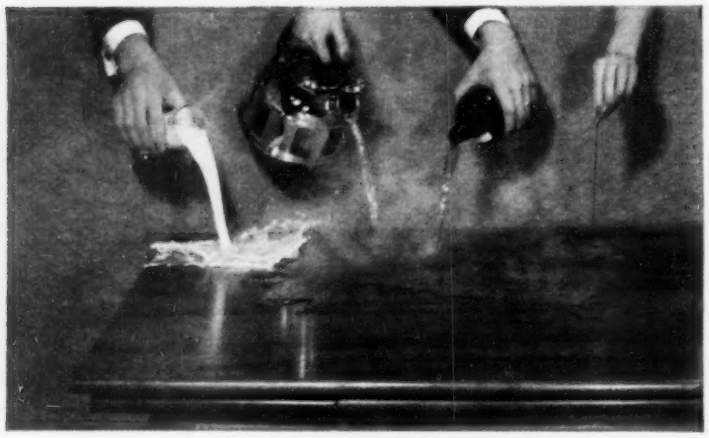

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Camp Squashalong. Grandma raised her family when a whingding evening meant a bowl of popcorn and a sing-song round the upright.

When Grandma went on vacation, it was a stately withdrawal to a roomy rocker on the vine-covered veranda of Cliff View Guest House, twenty-two miles from the rocker on the vine-covered veranda at home. We turn our husband's two-weeks-with-pay into fourteen hectic days of car hopping from gas station to motel, intent on getting our children well traveled.

As a good wife today, you are expected to run your home, children and husband with your left hand. The right hand holds up the rest of creation. Grandma didn't have to think of anything beyond her own doorsill. She read aloud in the evenings, and it wasn't about how to conduct a Home-and-School meeting. It was Tennyson. While we flip picture magazines she had time for two-pounders like Lorna Doone—and she was swinging in a hammock as she read.

Her charity was confined to a Christmas basket. Our volunteer work keeps social agencies going. Our leisure—I use the word loosely—is frittered away on clubs to solve community problems, on teaching handicrafts, or playing Brown Owl to a full-throated Brownie pack. While Grandma sat toasting her slippers on the hob, we set out in wind and rain and dark of night banging on doors for worthy causes. No appeal, for indigent cats or a new hospital wing, escapes us.

Then some smart aleck on a platform thunders that the world wouldn't be going around with its hat pulled over its ears if women would emulate their grandmothers, and stay home. His wife is taking down his heavy whimsey in shorthand, and he expects her to deliver typed copies in triplicate to the newspapers in the morning.

Yes, poor Grandma knew a woman's place: stitching quilts over tea and gossip with the neighbor ladies; letting the children roam outdoors because there was no traffic to worry about; ordering sister Mary to feed the baby. She spent no time at all on daily baths, pin curls, world crises or a part-time job to pay for the TV and electric washer. (Mrs. Mahoney came in to do the washing.) And what did she get from Grandpa for all this—appreciation, utter security and no fears at all about any Other Woman, that's what.

Poor Grandma, it's time we modern wives did her justice: she was a fine, old-fashioned girl, and just about four times smarter than we are. ◆

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SHOULD YOU TAKE A HAPPY PILL?

Continued from page 21

astonishment that so many of his patients admitted to dosing themselves with more than one hundred peace-of-mind pills before consulting a doctor about their problems. An advertising executive, who happened to mention tranquilizing drugs in his office, discovered that several men on his staff had been pillcoholics for months, some of them swallowing five or six tablets a day when the pressure got too tough. Dr. K. J. R. Wightman, of the University of Toronto, remarked recently that many Canadians, prescribing peace-of-mind pills for themselves, take doses that would horrify their physicians.

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Question:

I have an automatic clothes dryer and it is wonderful for looped cotton rugs. Can I dry rubber-backed rugs in it also?

—*Mrs. N. Monteyne, Dauphin, Man.*

Answer:

It is perfectly safe and permissible to dry rubber-backed rugs in your dryer. However, heat has a tendency to deteriorate rubber over a period of time, therefore your rug may wear out sooner than if line-dried. The dryer saves so much time and the rugs are so beautiful that most people are willing to overlook this wearing factor.

Druggists say they sell the drugs regularly to such harried souls as television and radio personalities, editors and writers, stock-market operators and salesmen, but that the circle is widening to include men and women in every walk of life. It's not too fantastic to suggest that the day may dawn when peace-of-mind pills have their regular place in everybody's medicine cabinet, alongside the toothpaste and the mouthwash.

When that day dawns, Dr. J. D. Griffin of the Canadian Mental Health Association doesn't want to be around to see it.

"If the situation up here approaches that in the U. S. A.," he recently warned, "it will be most unfortunate. Tranquilizers have not been in use long enough to know what their long-term effects may be. They should not be swallowed like Aspirin."

What harm is there in dosing yourself

In the World of Desserts with *Frances Barton*

Like most women, you probably love to serve something *extra special* to your "tea-time" guests. Well, here's something delightfully *new* to add to your repertoire—Orange Date Tarts.

Serve these, and you'll feel quite *smug* when you hear all the *approving comments!* And to think you won't have to spend all morning fussing . . . but can quickly make the filling for these little gems in *a few easy minutes.* Here's the recipe . . .

ORANGE DATE TARTS

2 cups cold milk
1 package Jell-O Orange Instant Pudding
⅓ cup dates, chopped
¼ cup pecans, chopped
12 baked 2-inch tart shells

Pour milk into mixing bowl. Add pudding mix and beat with egg beater 1 minute, or until well mixed. Quickly stir in dates and nuts. Pour at once into tart shells. Let stand 15 minutes before serving. Top with a "dab" of whipped cream and garnish with a pecan half, if desired.

"What a scrumptious dessert!" That's what *your* family will say when you serve *new* Jell-O Orange Instant Pudding. Serve it plain . . . it's so *good* that way! Or "dress it up" . . . with a sprinkling of toasted coconut, chopped nuts, or a little melted honey spooned on top. It's so fresh tasting—because the flavoring is pure orange!

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with peace-of-mind pills? Doctors see four possible hazards.

1. Tranquilizers can mask symptoms of serious physical or mental illness, so that proper treatment is postponed.

2. They have unpleasant and possibly dangerous side effects for a few people.

3. They may become habit-forming after long use.

4. They suggest escape from your problems, instead of the strength to face and conquer them.

It's this last hazard—what psychiatrists call "the philosophical factor"—that's most alarming. The promoters of peace-of-mind pills tell you that anxiety is bad, and that pills to relieve you from anxiety are therefore good. It just isn't true. Doctors know there are two kinds of anxiety: chronic, *neurotic* anxiety, which confuses a woman so she's unable to solve her problems without medical assistance, and *normal* anxiety, that affects every woman from time to time when something worrisome crops up in her life. Normal anxiety is good for people, because it makes them face a problem, strive for some solution, and thus mature as individuals.

Swallowing a pill so you won't have to face your problems is immature.

Suppose, however, you're not impressed with philosophical factors. You have problems you'd like to escape, and peace-of-mind pills seem the answer to your dreams. Before you start for the drugstore, there are things you should know.

What are tranquilizers?

What they are *not* are barbiturates or any other kind of sleeping pill.

Tranquilizers are new in this country, barely five years old. Doctors call them ataraxic drugs, meaning, from the Greek, drugs which promote peace of mind. Most tranquilizers are prepared from one of three basic drugs: chlorpromazine, reserpine and meprobamate. From thirty to sixty percent of patients suffering from anxiety states in mental hospitals are estimated to show some response to chlorpromazine or reserpine. Because of these two drugs the need for electric shock has been lessened, insulin wards are less crowded, and there's less need for the drastic brain operation called prefrontal lobotomy. Dosed with reserpine, intractable patients become calm and orderly, discharge from institution comes earlier, and some outpatients can be kept tranquil at home on small supervised doses. No wonder that understaffed mental hospitals have hailed tranquilizers as "a housekeeping miracle."

Meprobamate is the mildest tranquilizer. Designed originally for neurotics outside of hospital—all those among us with claustrophobia and hypochondria and compulsions and sexual inhibitions and inner tensions and fears—today it's considered made to order for the man in the street, his nervous wife and fretful baby.

Some idea of the popularity of Miltown and Equanil, brand names of the two best-known meprobamates, can be had from the fact that more than a billion tablets have been sold since they went on the market little more than a year ago, and the demand exceeds the supply. Heartened by these statistics, manufacturers recently launched another pill of the "mild" variety, Compazine.

How do tranquilizers act?

Dr. Heintz Lehman, clinical director of the Verdun Protestant Hospital out-

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Write for free booklet on scientifically-approved methods of douching with new, mild-formula "Lysol" brand disinfectant. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol", Dept. C3, 37 Hanna Ave., Toronto 3.

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side Montreal, has observed that tranquilizers "strip a disturbing experience of its emotional content." Chlorpromazine and reserpine, it seems, affect the central nervous system, lessening pain and distress. Meprobamate, a milder drug, blocks interneuronal connections and relaxes the muscles.

Patients report, "They make me feel as if I'd had a second highball," and, "I feel I can let go now."

How effective are tranquilizers?

Although the more powerful ones, like chlorpromazine and reserpine, have proved valuable in certain cases of physical distress and injury (asthma, chronic hiccups, high blood pressure, gastro-intestinal disorders, shock, brain injury) and certain kinds of mental illness, the effect of the milder tranquilizers to relieve strain and tension is more confused. Apparently they help some people, leave others relatively unchanged.

Psychiatrists suspect that for some people tranquilizers work because they're expected to work. Neurotics looking for a quick cure for their ailments and an easy escape from their problems, usually take to the drugs like ducks to water.

An American psychiatrist recently conducted an experiment in his clinic, dosing half his patients with tranquilizers and the other half with a harmless placebo (sugar pill) with the words "This will help you a lot." The sugar-pill group reported excellent progress, including one man who had been sexually impotent for months.

A Toronto general practitioner says, "Tell a patient, 'This is a pill like phenobarb to quiet you down,' and the pill has little effect. Tell him, 'This is one of those new tranquilizers you've been reading about,' and he reports miracles."

To prove his theory, he recalls an excitable patient who came back from a visit to the United States recently and dumped a purse full of Miltown on his desk. It was wonderful stuff, she enthused, simply wonderful. It took away all her tension. She felt like a new woman.

"What a pity we can't get these things up here in Canada," she babbled.

When she stopped for breath, the doctor tossed her some samples of Equanil, a peace-of-mind pill *made to the identical formula* as Miltown.

"Here's another firm's idea of a tranquilizer," he told her casually. "Try it out. Let me know what you think of it."

A month later his patient was back with her usual psychosomatic aches and tensions. The pills he had given her were useless, absolutely useless, she reported. "What a pity we can't get the real stuff," she mourned.

Which leads some physicians to be-

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lieve it isn't neurotics who need tranquilizing pills, but the people who have to live with them.

What dangers might come from using tranquilizers?

One of the most serious hazards of dosing yourself with peace-of-mind pills is that they can mask symptoms of serious illness requiring medical attention. In other words, they calm down the *signs* of illness, but they don't cure anything.

Recently, a young woman went to her doctor complaining of nausea and sleeplessness. The doctor found nothing wrong in a routine examination, and when she admitted that it might just be her nerves, since her mother had recently died, he gave in to her request for tranquilizing pills. Sure enough, her nausea vanished and except for a slight case of dermatitis she felt fine. After some weeks, however, when the dermatitis refused to clear up, she returned to the doctor, who discovered on further examination that the cause of her original nausea and sleeplessness was cancer of the pancreas! The tranquilizers had masked her pain and delayed detection of the real trouble.

Similarly, in mental illness, tranquilizers don't cure. A "tranquilized" patient may actually be far sicker than his aggressive brother. The great value of tranquilizers is to relieve inner torment and tension so that a psychiatrist can "get through" to a patient, which may in its own good time effect a cure.

Another danger is that tranquilizers apparently have peculiar effects on some people. A conference of doctors and public-health officials in Washington last September pointed out that a drug may be ninety-nine percent safe, but if the other one percent of those using it were to die, the drug would be considered fairly dangerous. They speculated that long-term use of happy pills may result in some mental retardation in children, some lack of discrimination, and what they called "possible interference with the enzymes which medicate the nerve-site functions." Chlorpromazine and reserpine, used under a doctor's supervision, are apparently safe for the majority of mental patients. But the American Psychiatric Journal related three different case histories where they proved more dangerous than beneficial: two patients developed gastro-intestinal hemorrhages following treatment with reserpine, and the third developed all the symptoms of Parkinson's disease. Taken off tranquilizers, all three improved rapidly.

Strangely enough, peace-of-mind pills give anything *but* peace of mind to some people, according to doctors at Johns Hopkins Medical School in Boston. Some anxious types have moods swinging from one extreme to the other. Tranquilizers seem to tone down their hysterical moods but sometimes make their gloomy moods even gloomier. One such woman begged her doctor for "something for my nerves" and when two or three tranquilizers didn't do the job, proceeded to take two or three more, and another two or three after that. With every dose she became increasingly depressed, until finally she tried to commit suicide—by gas. (Tranquilizers, fortunately, won't kill you. Several attempts to commit suicide with overdoses of happy pills have failed. To cure toxic overdoses, doctors walk their patients about, feed them hot coffee, and use a stomach pump.)

Doctors disagree on whether mild tranquilizers like meprobamate have such dangerous side effects. The Mental Health Research Institute of the University of Michigan recently endorsed meprobamate as safe, claiming that even eight hundred mgs. (twice the normal dose) does not impair driving ability, physical steadiness or vision. The New York Academy of Sciences declared that the drug's only side effects were "mild rashes and slight drowsiness or dizziness in case of an overdose." On the other hand, a careful and controlled experiment at the U. S. National Institute of Mental Health indicated that mental faculties are dulled and abilities impaired under the influence of tranquilizing drugs. Speakers at the American Public Health Association's latest convention warned that people can overdose themselves "and already such side effects as dizziness and the causing of industrial and auto accidents are becoming apparent."

Another moot point is whether or not peace-of-mind pills are habit-forming. Until recently, it was thought not. Certainly not even the strongest tranquilizers are as habit-forming as barbiturates, which rank second on the list of Canadian addictions and are responsible for ten percent of all admissions to Ontario mental hospitals. But doctors are finding that a patient taken off chlorpromazine or reserpine sometimes reacts very badly to deprivation. Even meprobamate,

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widely hailed as least dangerous of the tranquilizers, can be harmful and habit-forming for a few people, according to Dr. Frederick Lemere, a Seattle psychiatrist who has watched some of his patients become dependent on the drug, require ever-increasing doses for the same effect, and show severe withdrawal symptoms whenever he deprives them of it.

Because he's doubtful about this point, Dr. Gordon Bell, who operates a private alcoholic clinic just outside Toronto, refuses to include tranquilizers in his treatment. "In our clinic, we prefer to exchange chemical props for human props. Anything that can possibly turn into an addiction we avoid like the plague," he says.

Certain tranquilizers are being cautiously used for some patients at the Alcoholism Research Foundation in Toronto, but Dr. John Armstrong, director of the clinic, admits that the best they can do is treat symptoms and they may mask the underlying disability. He regards them as a temporary crutch for alcoholics, and no more.

It's the philosophical aspect of tranquilizers—the idea that we can escape our problems by swallowing a pill—that he finds most alarming. As far as he's concerned, there's little to choose between an alcoholic who gives a bad speech at a banquet because he's drunk, and a pillcoholic who gives an equally bad speech because he's complacent.

Other Canadian physicians, including Dr. Andrew Park of Toronto's Western Hospital, are inclined to blame the fad for tranquilizers on the tendency of people today to pamper themselves. "If a situation is painful or presents some special problem they prefer not to face, people look for a pill to swallow so it won't be there," Dr. Park recently observed. He added, "There are better ways to cope with tension—recreation, for one thing, and good hard physical work."

Thinking people point out "There is no Aspirin for the soul."

If our life situation is so intolerable that we have to eat chemicals to face it, it's time we changed the situation, not ourselves. Animals have to adapt themselves to a changing environment, but man has always striven to make his environment suit his own nature and needs and dignity. By turning our back on our problems, are we reverting to animal level? Some people think so. They suggest that an "upset pill" would be better for us—something that would wake us up to our responsibilities in a troubled world.

In the meantime, doctors are almost as confused about tranquilizers as the rest of us. "Tranquilizers have their uses, but we don't know what they are," a group of eminent physicians recently admitted. They figure it will take at least two years to make a completely scientific study of the drugs, and another year before findings can be evaluated and published in medical journals. Until then, the watchword is caution.

As for you, Mrs. Canada, wondering whether you should take a tranquilizing pill, the best medical advice seems to be: *Don't.*

Or, if you must, be sure that you choose a drug your doctor approves of, use it in the doses he suggests, and under his supervision. That way, he can check any harmful side effects before it's too late. ◆

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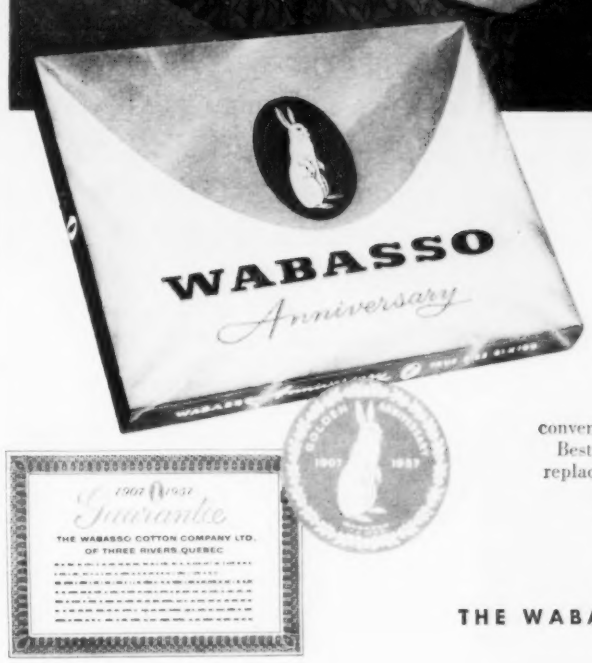

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CHATELAINE APRIL BONUS

A BRIDE'S GUIDE TO COOKING

BY ELAINE COLLETT • DIRECTOR CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Everything's here—from exactly how to cook your very first dinner to where to hang your shiny red dustpan. Don't miss a page of these easy recipes and tips for the brand-new homemaker

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Sketches by Jean Miller

GET YOUR KITCHEN ORGANIZED

EQUIPMENT—WHERE TO STORE IT

The first rule in organizing your kitchen (and saving yourself weeks of time over the years) is to store equipment, foods and cleaning aids in the area where they will be used. There are three basic work and storage areas in every kitchen.

A. Food preparation centre: includes the refrigerator (for perishable foods), a cupboard (for dry foods) and all equipment for preparation. Store items in A, below, here.

B. Stove centre where food is cooked and served. Store items in group B here. (If your stove has no storage drawer or serving space, try to have a counter-height cupboard next to it.)

C. Sink centre (fruits and vegetables prepared, dishes washed). Store group C here. (If kitchen table or serving table is far from sink, store dishes and flatware closer to stove or table.)

Group A — Preparation Centre

ESSENTIALS

- 1 casserole (1-quart size with cover)
- 1 set of measuring spoons
- 1 measuring cup or set of measuring cups
- 1 egg beater OR electric mixer
- 1 set of mixing bowls
- 1 sieve (medium size)
- 1 rubber or plastic scraper
- 1 rolling pin
- 1 pie pan (8- or 9-inch)
- 1 pastry blender
- 1 flour sifter
- 1 bread knife
- 1 cutting board or breadboard
- 1 can opener
- 1 bottle opener

OPTIONAL

- 1 spatula
- 1 wooden mixing spoon
- 1 pastry board or canvas
- 2 cookie sheets
- 1 cookie cutter set
- 2 layer-cake pans (7- or 8-inch)
- 1 square cake pan (8-inch)
- 1 loaf pan (4 by 7 inches)
- 1 set muffin tins
- 2 cake racks
- 1 fine grater
- 1 pastry brush
- 1 breadbox
- 1 refrigerator juice container
- 1 set of canisters
- 1 covered cake or cookie tin
- 1 set refrigerator storage dishes

Group B — Stove Centre

ESSENTIALS

- 1 saucepan (1-quart or less, covered)
- 1 saucepan (2- or 3-quart, covered)
- 1 double boiler (1- to 1½-quart)
- 1 large frying pan (12 inches with a cover) OR an electric frying pan
- 1 small roasting pan
- 1 tea kettle OR electric kettle
- 1 small coffee maker
- 1 teapot
- 1 potato masher
- 1 egg lifter
- 1 or 2 large metal spoons (for serving or stirring)
- 1 carving knife
- 1 large kitchen or carving fork
- Pot holders or oven mitts

OPTIONAL

- 1 small frying pan (7- or 8-inch)
- 1 toaster
- 1 large coffee maker, for entertaining. (Omit coffee makers if you have an electric one.)
- 1 meat thermometer
- 1 kitchen salt and pepper
- 1 kitchen tongs

Group C — Sink Centre

ESSENTIALS

- 1 paring knife
- 1 vegetable peeler or scraper
- 1 vegetable brush
- Tea towels
- Dish mop
- Garbage pail
- Cellulose sponges, 1 thin and 1 thick
- Soap-treated, fine, steel-wool pads
- Household cleanser
- Mild soap or detergent for dishwashing
- Silver cleaner
- Dish pan (if sink has no closed drain)

OPTIONAL

- Dish drainer, preferably vinyl-covered
- Kitchen dishes
- Glasses
- Flatware
- 1 large chopping knife
- 1 knife sharpener
- 1 set of shredders (set of 3)
- 1 juicer
- Aluminum foil
- Wax paper
- Dishcloths
- Aprons
- Scouring pad
- Bottle brush
- Paper toweling
- Sink strainer (vinyl-coated rather than porcelain)
- Household ammonia
- Chlorine bleach
- Porcelain polish
- Copper polish (for copper cooking pots)
- Grease solvent
- Air purifier (for cooking odors)
- Baking soda

THE CLEANING CUPBOARD

BROOM AND DUSTPAN. Hang your broom off the floor in a special clip or store upside-down so that bristles will not spread or wear. Pull the top of a nylon stocking over the bristles to keep the broom in shape. If it spreads at the bottom, use it without removing the stocking piece. Store dustpan on a hook at waist level.

SPONGE MOP AND DRY MOP. Hang on special clips off the floor or store upside-down.

SCRUB PAIL OR BASIN AND SCRUB BRUSH. Store below sink if there is room or in cleaning cupboard.

POLISHING CLOTHS, DUST CLOTHS, PAPER BAGS, AND NEWSPAPERS FOR GARBAGE. Store in shopping bags or hooks at waist level.

VACUUM CLEANER AND FLOOR POLISHER. Although they are used in other areas of the house, store in cleaning cupboard. You may also store a carpet sweeper here.

BASKET OF CLEANING AIDS. Store on a shelf or on floor of cleaning cupboard. Carry it from room to room stocked with cloths, dusters, wax, solvents and cleaners to save you many steps.

BASIC CLEANING TIPS

CELLULOSE SPONGES, which you use for wiping up spillovers and washing the sink and range, will always be sweet and clean if kept in a solution of 1 tablespoon household ammonia and 1 pint of water in a jar or bowl below the sink.

SOAP-TREATED, STEEL-WOOL PADS. After use, wrap in aluminum foil and store on a shelf below the sink. May be used several times.

CAN OPENER should have a thorough washing once a week. Set it in a small dish. Sprinkle with a teaspoon of soda and pour in enough boiling water to cover the metal part. Let it sit until the water is cool, then brush well and rinse.

GRATERS. After using a fine grater for cheese or fruit rinds, grate a dry piece of bread to remove soft food particles. Wash in hot sudsy water. Rinse. Dry smooth side of grater and set in a warm oven to dry thoroughly.

KITCHEN DISHES, GLASSES, FLATWARE may be left to drip dry in a dish drainer. Rinse them in hot softened water (if tap water is hard, dishes will be streaked with mineral material) and set them anglewise in the drainer.

TEA TOWELS, DISHCLOTHS. To keep them clean and bright, soak in a mild bleach solution before washing.

YOUR OVEN will remain clean longer if the door is left open after you turn it off. The moisture-laden air will dissipate into the kitchen area rather than condensing on the oven walls. This condensation, unless removed regularly by wiping with a solution of household ammonia, will cause greasy brown streaks on oven walls.

YOUR FIRST SHOPPING TRIP

HOW TO MAKE A SHOPPING LIST

First list the items you must buy at once. Note on a kitchen pad the foods getting short which you may include in another week's list. Now write out your weekly menus, keeping in mind:

1. Your food budget (check newspaper ads for food bargains).
2. Time you have to spend on meal preparation.
3. Include leftover or planned-over meals.
4. Have one or two extras for unexpected guests.
5. Plan some foods you can prepare the day before.
6. Each day of menus should include:

1 serving of meat, poultry or fish (dried beans, eggs, or cheese may be substituted).
1 serving of potatoes.
2 servings of other vegetables, preferably leafy, green or yellow and frequently raw.
1 serving of citrus fruits and tomatoes or their juices.
1 serving of other fruits.
½ pint or more of milk per adult (may be used in cooking).
1 serving whole-grain cereal and at least 4 slices of bread.
Eggs and cheese at least three times a week.

WHAT TO BUY YOUR FIRST TRIP

BASIC FOODS
Eggs, cheese, milk
Cream or evaporated milk
Cereal
Bread or bread products
Butter or margarine
Fruit or fruit juice
Flour
Potatoes
Coffee and tea
Granulated sugar
Salt, pepper, spices
Jelly, jam or syrup
Ketchup or relish
Onions and lemons
Salad dressing
Bouillon cubes
Fat (shortening, lard, oil or drippings)

EMERGENCY CUPBOARD
Mixes: cake, tea biscuit, cookie, pastry
Canned soups, vegetables, fruits
Canned dinners
Canned sandwich spreads
Canned tomato sauce or paste
Crackers
Flavored jelly powders
Packaged puddings

EMERGENCY FREEZER
Fruit juice
Fish or fish sticks
Hamburg patties
Meat pies
Ice cream
Sherbet
Waffles
Vegetables

HOW TO SHOP IN A SUPERMARKET

Look for the food signs above each island to get your bearings; there you will find similar foods grouped. As you shop write down the prices and mentally note the location. In canned goods, choose the quality and size best suited for your purpose. The labels state can size, number of servings, variety, style, kind of syrup and uses. If you are using the food by itself choose first grade, but if it is to be combined in a stew, for instance, you can safely choose a cheaper variety.

The best-quality meat is not bright, but dark red with firm white fat. Buy inexpensive cuts for braising, stewing and pot-roasting and more expensive cuts for broiling, pan-frying or roasting.

Only buy green vegetables that are well-trimmed, crisp and free of rust. The greener the color, the more vitamins they contain. Buy stock celery for raw and cooking purposes and hearts for raw use only. Buy just enough fresh green vegetables for the first few days in the week. Less perishable vegetables, such as carrots, beets and turnips, may be bought for the last part of the week and supplemented with canned or frozen green vegetables. Select fresh firm fruits and buy just what you can store properly.

When you have finished your shopping list, total up the prices to see if you have enough money left for impulse buying. Ask the cashier what time of the week the store is least crowded, then try to arrange future shopping trips accordingly.

WHERE TO STORE ALL FOODS

MEATS, POULTRY, FISH
Store in the coldest part of the refrigerator or meat compartment. Wrap fresh meat loosely in wax paper. Wrap cooked meats or fresh fish completely in foil or store in a covered dish.

FRESH VEGETABLES
Discard wilted parts of lettuce, celery and cabbage. Wash in cold water and place in vegetable crisper, food bags or a damp cloth in the refrigerator. Store small quantities of onions, potatoes and carrots in food bags in the normal refrigerator area. Larger amounts should be stored in a dry cool place such as a fruit cellar. Watercress and parsley: Wash in cold water. Shake and store in a tightly covered jar in the refrigerator.

FRESH FRUITS
Store small quantities of oranges, grapefruit and fully ripe apples in the refrigerator. Apples that are hard and not ripe may be stored in a kitchen cupboard for a few days. Trim rhubarb, wash and place in a food bag or crisper in the refrigerator. Ripe bananas should be stored at room temperature and used as quickly as possible. Citrus juices: cover closely and refrigerate to avoid loss of vitamin C. Prepare citrus fruits just before serving. If they must be prepared ahead, cover them closely before refrigerating.

FROZEN FOODS
Store in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator as soon as possible. If packages have been damaged, rewrap quickly in moisture-and-air-proof wrap. If a food has been defrosted during shopping, do not refreeze. Use within twenty-four hours.

Ice cream and sherbet that has softened slightly may be placed directly on the bottom of the freezer compartment and cold control turned to coldest position. When ice cream is solid again, return control to normal setting. (In automatic-defrost refrigerators, ice cream should be set on other frozen packages or the ice-cube trays when cold control is returned to normal.)

Defrost meat and fruits in their original freezer wrap in normal refrigerator area.

EGGS, FATS AND CHEESE
Eggs should be refrigerated. Fats and cheese should be wrapped well and placed in the refrigerator. Dripping should be strained, then covered and refrigerated.

MILK AND CREAM
Wash outside of bottles before storing in the refrigerator. Opened cans of evaporated or condensed milk, and dissolved skim-milk powder should all be covered closely and refrigerated.

BREAD, ROLLS
If bread or rolls are bought in airtight wrapping material, rewrap carefully after opening. Bread and rolls that are not wrapped when purchased should be enclosed with foil or plastic. Store in a cool place or in the refrigerator if you cannot use them quickly.

Freshen bread and rolls by placing them in foil, or a brown-paper bag sprinkled with water and heating in a 375-deg.-F. oven for 5 to 8 minutes.

Store crackers tightly covered and after using replace top securely. If they become stale set them on a cookie sheet in a single layer and heat in a slow oven of 300 deg. F.

CEREALS AND GRAIN PRODUCTS
Store in a dry cupboard. Opened flour should be transferred to a clean dry container and covered closely. Opened prepared cereals should be carefully re-covered by turning down the inside bag and putting down the top flap. If cereal becomes stale, heat in a slow oven until crisp. Store opened cereals, that must be cooked, in preserving jars with covers. In hot weather, store flour and coarse grains in refrigerator.

SWEETS
Keep all types of sugar closely covered in a dry place. Store brown sugar with a slice of orange, apple or bread on a piece of wax paper to keep it moist. Change fruit often. If brown sugar is hard, heat it in a slow oven for a few minutes. When heated, use at once. Jams, jellies and syrup should be stored in the refrigerator.

CANNED FOODS
Opened canned foods may be stored in the original cans, but cover them closely and place in the refrigerator.

CONDIMENTS
Opened salad dressings, ketchup, sauces, pickles and olives should be covered and placed in the refrigerator. To prevent a jar of opened olives from molding, pour 1 or 2 tablespoons of salad oil into the jar. Oil will stay on top and form an airtight seal.

YOUR FIRST ADVENTURES IN COOKING

BRIDE'S COOKING DICTIONARY

BAKE: to cook by dry heat in an oven.
BASTE: to spoon or pour fat or liquids over food while it cooks.
BATTER: a mixture of flour, liquid and other ingredients thin enough to pour.
BEAT: to mix with a vigorous motion with a spoon or rotary or electric beater.
BLANCH: to plunge foods into boiling water for a short time to help remove skins, or to set color or destroy enzymes.
BLEND OR MIX: to mix thoroughly together two or more ingredients.
BOIL: to cook a liquid at boiling point of 212 deg. F.
BRAISE: to brown in fat, then add a small amount of liquid and cover and cook slowly.
BREAD OR COAT: to cover all sides with fine dry bread crumbs.
BROIL: to place meat below heat, cook on one side, then turn and cook the other.
COMBINE: to mix unlike ingredients together.
CREAM TOGETHER: to blend two ingredients together.
CUT IN: to combine fat with dry ingredients using two knives or a pastry blender.
DRIPPINGS: fat and juice from roasting meat.
DUST OR DREDGE: to sprinkle or coat lightly with flour, crumbs, etc.
FLAKE: to break gently into small pieces with a fork.
FOLD IN: to combine two or more ingredients very gently. Use a spatula or rubber scraper and bring some of the bottom mixture to the top with an under-and-over motion.
FRY: to cook in hot fat in a shallow pan.
GRIND OR MINCE: to cut or mince food into small particles, usually with a grinder.
PARBOIL: to boil food in water until partially cooked.
POACH: to cook by surrounding with simmering liquid.
POT ROASTING: to cook meat in a small amount of liquid in a covered pan.
PREHEAT: to heat oven to desired temperature before putting in food.
ROAST: to cook meat in dry heat in an oven.
SAUTÉ: to cook slowly in small amount of fat.
SCALD: to heat just below boiling point.
SCORE: to cut narrow gashes.
SIMMER: to cook in liquid just below boiling point.
STEAM: to cook in the steam arising from boiling liquid in a covered pan.
STEEP: to extract flavors or colors from food that stands in liquid just below boiling.

HOW TO CUT A RECIPE

You will need a set of standard measuring spoons and a set of standard measuring cups. A liquid-measuring cup is also helpful, marked 1 cup, ¾ cup, ¼ cup on one side, and 1 cup, 2/3 cup, and 1/3 cup on the other side. When reducing a recipe for six, to serve two, divide the quantity of each ingredient by one third.

The following will be helpful to reduce difficult measurements:

1. one third cup equals 5 1/3 tablespoons or 5 tablespoons plus 1 teaspoon. Half of 1/3 cup is 2 tablespoons plus 2 teaspoons.
2. to get ⅛ teaspoon of solid ingredient, measure ¼ teaspoon, then cut through the centre.
3. one quarter teaspoon of liquid equals 30 drops. One eighth teaspoon is 15 drops.
4. seven eighths of a cup equals 14 tablespoons. Thus, half of ⅞ cup is 7 tablespoons.
5. one envelope plain gelatine equals 2½ teaspoons.
6. one egg should be divided by beating it slightly and measuring with a tablespoon. Half an egg is about 2 tablespoons. Some batters are improved if the full egg is used in half the recipe.

HOW TO GET PERFECT RESULTS

1. Read the recipe and be sure to note any special preparation to be done ahead of mixing, such as chopping vegetables or melting chocolate, greasing pans.
2. Check the oven and remove any foods or pans you may have stored in it.
3. Set the oven racks in the right position for the food you wish to bake. (See rack-placement guide on this page.) If you intend to use only one rack remove the second. Then you will have only one soiled rack to clean if you have a spillover.
4. Turn on the oven heat. If oven has an automatic control, set control to the temperature requested in the recipe.
5. Take out the utensils you will need.
6. Set out the ingredients.
7. Measure all ingredients *accurately*. If you plan to make half the recipe, see How to Cut a Recipe, on this page.
8. Combine ingredients carefully according to directions.
9. Cook or bake as recipe indicates.

KNOW YOUR UTENSILS

1. New aluminum or tin pans will give a light appearance to food when they are first used. This is normal and color will be darker after the pans are used several times. You may wish to add a few minutes to the baking time or increase the heat slightly when using new pans.
2. Glass ovenware will bake foods faster than bright metal pans. For this reason oven temperature should be 25 degrees lower than recipe calls for. Some of the new prepared mixes now being sold give the temperature and time for cooking in glass, so check this on the package. Dark or tarnished metal should be treated like glassware which means a lower temperature.
3. Choose the size of pan called for in the recipe. If a larger pan is used, the food will brown too quickly. If the pan is smaller than called for, the food will take longer to bake.
4. Bake cookies and tea biscuits on a flat sheet. If you haven't one, invert an ordinary cake or bake pan and use the bottom. Cookie sheets should be at least 2 inches smaller on all sides than the oven rack.
5. Use a small shallow pan when roasting small amounts of meat or chicken. A cake pan or frying pan is good. When large deep-sided pans are used, the heat is prevented from reaching the food quickly and a longer roasting period must be allowed.

Where to Place Your Oven Racks

Place oven rack at correct height for best cooking results.

COOKIE SHEETS

Bright aluminum or tin—centre rack position—for cookies and tea biscuits.

Dark metals—one rack higher than centre (or two thirds the way up in oven)—for cookies and tea biscuits.

CAKE, PIE, AND MUFFIN PANS

Bright aluminum or tin—one rack lower than centre (or one third the way up in oven).

Glass ovenware or satin-finished aluminum—centre rack position.

Dark metals—centre rack position.

For all cake, pie or muffin package mixes follow the manufacturer's directions, if given. Otherwise place rack as directed above.

ROAST PANS

Should be centred so that there is the same oven space left at both top and bottom.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD GRAVY

INGREDIENTS

¼ to 1/3 cup fat and drippings from roast or poultry
¼ cup flour
2 cups warm water or vegetable water
Salt and pepper

Remove meat to a hot platter after it is cooked. Keep warm in the oven with the heat off or place in a warming drawer. Pour the fat and drippings into a measuring cup. Let stand for a moment until most of the fat settles to the top. Slowly pour fat into a clean jar or can, leaving about 1/3 cup of fat and juices in the cup. Cover the discarded fat and cool. Keep in refrigerator for future use.

Add 1 cup hot water to the roast pan and stir and scrape until browned juices are loosened. Pour the reserved 1/3 cup fat and juices into a saucepan and set on medium heat. Add the flour gradually and stir until blended and browned. Add 1 cup water or vegetable juice, then the liquid in the roast pan. Cook and stir until gravy is thickened and smooth. Season with salt and pepper.

NOTE: When roasting meats with a lot of fat, such as pork and goose, pour some of the fat off the pan halfway through the roasting and save for future use. Continue cooking meat and make gravy as above.

A delicious layer of brown juices often collects under the refrigerated fat. Remove the solid fat when you need extra flavoring and add these brown juices to stews, soups.

For Real Dark-brown Gravy

Use any one of these three methods:

1. Add a little gravy coloring.
2. Add a bouillon cube dissolved in ¼ cup hot water.
3. Add browned flour. Spread a thin layer of flour in a dry shallow pan over low heat. Stir occasionally until lightly browned.

HOW TO COOK AN EGG

Never *boil* an egg. To soft-cook or hard-cook eggs allow 3 minutes' cooking for soft and 20 minutes for hard.

Lower eggs into boiling water and turn heat low. Set the minute minder or egg timer. OR eggs may be started in cold water and brought to a boil. Then cover the pan and remove from heat. Start timing at this point.

Tips

1. To prevent eggs from cracking have them at room temperature before cooking.
2. Never pile eggs on top of each other in a saucepan; leave in one layer.
3. Cool soft-cooked eggs under running cold water for a moment to stop cooking.
4. Serve a soft-cooked egg small end down in an egg cup.
5. Turn hard-cooked eggs over during cooking, and yolks will be centred.
6. For easy peeling, crack hard-cooked eggs slightly before cooling and place under running cold water. Tap shell on all sides and roll between the hands and remove.
7. Use a stainless-steel knife to prevent discoloring cooked eggs.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE

Start with a perfectly clean coffeepot and fresh coffee ground for the type of coffee maker you use. Measure coffee and water accurately. Allow 2 level tablespoons coffee for 1 cup (8 ounces) water.

1. It is best to make a full pot of coffee. Buy a pot that is the right size for your needs. A small amount of coffee made in a larger pot will often be weak.
2. Buy coffee in small amounts.
3. Store covered tightly in the refrigerator.
4. Use fresh boiling water for coffee.
5. Keep cloth coffee filters in clear, cold water when not in use. Replace with new ones every two weeks.
6. Once a week, boil 1 tablespoon soda and 1 quart of water in the coffeepot if it is not aluminum. Scrub inside of aluminum pot with a soap pad, rinse in hot water.
7. A pinch of salt or mustard improves coffee flavor.
8. Keep warm on lowest heat. Never reboil coffee. It will have a bitter taste.
9. Follow manufacturer's instructions if coffee maker is electric.

Percolator Method

Measure boiling water into a percolator. Measure coffee grounds into the basket and set in the water. Cover and stand percolator on medium heat. When coffee begins to percolate, reduce the heat and percolate slowly for 7 to 8 minutes. Remove coffee basket and serve.

Drip Method

Scald coffeepot with boiling water. Set coffee compartment in place and measure coffee into it. Set water compartment on top and pour in freshly boiled water slowly. Cover and stand in a warm place (beside an element) until coffee has dripped through. Remove top sections, serve.

Vacuum Method

Measure and boil water in lower bowl of coffee maker. Place filter in upper bowl. Measure coffee into it and set in place on lower bowl. Twist top bowl to form an airtight seal. Turn heat low and when nearly all water has risen into upper bowl, remove from the heat and stir coffee grounds and water together. Cover and let stand until coffee has returned to lower section. Remove upper bowl and serve.

NO-SPILL APPLE PIE

Use your favorite pastry recipe for an 8- or 9-inch double-crust pie. Fill with apples only. Cut gashes in top pastry and make a ½-inch hole in the centre. While pie is baking, prepare a syrup: Combine 2/3 to ¾ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and ½ teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg in a saucepan. Stir and bring to a boil. Remove pie, when baked, from the oven and immediately pour the hot syrup through the hole and slits in the top crust, using a small pitcher. Cool slightly before serving. The apples absorb the syrup as the pie cools. Result: no oven spillover.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD TEA

Buy tea in small amounts if it is not to be used often. Store it in a clean, dry container with a close-fitting top. Start with a perfectly clean teapot of glass or earthenware. Allow 1 teaspoon tea leaves for 1 cup (8 ounces) boiling water or 1 tea bag for 2 cups boiling water. Use fresh water, never reboil water left in the kettle.

1. Pour hot water into the teapot; allow it to heat thoroughly, then empty.
2. Measure tea into the pot and add freshly boiled water.
3. Stand teapot on an asbestos pad on lowest heat of element or burner for 4 to 5 minutes until tea is steeped. Do not boil. Use more or less tea rather than alter steeping time.
4. For best flavor, strain out leaves or remove tea bags at once. Serve with milk or lemon.

To Make Iced Tea

Use 4 teaspoons tea leaves for 2 cups boiling water. Sweeten, if desired, and pour at once over chipped ice in tall glasses. Glasses should be one third full of ice. Serve with thin lemon slices.

STEP BY STEP THROUGH YOUR FIRST MEALS

SPECIAL FIRST BREAKFAST

Grapefruit Halves
Hot Cereal with Brown Sugar and Cream
Fried Eggs and Bacon
Toasted Frozen Waffles with Jelly
Coffee

THE NIGHT BEFORE

1. Set the table and leave a small piece of butter or margarine out of the refrigerator in a covered dish for the waffles.
2. Set out the toaster, coffeepot, frying pan, sugar bowl and pitcher for cream.
3. Open jelly and ketchup if they are new containers. This will save a struggle in the morning.
4. Set plates and cereal bowls in a warming drawer.
5. Cut grapefruit and place cut side down on serving plates in the refrigerator.
6. Partly cook cereal if it is a long-cooking type and leave in a double boiler.

IN THE MORNING

1. Turn heat on in the warming drawer and under the cereal. (If cereal has not been started, make it now and keep hot.)
2. Start the coffee.
3. Take eggs, bacon, cream, milk and grapefruit halves from the refrigerator.
4. Set pitchers of cream and milk, and grapefruit halves on the table.
5. Fry bacon and eggs and set in warming drawer.
6. Spoon cereal into heated bowls.
7. Call husband for breakfast.
8. Toast the waffles and serve the coffee at the table.

EVERYDAY BREAKFAST

Blended Fruit Juice
Crisp Ready-to-serve Cereal with Sliced Bananas
Cream and Sugar
Toast or Toasted Muffins Jam
Coffee

With breakfast planned ahead, you needn't worry about sleeping in.

THE NIGHT BEFORE

1. Follow steps 1, 2 and 3 under Special First Breakfast. If you wish, measure the ground coffee into the coffeepot ready for the morning.
2. Set out the package or packages of cereal.
3. Put fruit juice to chill in the refrigerator.

IN THE MORNING

1. Start the coffee. If you use instant coffee, empty and refill the tea kettle with fresh water. Boil just enough water to suit your needs. Don't boil eight cups if four are enough.
2. Set out the sliced bread or muffins near the toaster and fill cream and milk pitchers.
3. Pour juice and fill cereal bowls.
4. Call husband for breakfast.
5. Start the toast and pour the coffee.

SPECIAL FIRST DINNER

Spiced Vegetable Juices
*Broiled Steak with Onions**
Frozen Broccoli with Lemon Butter
Creamy Mashed Potatoes Chef's Salad
*Rhubarb Crisp Pie with Cheese**
Coffee or Tea

THE DAY BEFORE

1. Make the pie. See recipe starred on opposite page.
2. Open a can of vegetable juice; add 1 slice of onion and a pinch of ground cloves and cinnamon. Cover and set in refrigerator.
3. Peel or scrape potatoes; peel onions and place separately in air-tight food bags.

THE NEXT EVENING

1. Prepare salad greens, refrigerate.
2. Set serving plates to warm.
3. Set the table.
4. Boil the kettle. Place potatoes in the bottom section of a double boiler. Add 1 cup boiling water. Add ⅛ teaspoon salt and cover. Set on medium heat until they boil. Turn heat low and simmer until tender.
5. Slice and fry onions. Set in top of double boiler over potatoes.
6. Cook broccoli according to directions on the package. Drain and keep hot. Add 1 tablespoon butter and juice of ½ lemon just before serving.
7. Preheat broiler. Pour juice.
8. Start coffee.
9. Start to broil the steak. See opposite page.
10. Drain and mash potatoes. Add 1 tablespoon butter and 2 tablespoons milk and season to taste.
11. Finish broiling steak.
12. Serve the meal.
13. Toss the salad with dressing.

EVERYDAY DINNER

Chicken Noodle Soup Bread Sticks
*Chili and Meat Balls**
Baked Potato
Raw Celery and Carrots
*Boston Coconut Cream Pie**
Coffee or Tea

THE NIGHT BEFORE

1. Prepare Chili and Meat Balls. (See recipe on opposite page.)
2. Make dessert. See recipe opposite.
3. Scrub potatoes; cut in half if they are large and place cut side down on a greased dish.
4. Prepare celery and carrots. Cover and place in refrigerator.

THE NEXT EVENING

1. Preheat oven to 400 deg. F. Remove potatoes and chili casserole from refrigerator. Bake potatoes, allowing 35 to 40 minutes if they are cut in half and one hour if they are whole.
2. Set table. Include the bread sticks.
3. Open the can of soup and mix in a small saucepan.
4. Set casserole in oven with potatoes 20 minutes before potatoes are baked.
5. Start the coffee and fill the cream pitchers.
6. Serve the dessert and set relishes on the table.
7. Call husband for dinner.
8. Heat and serve soup. Turn off oven.

37 LUNCHBOX TREATS

Hot thick soup (in a vacuum bottle)
To serve cold with buttered hamburg or finger rolls, hard rolls, pumpernickel, rye bread, or cheese bread:
Pork chops or spareribs (stuffed or plain)
Chicken legs; sausage rolls
Meat pies or turnovers (chicken, beef or pork)
Liver slices (plain or stuffed)
Cheese slices or fingers
Hard-cooked eggs (plain or deviled)

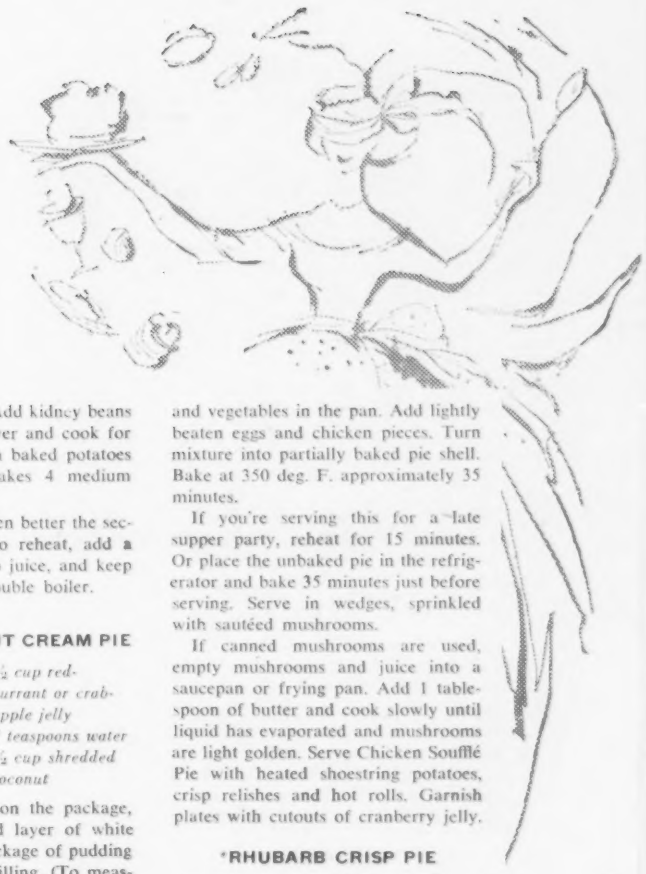
Sandwich fillings

Homemade meat loaf, green-tomato sauce
Salami or liverwurst with dill pickles
Sardines with egg-salad spread
Sliced cheese with anchovy butter
Chopped egg with diced crisp bacon
Chopped ham and crushed pineapple, moistened with mayonnaise

Desserts

Two-crust or custard pie
Tarts or fruit or jam turnovers
Cake, cupcakes with firm frosting
Muffins with cream cheese, jelly
Firm puddings in paper cups
Dried dates, prunes, apricots, figs

SEVEN FOOLPROOF RECIPES



*BROILED STEAK

Porterhouse, T-bone or wing steaks cut 1 inch thick
Cut clove of garlic (optional)
Dry mustard
Salt and pepper

1. Set the steak out of refrigerator at room temperature for ½ hour.
2. Preheat the broiling element or burner for 5 minutes.
3. Gash the fat edge of the steak in several places. Rub the lean with cut clove of garlic and dust with dry mustard. Set steak on broiling-pan grid.
4. Place approximately 3 inches below the heat. Leave door part-way open in most electric ranges and closed in a gas range.
5. Broil one side (see time below), then season with salt and pepper. Turn steak over with two spoons or broiling tongs.
6. Broil second side. Season again with salt and pepper and serve at once. Steak may be spread with soft butter before serving.

Follow the range manufacturer's broiling instructions when possible as broiling heat varies.

Approximate Broiling Times

	First side	Second side
Rare	4 minutes	3 minutes
Medium	5 minutes	4 minutes
Well done	6 minutes	5 minutes

Adjust pan closer to heat for rare steaks.

STUFFED PEPPER SQUASH WITH LIMA BEANS

1 large pepper squash
2 cups boiling water
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup chopped or grated pressed meat (canned)
¾ cup cooked rice
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
2 tablespoons salad or French dressing
½ to 1 package frozen cooked lima beans
1 can tomato sauce or tomato soup
½ cup buttered cracker crumbs

Split pepper squash lengthwise. Remove seeds and place halves in a saucepan with water and salt. Cover pan and bring to a boil. Turn heat low and simmer for 15 minutes or until squash is almost tender. Remove from heat and drain.

Combine pressed meat, rice, onion, mustard and salad dressing and stuff each half pepper squash with half the mixture. Mix lima beans and tomato sauce together and pour into a greased baking dish. Set stuffed squash halves in the centre of the dish and sprinkle with buttered cracker crumbs. Bake in a preheated oven of 375 deg. F. for 25 to 30 minutes.

NOTE: If only half the package of lima beans is used, serve the tomato-and-lima-bean mixture as a sauce over the stuffed squash. If a full package is used, serve it as a vegetable. This dish may be made the night before and its final baking done just before dinner.

COMPANY KABOBS

You will need a broiler, metal kabob skewers, pastry brush.

½ pound minced beef
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
¼ cup tomato juice or milk
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup crushed cereal flakes or dry bread crumbs
½ pound chicken livers
Juice of ½ lemon
½ pound sausages
½ green pepper cut in 1-inch cubes
½ cucumber seeded, cut in 1-inch cubes
½ cup French dressing
2 tablespoons ketchup
1 teaspoon prepared mustard

Combine beef, onion, milk and salt with a fork. Dampen the hands and roll mixture into 28 to 30 small balls about 1 inch in diameter. Coat with cereal flakes. Wash and dry chicken livers. Cut in half and sprinkle with lemon juice. Pour boiling water over sausages and let stand for 5 minutes. Drain and cut in ½-inch pieces. Thread meat balls, chicken livers and sausage pieces alternately on metal kabob skewers. Separate the meats with green pepper and cucumber. Makes 12 kabobs.

Place in the refrigerator until needed. Just before serving time, place kabobs on a lightly greased broiler grid and brush well with a mixture of French dressing, ketchup and mustard. Broil for 5 minutes about 4 inches from the heat. Turn kabobs over and brush again with the dressing mixture. Continue broiling until meat is cooked and well browned (about 15 minutes).

To serve, set kabobs lengthwise on split heated finger rolls. Accompany with relish, pickles, crisp celery and green onions.

VARIATION: Smoked oysters, shrimp, pieces of wieners, cocktail sausages, minced lamb, pork or veal may be used in place of meats mentioned.

*CHILI AND MEAT BALLS

¼ cup dry bread crumbs
¼ cup milk or tomato juice
½ pound minced beef
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon poultry seasoning (optional)
1 tablespoon fat
½ cup chopped onion
¼ cup chopped celery
¼ cup chopped green pepper
½ clove garlic minced (optional)
1 cup canned tomatoes
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon chili powder
1 can red kidney beans

Soak bread crumbs in milk. Add meat broken up with a fork. Stir in salt and poultry seasoning. Mix well. Dampen fingers with water and form mixture into eight small patties. Melt fat in a frying pan and brown patties on both sides. Lift them out of the pan and set aside. Add onion, celery, green pepper and garlic to the fat in the pan and cook and stir until vegetables are light brown. Add tomatoes, salt and chili powder. Cover and simmer mixture for 10 minutes. Add kidney beans and meat patties. Cover and cook for 5 minutes. Serve with baked potatoes and green salad. Makes 4 medium servings.

NOTE: This dish is even better the second or third day. To reheat, add a little water or tomato juice, and keep heat low or use a double boiler.

*BOSTON COCONUT CREAM PIE

½ package white cake mix
½ package vanilla or coconut-flavored pudding powder
½ cup red-currant or crab-apple jelly
2 teaspoons water
½ cup shredded coconut

Following directions on the package, make 1 8-inch round layer of white cake. Make half a package of pudding powder into a thick filling. (To measure half a package, pour the dry powder into a measuring cup and reserve half. Pour the remaining half back into the envelope for another time.) When cake and filling are cool, cut cake in half. Spread one semicircle with filling and place the other on top. Melt jelly in top of a double boiler. Add water. Spread jelly mixture over top and sides of cake. Sprinkle with coconut, pressing it well into the jelly. Serve in wedges. May be accompanied with fresh or frozen sweetened berries.

NOTE: Any red or yellow jelly may be used.

HOT CHICKEN SOUFFLE PIE

You will need a deep 9-inch, pie plate; pastry (follow recipe for Rhubarb Crisp Pie, below). Serves 6.

1 pound cooked chicken breasts
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup water or chicken broth
¼ cup chopped green pepper or celery
2 tablespoons chopped onion
¼ teaspoon rosemary
½ teaspoon salt
1 can cream of chicken soup
2 eggs, slightly beaten
¼ pound fresh mushrooms OR *1 10-ounce can mushroom pieces*
1 deep 9-inch pie plate lined with pastry
½ cup buttered crumbs

Prick pastry shell and bake at 450 deg. F. for 5 minutes. Remove from oven. Discard the skin of chicken breasts. Wipe them with a damp cloth. Sprinkle with flour. Melt butter in a frying pan that has a cover. Brown chicken breasts on both sides. Add water, green pepper, onion, rosemary, salt. Cover pan and bake in a moderate oven 350 deg. F. for 40 minutes. Remove from oven and cut chicken in bite-sized pieces. Discard the breastbones. Stir the soup into the liquid and vegetables in the pan. Add lightly beaten eggs and chicken pieces. Turn mixture into partially baked pie shell. Bake at 350 deg. F. approximately 35 minutes.

If you're serving this for a late supper party, reheat for 15 minutes. Or place the unbaked pie in the refrigerator and bake 35 minutes just before serving. Serve in wedges, sprinkled with sautéed mushrooms.

If canned mushrooms are used, empty mushrooms and juice into a saucepan or frying pan. Add 1 tablespoon of butter and cook slowly until liquid has evaporated and mushrooms are light golden. Serve Chicken Soufflé Pie with heated shoestring potatoes, crisp relishes and hot rolls. Garnish plates with cutouts of cranberry jelly.

*RHUBARB CRISP PIE

(for 8- or 9-inch unbaked pie shell)

½ package pastry mix made according to directions
OR
1½ cups sifted pastry flour
½ cup chilled shortening or lard
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons chilled water (approximately)
2 squares wax paper 12 x 12 inches
1 tablespoon flour
3½ cups diced rhubarb
½ cup white sugar
¼ cup melted butter or margarine
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup crushed cereal flakes
⅓ cup flour

Sift flour and salt into a bowl. Cut shortening into approximately 1-inch pieces. Add half the pieces to flour-and-salt mixture and cut them in well with a pastry blender or two knives until fat is very fine, oatmeal size. Add remaining shortening and cut it in more coarsely or until fat is about the size of peas. Stir water in with a fork until dough holds together but is not wet.

Press dough into a ball and set on a lightly floured square of wax paper. Flatten dough with fingers or rolling pin. Place a second piece of wax paper over the dough. Roll dough into a circle about 1 to 1½ inches larger than the pie pan. Remove top piece of wax paper.

Turn pie pan upside down on dough. Lift wax paper that is on the bottom and turn pastry and pan right side up. Straighten dough and remove second sheet of wax paper. Ease dough into pie pan. Trim edge and flute or press down with a floured fork.

Sprinkle inside lightly with 1 tablespoon flour. Spread with rhubarb and white sugar. Combine last 4 ingredients with a fork and evenly spread over rhubarb. Bake in preheated oven of 400 deg. F. for 35 to 45 minutes. Cool before serving.

NOW—YOU'RE READY TO ENTERTAIN

HOW TO BE A GOOD HOSTESS

A good hostess is comfortable, doesn't fuss a lot, serves food fairly casually and seems to enjoy her own party. The secret of her success is serving tasty foods quickly to both expected and unexpected guests.

Be ready for guests

1. Have emergency shelf with canned meat spreads, pressed meats, fish, pickles, crackers and crisp appetizers.
2. Keep well-wrapped cheese on hand in your refrigerator.
3. If you have a freezer compartment keep these frozen foods on hand: waffles or crumpets, bread or rolls, cartons of creamed or curried chicken or shrimp, chili or homemade spaghetti sauce, meat patties ready to broil, ice cream or frozen desserts, cookies or cake. Freeze ahead some of your own favorite party or late-supper recipes.
4. Take a few moments during the week to keep flatware sparkling. Sort out the few pieces you will need for entertaining and store in a plastic bag.
5. If you haven't time for dusting and cleaning each day, at least keep house tidy. Excuses in front of guests make them feel uneasy and unwanted.
6. Mentally plan what you will serve unexpected guests as you greet them.

Then when snack time arrives, there are no last-minute decisions to make. Serve cold or heated foods that you can prepare while making the beverage. Never worry about what you can't serve. Concentrate on making what you have on hand tasty and attractive.

SNACKS WHILE THE COFFEE PERKS

SANDWICHES are always popular. Make them of any filling you wish.

CAMOUFLAGE STALE BREAD OR ROLLS. Reheat in the oven for a few minutes or toast them, spread with filling, top with grated cheese and reheat in the broiler. Cut in triangles, garnish and serve open-faced. Make French toast or French-toast sandwiches. Dip stale bread in milk-and-egg mixture, fry on both sides until light brown in butter. Serve with cinnamon, sugar, honey or jelly or spread savory filling between French-toast slices and cut in pieces.

CRUMPETS AND FROZEN WAFFLES. Toast and cover with a savory spread, or toast, then sprinkle with grated cheese and broil. OR spread toasted crumpets or waffles with a mixture of brown sugar and butter (cream 2 tablespoons soft butter with ¼ cup brown sugar). Sprinkle with chopped nuts. Broil until bubbly.

QUICK FILLINGS. Stretch meat and fish fillings by adding chopped celery, grated carrot, chopped olives or nuts and salad dressing, chili sauce or prepared mustard. Mash canned baked beans or kidney beans and add chopped bologna, wieners, crisp bacon or cooked meat of any kind.

CHEESE STICKS. Heat processed cheese in a double boiler until melted; add a dash of pepper and 2 teaspoons wine vinegar. Break bread sticks in two and coat each piece in the cheese. Roll in chopped nuts, or chopped green onion, chopped celery or cereal flakes. Serve when cool.

CRACKERS, OAT CAKES, POTATO CHIPS. Spread with soft cheese, meat or fish pastes. Garnish.

QUICK SWEETS. Spread cream cheese and jelly between graham wafers. OR boil ¼ cup brown sugar, ½ cup corn syrup or honey, and 2 tablespoons of butter or peanut butter for 3 minutes. Remove from heat and pour over 2½ cups crisp cereal flakes. Stir with a fork. Roll into balls with greased fingers. Chill and refrigerate. OR split stale doughnuts, spread with cinnamon or apple butter, sprinkle with chopped nuts and broil until bubbly.

TOOTHPICK SNACKS. Sliced wieners, cubes of salami, bologna, pressed canned meat, cheese. Small gherkins or onions, pickled mushrooms, smoked oysters, shrimp, olives.

CRISP-RELISH SUGGESTIONS. Apple sections dipped in lemon juice, raw sticks of turnip, cucumber, carrot, celery and green pepper.

TRY THESE STAR TURNS

PATUCHKEE
(Veal and Pork Drumsticks)

For late supper
½ pound lean veal steak or cutlet
½ pound pork tenderloin
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ clove garlic, minced (optional)
Serves 6
1 tablespoon French dressing
1 beaten egg
Dry bread crumbs or cracker crumbs
½ cup sliced onion
1 sliced carrot
¼ cup water

Cut meat into 1- to 1½-inch pieces. Place in a bowl and sprinkle with the salt, pepper, garlic and French dressing. Stir with a fork. Cover and set in the refrigerator overnight or for several hours.

Thread the meat on wooden skewers allowing 6 pieces to each. Press them firmly together at one end of the skewer. Brush the meat well with the egg and dip in bread crumbs. Coat well, molding the mixture with the hands to form drumsticks. Fry in hot melted fat about ½ inch deep. Turn until all sides are brown. Drain and place in a casserole. Sprinkle with the onion, carrots and water. Cover and bake in a preheated oven of 300 deg. F. for about 1 hour. For serving, tape waxed-paper frills to drumsticks. Serve hot with Hot Barbecue Sauce and Asparagus Salad.

HOT BARBECUE SAUCE

1 can tomato sauce or soup
¼ cup water
¼ cup chopped onion
¼ cup chopped celery
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ clove of garlic, crushed
2 tablespoons ketchup
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Combine ingredients in a saucepan and simmer on low heat for 10 minutes. Serve hot poured over Veal and Pork Drumsticks.

ASPARAGUS SALAD

1 package frozen asparagus, cooked and chilled, OR *1 20-ounce can asparagus tips, drained*
Shredded lettuce
2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
2 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives
½ cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon lemon juice or French dressing
Chopped parsley

Place asparagus tips on small mounds of shredded lettuce on each serving plate. Combine the eggs, olives, mayonnaise and lemon juice. Spoon dressing over the asparagus and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

OPEN-FACE SANDWICH WITH CHEESE SAUCE

Serves 6 *Time: 10 minutes*
You will need a hot plate and a toaster.

1½ cups medium thick white sauce
OR
1 10-ounce can cream of mushroom soup, undiluted
½ to ⅔ cup shredded medium nippy cheese
Pinch of cayenne pepper
6 slices bread
Soft butter
Prepared mustard
6 slices cooked ham, cut in half
1 20-ounce can asparagus tips OR *1 package frozen asparagus*
6 slices tomato

Add cheese and cayenne to white sauce or soup. Stir until cheese is melted. Empty canned asparagus in bottom part of double boiler and place sauce in top pan, over it. Turn heat on low.

Set ham slices in a frying pan on low heat. Toast bread and trim crusts. Spread with soft butter and prepared mustard. Cover with 2 half slices of heated ham, then a layer of drained asparagus and a slice of tomato. Set on serving plates and pour cheese sauce over each. Serve with crisp relishes.

NOTE: Spread toast with deviled ham in place of cooked ham, if desired.

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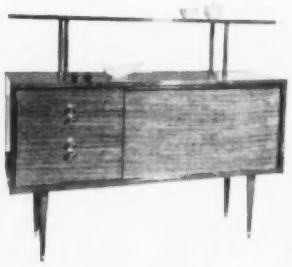
HOUBIGANT

YOUR HOUSE BY DORIS THISTLEWOOD

Why Women Rated These as Winners

Women visiting the Furniture Mart in Toronto recently voted these pieces their favorites in seven furniture categories



This versatile mahogany divider won in the desk, cabinet, bookcase division. With plenty of storage space, it also serves as a buffet. By Honderich Furniture.

Winning table has simple Scandinavian lines. Elmira Furniture.

Beige and light-brown metal dining set was chosen for simplicity. Oval table top is plastic, matches chairs. Liberty Ornamental Iron.

Formal dining set has clean lines, is small-scaled to fit today's compact homes. Dominion Electrohome.

Only traditional design to win was in chair group. French Provincial, by Coombe Furniture.

First choice in sofas was this sectional design with low horizontal line, loose cushions. Sklar Furniture.

Favorite bedroom furniture was in golden mahogany. The twin beds pull out from a single headboard; double dressers can be pushed flush together. By Canada Cabinets.

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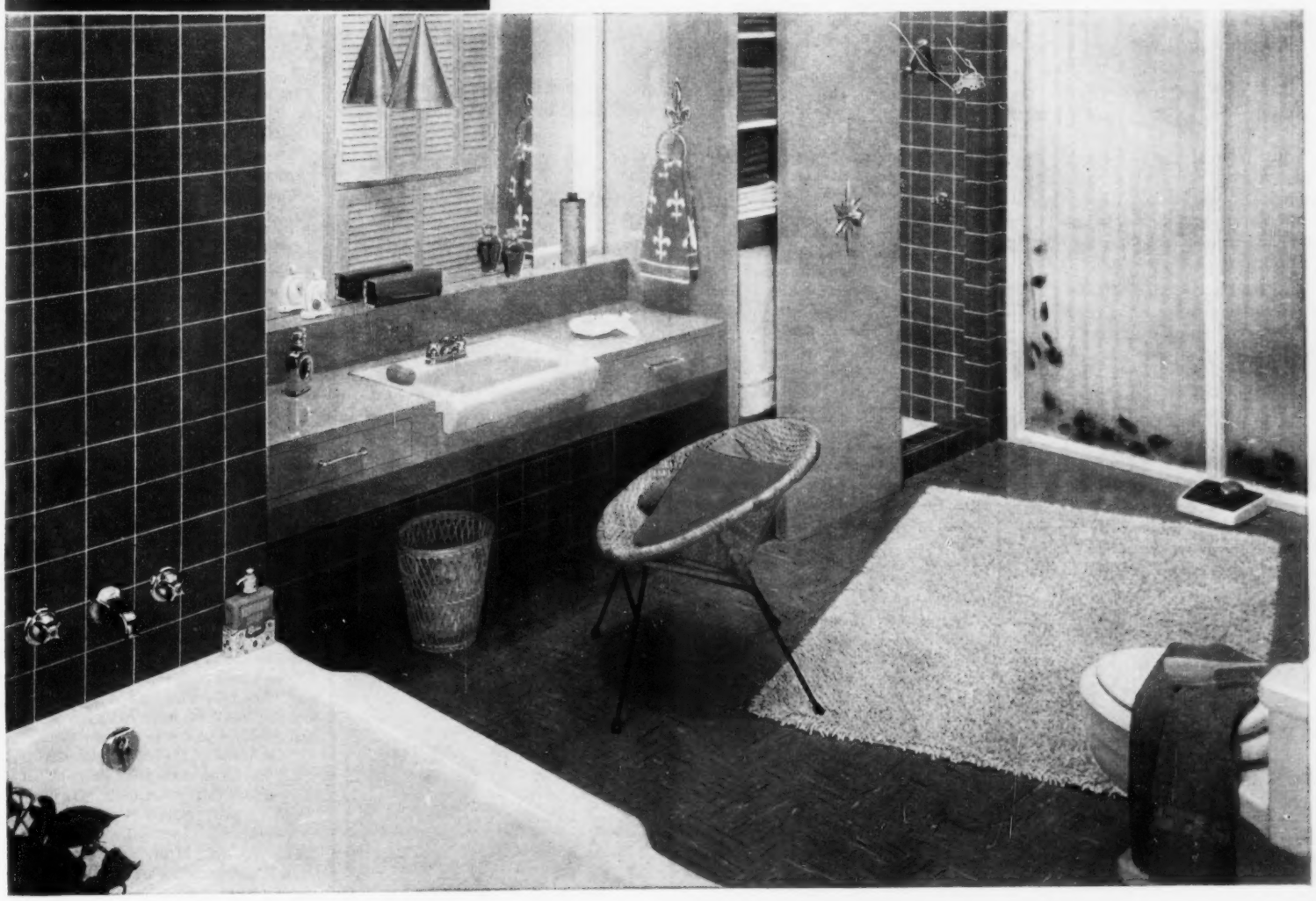

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NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Continued from page 17

at this new image of herself, and hatred burned for a moment in her eyes. With a swift movement she rubbed off the rouge, blotted her lipstick and touched her face with powder. She brushed her hair hard, forcing the bristles into her scalp savagely. Then she came to the table, automatically checked it with her eyes and went to the cupboard for still missing articles.

Her father opened the outer door, stamped the snow from his feet and came in, noisily. He looked at her quickly beneath eyebrows still glistening with snow and made a sound that might have been "Morning." He took off his heavy jacket and cap and sat down to pull off his dripping boots.

"It's a dirty morning," he commented to his wife. Immediately another silence fell. A silence in which each of them, without sound, spoke and each, in his own way, echoed the remark, "It's a dirty morning."

Ronnie came sleepily into the kitchen, rubbing his tousled hair from his eyes. He reached his shoes from beside the stove and struggled into them. Things lightened a little.

"Well, sleepyhead!" his mother said, affectionately.

His father grunted brusquely in his direction but he smiled and touched the boy's shoulder as he passed him on the way to the table.

Breakfast began, a farm breakfast designed to see a man through a hard morning's work: porridge, bacon and eggs, hot muffins, jam and cheese, a big pot of coffee. Ronnie ate absorbedly; his father, with a kind of grim determination. Lorene's mother, however, seemed to have a great deal to do in waiting on the table, although everything was there, and gave the impression of being too busy to eat. Lorene ate as though the fork and spoon weighed pounds, lifting them with an effort, laying them down with relief. But she drank feverishly.

"I want you to eat something, Lorene," her father commanded suddenly. But her mother broke in, doubtfully, "Oh, John, I don't know . . ." and they looked at each other in a bewildered fashion.

Ronnie took up his waiting lunch and the large apple beside it and went for his coat.

"Remember, Ronnie," his mother called, "you go home after school with the Gowan boys. We'll call for you there when we get home."

Lorene's mind jumped the intervening hours until that wonderful time when they would be on their way home again, instead of just starting out. But she knew in her heart it wouldn't be any better; it couldn't be. And it might, something warned her, be worse, much worse. She pulled wearily away from this familiar track of thought, knowing where it led, how painful it would be to pursue it. She concentrated on getting rid of the food before her.

She and her mother washed the dishes quickly while her father went to change into his suit. He came back, shaved and neatly dressed. Affection for him flowed over her and she went to him and leaned against his shoulder.

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New Mum contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin to stop perspiration odor for a full 24 hours. New Mum won't damage your finest fabrics . . . and it's so safe you can use it every day without irritation to normal skin.

Doctors have proved by careful testing that new Mum with M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours — much longer than deodorants without M-3.

MUM

Will not dry out in the jar

"There, there, sweetheart," he murmured awkwardly and held her close to him in a fierce, protective gesture.

Her mother's face broke for a moment, and tears welled into her eyes. But she smiled and slapped Lorene gently as she said, "Come on, you two."

They separated, and her father began to prepare the fires for the day's absence. Lorene slipped into her coat and overshoes and picked up the purring black cat from his warm spot under the stove.

"I'll take him out to the barn," she told her mother and stepped out into the softly moving snow.

When she came back she was careful to make as noisy an entrance as her father's had been. She had learned this in the long weeks just past and this time, as usual, she had been right. They had been talking about her, and she had given them time to break off.

When they left the house a few minutes later and stepped into the icy car, the short-lived closeness had left them and they were three persons again, each with his own thoughts.

As they passed the Anderson farm each of them noted that the lights there were out and each drew the same conclusion. Her father unconsciously pressed his foot down a little more on the gas.

Very few people were about in the village, but those who were gave as good evidence as they could of not seeing the car. They were suddenly busy at things beyond the eye level of the street.

The Carters did not speak until the village was well behind them. Then all restraint dropped from them.

"Lorene," her father warned, "you try to speak up a little louder this time, dear. Not loud enough to sound bold, but that jury has to hear you, you know."

"Yes, Daddy," she answered. But she remembered how the horror and shame of the preliminary hearing had all but extinguished her voice and she swallowed nervously.

"And don't you worry about that defense lawyer of Anderson's," her father went on. "He may be good, but he can't beat the truth."

"The truth," her mother repeated firmly, but she said it with a tone a trifle too convincing, as though she was arguing with someone.

Lorene's heart pounded.

"The truth, the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" echoed over and over again in the air about her. And she knew that, bad as all the rest was, this was the worst; this was the only shameful thing about the whole nightmare. But she tightened her lips and held her head higher. Something approaching savagery lurked in her eyes.

"Don't answer too quick," her mother said. "Just take your time and think before you speak. He can't make you hurry. And Daddy and I will be right there."

"Yes, Mother," Lorene replied wearily.

But the instructions went on until her head began to buzz with them. "Do this." "Don't do that." "Don't be afraid." "But be careful."

Catching sight of her face, her father blurted suddenly, "Martha! She's only fifteen. What chance has she?"

Her mother's face set. "The truth," she said again.

When they reached the courthouse there were a few cars already there. A white police car stood near the entrance. Lorene hastily scrutinized the others and sighed with relief. She did not know any

of them except, of course, the Andersons. They went in.

Lorene and her mother found the washroom, and Lorene checked her make-up, combed her hair and adjusted the small beret she wore. When they came out, her father was pacing nervously about. He looked different, shrunken somehow in the big, cold building. His suit, which had seemed so becoming at home, she now saw was shabby and too small for him. This man, who had been her bulwark since childhood, she realized, was just a weary, helpless farmer, completely out of place in the legal atmosphere of the court. She trembled before the change in him.

Her father led them up the marble steps and into a small bare room.

"We're to wait here," he told them. "Lorene's the first witness, and we can stay out here with her until the court opens. She'll be called right after that, so you won't have to wait too long alone, dear. It'll take a while to pick the jury, though."

"All right, Daddy," she answered docilely.

They sat awhile in silence. Then a step sounded, and they looked up to see the smiling face of the crown attorney. They smiled back, rather dubiously.

"Well, here we are," he greeted them cheerily, and even as he spoke his darting eyes noted Lorene's dress, hair and subdued make-up.

"You look fine, just fine," he told her approvingly. "Don't worry now, it will all be over in a few hours. Just be careful when Mr. Claridge questions you. Take it slowly, you know."

"Yes, Mr. Thompson," Lorene nodded. But the instructions began all over again

YOU WERE ASKING

Chatelaine

Question:

What complexion care do you suggest for whiteheads?

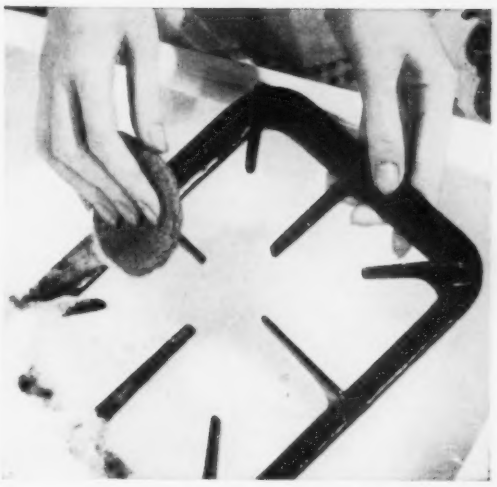
Mrs. F. S., Saskatchewan

Answer:

Wash your face every night with warm water and a good complexion soap. Then wring out a pad of cotton wool in cold water and slap briskly over your forehead and wherever else there are whiteheads. Once a week, after cleansing your face, smooth on a little circulation cream. Leave for about fifteen minutes. This will stimulate the circulation and help to break down the white deposits under the skin. If this does not cure them within six weeks, you should see your doctor. You may need a special diet.

EASY WAYS to clean your stove

Never were stoves so easy to clean - but when foods spatter or spill and burn on - you need S.O.S®



Easy way to clean grates. Scour grates at the sink rather than trying to wipe them clean on the stove. Sturdy, oval S.O.S. pad wraps around grate prongs, easily removes spilled and burned-on food.

Easy way to clean broiler. Two tricks make this job easy: (1) Clean broiler after every use, *before* food burns on tight. (2) Use S.O.S. each time to scour off burned-on food and grease without scrubbing.

Easy way to clean deep-well cooker. Clean it as you would any prized pot or pan—shine it up with S.O.S. after every use. This treatment removes stains and stubborn grease-film, keeps cooker gleaming.

Easy way to clean oven lining. Run an S.O.S. pad over surface to remove grease and crust. By doing this frequently, you avoid heavy oven-cleaning operations. Use S.O.S. to clean oven racks, too.

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How to make *the most delicious chocolate pie* without any cooking!

Such rich "chocolatey" flavor... nourishing, too!*

So quick and easy to make all kinds of exciting pie-fillings with *pre-cooked* Royal! No stirring over a hot stove, no wait to cool and set, no starchy taste, lumps, or film on top!

Filling — Follow Royal's simple package directions, your filling is ready in a minute! No other pudding — instant or regular — is as light, creamy, rich in flavor!

Crumb Crust — Crush 4 cups cornflakes into fine crumbs. Melt 1/4 cup butter or margarine. Remove from heat and stir in 1/3 cup lightly-packed brown sugar, 1/8 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 1/4 teaspoon salt, crushed cornflakes; mix well. Press into sides and bottom of well-greased 8 1/2" pie pan. Chill thoroughly.

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Royal

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Mr. Thompson glanced at his watch, rose, patted her shoulder and went into the courtroom beyond. Her mother and father rose too. Her mother leaned over and kissed her cheek, and then she was alone.

She became conscious now that people were going by in little groups, talking and laughing. She realized with a sick feeling in her stomach that the courtroom would be full. And then the blood rushed to her head as she saw two figures a little behind the others moving toward the courtroom. It was the constable, and close beside him, so close that they appeared to be holding hands, was a fair-haired boy.

She shut her eyes and swallowed convulsively.

"Oh God," she prayed, "please don't let me be sick. I don't care what else happens, just don't let me be sick."

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The shout frightened her; her name seemed to echo in the quiet building. But she steadied herself, stood up and walked into the room.

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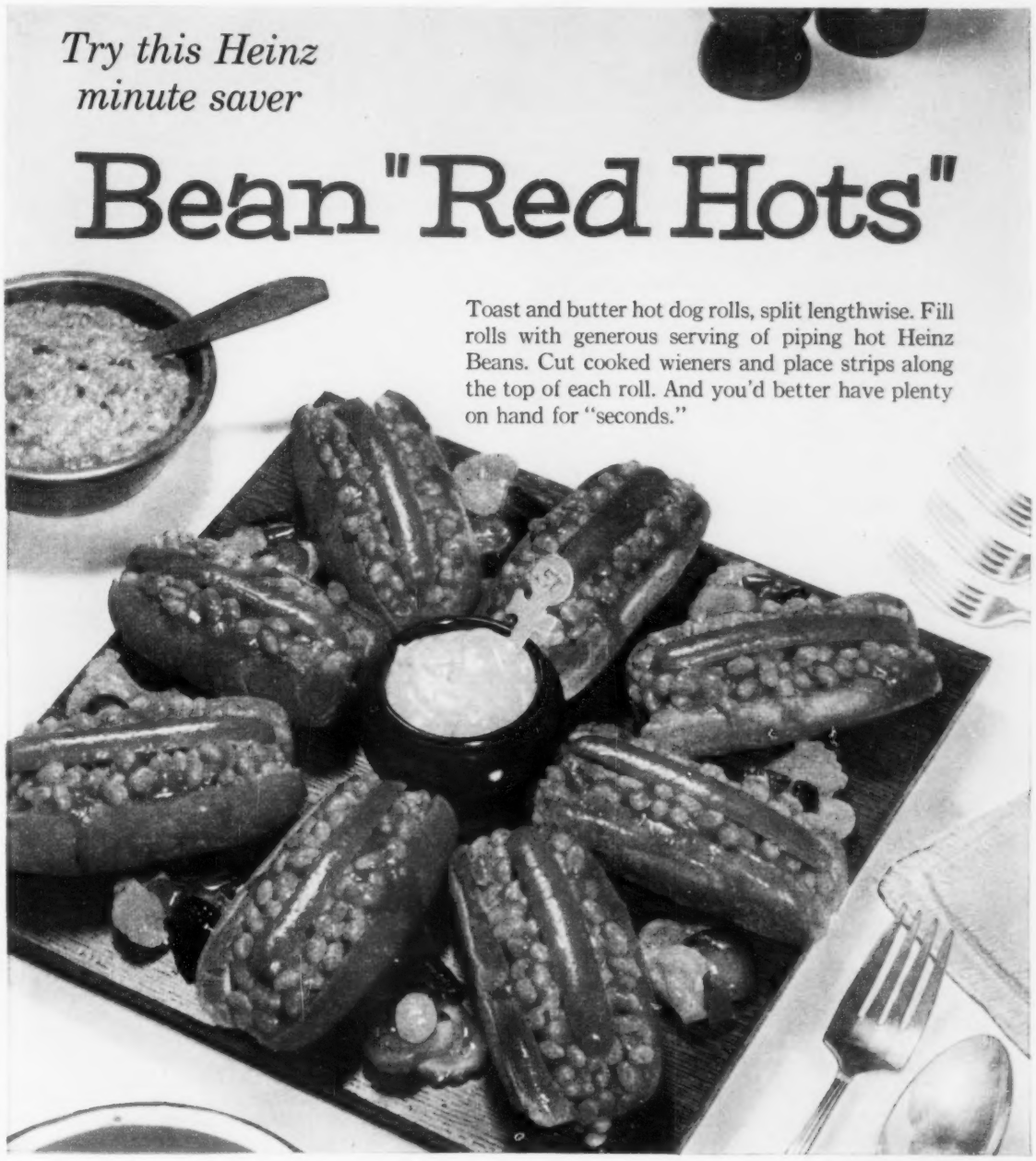
Bean "Red Hots"



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No matter how you serve them, Heinz Beans are guaranteed to be a sizzling success! Carefully cooked to plump, nutty-brown perfection in a subtly spiced tomato sauce . . . you can't match Heinz Beans for old-fashioned, mouth-watering goodness anywhere. Serve easy-to-fix . . . delicious-to-taste Heinz Bean "Red Hots" tonight! And make sure you have a good stock of Heinz Beans left in the cupboard for all the times ahead when you'll want to serve them.

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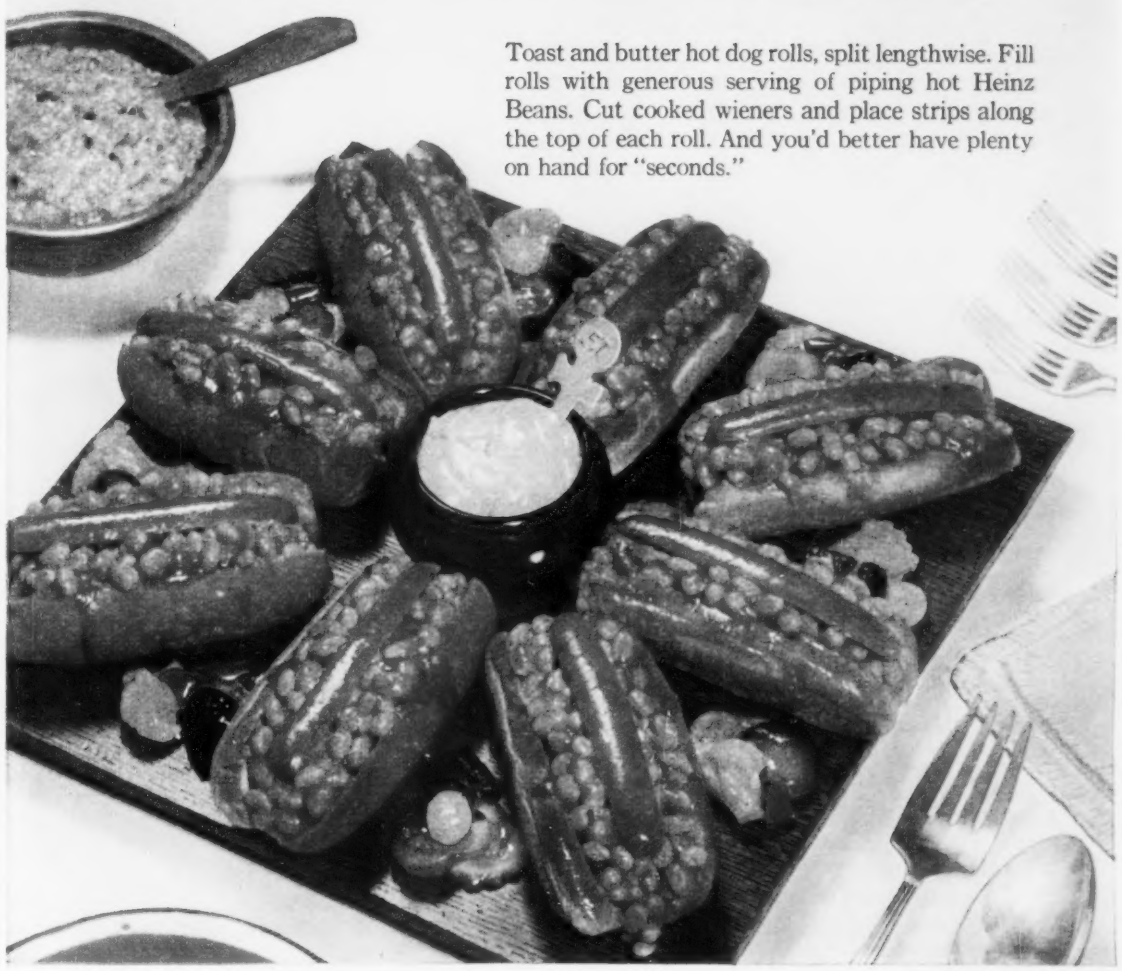

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HEINZ Beans 57

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The products that satisfy most are the brands that have made a name for themselves. That's why advertisers in this magazine are good names to know. They're proud of their brands 'cause they satisfy so.

"I'm always satisfied most with a Brand that's made a Name for itself!"

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Mebbe a smaller man woulda took more interest. Mr. Claridge don't seem to care."

"Don't let the boy know you feel that way," his mother had said. And then she had sobbed, and his father's voice had become very gentle and he said, "Now, Charlotte, tears won't help."

And Jamie had stood in the shadows, with his fists clenched and his eyes burning, like now. But he hadn't cried. He knew as well as his father that tears didn't help. But what he'd heard hadn't helped his sleeping any, either. And he couldn't let his parents know he'd heard them. That was the worst of the whole thing. Every one of them was keeping something from someone else. "And now," he thought with irony, "we're all trying to keep things from the jury."

They were always telling you, "Now just tell us your story in your own words," but would they let you do it? You can't say this because it's hearsay and you can't say that because it would not be wise, and they got you so hedged around and muddled up that you were lucky to be able to say your own name . . .

September the fourth! The boy sighed a little, and his hands, slippery with sweat, relaxed. Behind the mask that Jamie Anderson had set up to represent him in public, the real Jamie Anderson went dreaming. Back to September the fourth, the last happy day he'd ever known, perhaps the last happy day he'd ever know.

It had been hot that day, hot and still. Because it was a holiday, they'd only done what needed to be done around the farm. He'd gone swimming at the river in the afternoon and, for a wonder, Dad had come with him. He'd smiled to see that his father was embarrassed undressing in front of him and he'd smiled even more at the old bathing suit, a black one-piecer that Dad still wore. He had been pleased with his own trim bathing shorts and husky body. Dad was brown enough but he was thin and he'd begun to stoop a little.

They'd had a good time though, and when they sat drying on the bank, the sun hot on their shoulders, they'd skipped stones on the water. Dad sure could beat him at that. And when they were walking back up to the house, Dad had put his hand on Jamie's shoulder and said, "You keep on like you been doin' son, and we'll hafta make some new arrangement." Jamie had nearly burst with pride. He knew his father was thinking about making him a partner in the farm. At nineteen! But now . . . Well, they'd sure have to make some new arrangement.

Mom had surprised them by having supper laid outside, under the big elm tree. She'd been self-conscious about it.

"Guess we can eat outside on a holiday," she'd explained defensively. "Besides, it's so hot."

"Gosh, it sure looks nice, Mom," he'd said and he'd helped her carry out the salad and the lemonade. She'd teased him about his appetite and he'd teased her about her cooking. But he hadn't been hungry at all since then. Even Mom's cooking hadn't tasted like it should, somehow.

They'd had to do the milking, of course, holiday or no holiday. But it was still bright as day when that was done. He'd put on the new sport shirt Mom had given him for his birthday. First time he'd ever worn it. And the last. It was an exhibit now.

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Everything that goes in your oven — roast or cake — poultry or pie — will taste more delicious if you make sure it's done just right . . . with a Taylor Roast Meat or Oven Thermometer!

NO. 5936 ROAST MEAT THERMOMETER. Shows when roasts and poultry are done inside. 6¾" overall with metal bulb guard *$2.69 each.*

Taylor Dial Oven Thermometer checks the heat right where your baking or roasting dish sits. Hangs or stands. Only *$2.10.*

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Many wearers of false teeth have suffered real embarrassment because their plate dropped, slipped or wobbled at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH, the **alkaline** (non-acid) powder, on your plates. Holds false teeth more firmly, so they feel more comfortable. Does not sour. Checks "plate" odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

Dad and Mom had said they wouldn't go into town. They were tired, they said, and wanted to get a good sleep. They'd got one, all right. Until three in the morning when the police had wakened them, pounding at the door. He shivered a little at the memory and he came back to the trial long enough to hear Lorene say, "No, I didn't go into town with Jamie. I went with Betty."

And I went with Bob, he thought. I cut across the fields to Bob's place and we went in together in his old Chev. They'd looked around town for a while, fooling a bit with some of the fellows. He'd chinned himself on the bar in the park. Oh, he'd been feeling good all right. And then they'd gone to the beer parlor and had a beer.

If only he hadn't gone into town at all! Or if only he'd never had that beer! He'd just had one, but because he was under age and because they smelled it on his breath at the park, well, that made him a criminal.

He knew he was going to meet Lorene, of course. And so did she. She'd asked

ANSWER

Chatty's crossword page 100

him if he'd be in town that night. Her folks wouldn't let her go out with boys, she said, but she was going into town just the same. And he knew he was going to kiss her if he got the chance. She'd let him kiss her that night at Betty's birthday party when he took her out on the porch. She'd pressed up against him, too. Sure not like any fifteen-year-old. How was he to know how old she was?

She liked him. He knew that. And she was a sweet kid. So soft and warm and sort of trusting. He hadn't meant to harm her, ever. He'd even thought that someday, when they were older and he was a partner in the farm, that maybe . . . And her folks and his folks got along fine.

The scenes there had been! If only he could forget his mother's face and her voice when she faced Mrs. Carter.

"My Jamie's a good boy. He wouldn't do anything like that. It's a lie! He's always been a good boy."

And Mr. Carter with all that talk about horsewhipping. Couldn't say two words

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YARDLEY

without that coming in, "He oughta be horsewhipped!"

Why, he could have broken old man Carter in two with his bare hands and his horsewhip, too. And Lorene. She just cried. All the time, she cried. And when they asked her anything, she just cried some more and that made everything so much worse. People felt sorry for her and then they turned on him like he was some kind of beast.

She hadn't cried that night when he came up behind her at the band concert. She was sitting there with Betty and she'd turned quick when he touched her shoulder and she'd smiled. He'd gone and got her a hot dog, and then they'd joshed back and forth a little. Then Doug Peavy came and asked Betty to go out in the canoe. So he'd asked Lorene. But she said no, she didn't like the water much, so he'd taken her for a walk instead.

It was wonderful outside that night. The air was so sweet and cool after the hot day. And Lorene looked so lovely in her white summer dress. They'd swung hands as they walked along, just talking. They sat down under the willow by the river, where it cut through the park. They could see Doug and Betty out there in the canoe. He'd kissed Lorene. Anybody would have wanted to kiss her. And the stars had been all hazy and the air so sweet . . . Lorene just seemed to melt up against you when you kissed her. Her skin was so soft and fragrant. Perhaps he shouldn't have gone on kissing her . . . perhaps it was the beer . . . And then, the cry she gave when she saw old Mort Evans peering in at them. She'd struggled out of his arms and she'd scratched him somehow in her haste, and the white dress got torn on a root where it caught. She'd gone flying down the path like a wild thing, and Mort Evans had said, "You'll hear more of this, young man," and then he'd gone after Lorene.

Jamie hadn't known what to do. Finally he had just walked home. And how bad they'd made that look for him! And he'd gone to bed, which they seemed to think was even worse.

"And what does this young man do," the crown attorney had asked, with heavy sarcasm, "but go calmly to bed and peacefully to sleep!"

He'd tried and tried to explain to them but the more he explained, the worse they seemed to think it was. He just hadn't thought of what he'd done as bad. He'd been upset about Mort Evans, all right, but he hadn't once thought of all this mess coming out of it. He'd just thought he'd go over to the Carters' in the morning and maybe he and Lorene could get engaged or something. He thought Dad and Mom would have understood. Mom was only seventeen when she got married . . .

But instead there was all this. They'd never once let him talk to Lorene. He almost had one time. He'd gone round the corner by the drugstore, and there she was coming toward him. He'd stopped and said, "Lorene . . ." And she'd stopped too and she looked at him so desperately and said, "Jamie . . . Jamie . . ." But then, old Mrs. Tilden came along, and Lorene had hurried on past him. And that was that.

They were getting to the tough part of the testimony now and, sure enough, Lorene was crying again. And the crown attorney was looking smugly sympathetic, and the jury were swallowing a little.

You can bet your boots Mort Evans

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hadn't cried! He just talked and talked. About the scream and the scratch and the running. "Best witness I ever had," the crown attorney called him.

If only, he thought, if only I could talk to her. If we could just sit down and talk it all out. If all these people would just go away and leave us alone. After all, this is just between Lorene and me.

There was a recess now and Jamie and the constable walked out. His mother looked at him with such loving sorrow that he stumbled under the look, and the courtroom shimmered before his eyes. But he went on.

His sister Glenna wasn't with them, of course. She taught over at the other side of the county. But she wouldn't have come anyway.

She'd been on holidays when it happened. She was due home next day and landed right in the middle of it. It just couldn't have worked out worse for Glenna. She'd turned so white he thought she was going to faint.

"What's Hugh going to say?" she'd demanded, first thing. And then she'd begun to cry. Jamie felt as if he'd been drowned in other people's tears. Everywhere he turned, people started in to cry. But maybe Glenna did have the right, at that.

Hugh was the fellow she was in love with. And what made it so bad, he was a minister. He'd been ordained that spring

☆ ☆ ☆

STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

A stranger is better far
For the confidence too true,
So I tell my wish to a star
That I dare not tell to you.

☆ ☆ ☆

and just started his first church that summer. Glenna was sure he was going to propose and she and Mom had been all keyed up for weeks now, planning things. And now, the way Glenna figured it, he had spoiled everything.

"He'll never ask me now," she sobbed. "How could he? What would his church say? You've ruined my life, that's what you've done, Jamie Anderson! I'll never forgive you as long as I live!"

Mom had been sterner with Glenna than he'd ever thought she could be.

"If you can't forgive your own brother, you're not fit to be a minister's wife," Mom told her, "and if Hugh lets this make any difference, he's not fit to be a minister! Don't you talk any more like that to Jamie. He's got enough trouble."

Glenna hadn't said any more. But she'd switched schools with a friend of hers and gone farther away from home. Her mother thought Hugh still went to see her there, but there certainly hadn't been any wedding.

Jamie walked stiffly beside the guard into the outer corridor. It was already filled with people, staring curiously. He kept on walking. His white face was touched with a horror so deep that the guard took his arm and moved hurriedly to the anteroom. When the door was closed, Jamie turned the face of a sleepwalker toward him.

"I'm not afraid. It isn't that. But that anyone could . . . that anyone would say . . ." ◆

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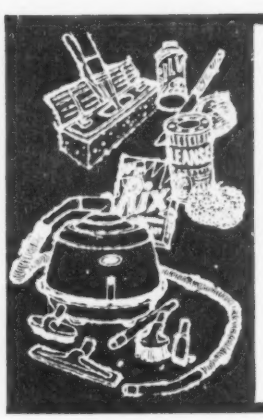


CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

HELPS YOU CLEAN HOUSE

We completely defrost and clean a refrigerator and freezer

Begin with the fridge

As the weather warms up a weekly defrosting should be enough to keep added frost off the coils of your manual-defrosting refrigerator.

Turn the dial to "defrost" or "off" and open the refrigerator door. Fill a wide-mouthed saucepan with water and heat to boiling. Remove food and place the pan of boiling water directly on the freezer plate. When the water has cooled, refill with boiling water. You may help the frost removal with a smooth plastic scraper. Never try to chip off the crust with a knife or sharp object. Discard the ice and defrost water or save it for use in your steam iron.

Empty the ice-cube trays and fill two thirds with fresh water. Wipe off food containers.

The clean-up

While waiting for the frost to disappear, wipe off the outside of the refrigerator with a damp cloth. To be more thorough, use a mild soap powder or detergent in hot water. Rinse and dry. Wax the surface (with waxes sold for this purpose) and you'll find finger marks are easier to wipe off. After the frost has melted completely, mop up the accumulated water in the bottom of the refrigerator; wash the interior of the cabinet, the freezer compartment, shelves and storage drawers with one quart warm water in which you've added one teaspoon baking soda. The soda helps remove clinging food odors. Wipe again with clear water to remove any remaining soda which may cause the enamel to yellow. Replace food.

Wash ice-cube trays with warm water and soap or detergent. Rinse. Metal surfaces may be damaged by hot water, scouring sponges or powders.

Banish bad odors

To keep your refrigerator sweet-smelling: cover containers, wipe up all spills.

An extra hint: Fill a small saucer with a paste of dry mustard and cold water to absorb strong, distasteful odors.

Does it need resetting?

Your nonautomatic refrigerator may need a slight change of setting. First check the manufacturer's booklet to see if you must change it manually as the seasons change.

Even after you change the dial the suggested amount, you may find it requires some alteration. The manufacturer does not know how often you open and close your refrigerator door. In warmer weather, frequent openings and closings will raise the temperature, and you may find the dial should be turned to a colder temperature than called for.

Defrost your chest freezer

Scrape defrosting: Remove packages, wrap in newspaper and set in the refrigerator. Or place packages close together on a paper-covered floor; cover with a blanket. Set several layers of newspaper on the bottom of the cabinet and scrape away frost with a dull plastic scraper.

Complete defrosting and cleaning: Place packages in the freezer section of the refrigerator. Scrape away the frost and discard. Then disconnect the plug and allow the freezer to defrost overnight. Next morning mop up defrost water and wash the interior of the cabinet with a solution of one teaspoon baking soda dissolved in one quart warm water. Rinse and dry. Use dusting attachment of vacuum cleaner to clean the condenser coils of the dust and fuzz that has accumulated, *but be sure the plug is out.* Then plug in, and allow freezer to lower its temperature (about two hours).

Upright-type freezer

Scrape defrosting: Chest-type method but set newspapers below freezer coils.

Complete defrosting and cleaning: Remove packages as in chest-type instructions. Scrape frost from coils with a dull plastic scraper. Disconnect the freezer plug. Set a large roast pan of boiling water on freezer shelf. If there are additional freezing shelves, use more pans. Lay several sheets of newspaper in the bottom of the freezer and over them set a large shallow bake pan to catch the drip. Leave the door open and replace the boiling water as it cools. Use a stiff-bristle brush to loosen ice as it begins to melt. When ice is removed, mop up the excess water and wash the inside of the cabinet and shelves with a baking-soda-and-warm-water solution.

Complete defrosting and cleaning will take about two hours. Replace freezer plug and return food packages immediately if they have not been refrigerated. Freezer may be allowed to regain its low temperature for one to two hours if packages are in the refrigerator.

New facts on laundry

This is your invitation to the Pageant of Progress held during the week of April 16 to 21. It will be sponsored by the Canadian Home Laundry Manufacturers Association and local laundry-equipment dealers across Canada. During this week dealers will feature large displays of automatic and wringer-type washers and automatic dryers and ironers. This is a good chance to compare, examine and ask questions about new products in the home-laundry field. ◆

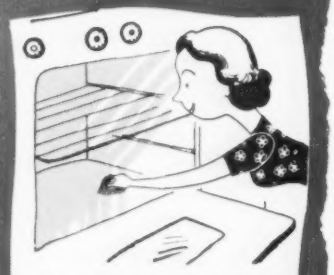
How to pamper an egg...Revere Ware Style

Place a little butter, oleo, or other shortening in a Revere Ware Skillet. Now the heat . . . oh . . . ever so little, because Copper on the bottom spreads the heat fast and evenly under the utensil. Now break an egg into the Skillet and watch Revere Ware go to work! And you'll marvel at the wonderful-tasting foods you cook in other Revere Ware, too . . . because, when you cook over low heat with *Copper-Clad Stainless Steel* Revere Ware, you protect the purity and flavor of your foods . . . keep in all the health-building vitamins, minerals and colors that give your foods their true taste values! Why not try Revere Ware for all your cooking? Revere Copper and Brass Incorporated, Rome, N. Y.

P. S. There are over 100 Revere Ware utensils, including Sauce Pans, Tea Kettles, Canisters and Coffee Makers at your favorite store!

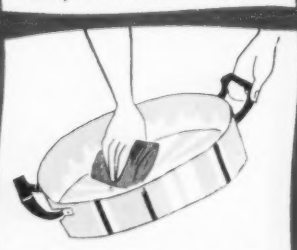
COPPERCLAD 1801 REVERE WARE STAINLESS STEEL

Cleaning short cuts with new BRILLO Soap Pads



Stove burners and ovens gleam without hard scrubbing. New Brillo Soap Pads whisk off grease, scorch, burned-on foods!

Shop tools stay sharper, last longer, work better when kept shining clean with Brillo. Sturdy metal-fiber pads lift off sticky resin and stubborn rust!



Roasters sparkle up fast with New Brillo Soap Pads. Every pad contains special soap with jeweler's polish . . . so crusty pans get cleaned and shined at the same time!

Nothing shines aluminum like...

There's special soap with Jeweler's Polish in every pad! **Best cleaner-shiner ever!**

THE DAY OF ABBIE'S GREAT DECISION

Continued from page 19

and here she was still—mentally at least—the girl that he married ten years ago straight out of a home-economics course. Housebound, she thought bitterly, is too kind a word to use in reference to my mind. Embalmed would be more like it.

But at least, she comforted herself, at least she was taking steps to remedy the situation. The book on Fundamentals of Advertising was waiting on the living-room table this very minute. Thank goodness for A Word to the Wives.

"Holy smoke, I'll miss my train!" said David, diving out into the hall.

Abbie followed him and watched as he stuffed his brief case. He looked so tired, ever since they put him in charge of advertising for the charity drive.

"Still worrying about a slogan for the campaign?" she asked.

"Abbie, it has me stumped. They want an entirely new approach this year and there's only one week to go. I've *got* to come up with something, but everything I think of has already been used, like the sad-looking child saying 'Please, I need you.' Remember, that was last year? Or the two outstretched hands the year before. If only I could appeal to people's emotions through a completely different channel . . . but never mind that, how are you supposed to know what I'm talking about!" He bent to kiss her good-by.

Never mind, she vowed mentally, tonight I'll have a surprise for you. I'm going to study that book all day and I'll think of the perfect slogan if it kills me! Yes I will! I, myself! She had to do it; somehow finding a slogan for David had become all bound up with her self-respect. At least it would prove she was more than just a housewife!

He was looking at her searchingly. "All right now, give! You've got something up your sleeve. You're plotting things."

"Plotting things? Who, me?"

"Now I'm sure of it. When you squeak like that you're always as guilty as Lady Macbeth." He shuddered. "Well, I haven't time to force it out of you now—just don't burn the house down before tonight, will you?"

As Abbie headed back to the dining room she picked up the book and cradled it in her arms. She would hurry through her housework and have nearly the whole morning to study it. Surely it would inspire her! She could just picture David's face tonight when she said casually, "By the way, how about such-and-such as the theme of your charity drive?" And his face would light up, he would cry, "Abbie, you're wonderful! What a brain! What intelligence!"

At the dining-room door she stopped in surprise. Ricky was still at the table, making lakes and rivers in his porridge.

"Why Ricky, haven't you finished yet? You'll be late for school!"

He dropped his spoon. "Mum, I have a—a awful—"

Abbie clutched her forehead. "Oh, Ricky, *not* another pain in your stomach! Let's see, you've been going to school for three, not quite four weeks, and this is about the tenth morning you've had a pain. Now really darling!"

"Well it's not a pain, ezackly, it's just a feeling, like a sick feeling, Mum. Maybe I better go to bed?"

Abbie sat down and drew his solid little body against her. "What's the trouble, honey? You don't like school? Tell Mummy."

She felt him take a deep breath, but just then Pete stuck his head in the door. "Aw, Mother, is he coming or not? I'll get kept in if I'm late."

She frowned at him quickly but Ricky had stiffened. He pulled away from her, his head bent. "It's okay," he muttered, picking up his small stack of books and squaring his shoulders in a gesture too old for his seven years.

Abbie swallowed hard as compassion rose in her throat. There was no doubt about it, Ricky was going to be one of the sufferers of the world. His whole life long he would cry for other people's hurts, take the weight of the universe on his shoulders and always, secretly, avert his eyes in the movies when they showed a fox hunt or a circus. And yet, because she knew such sensitivity was not wholly a curse, because the other side of the coin, inseparable from it, was rapture, Abbie realized that her compassion was nothing to the pity she would have felt for him if he had been otherwise.

She watched the two of them down the street, around the corner, out of sight and out of reach of her love.

She started in on the dishes. She was just giving a final swish to the living room at ten-thirty when the phone rang.

"Abbie? You simply must drop everything and come over this minute, my curtain material just arrived." Rita Brown always sounded as if she didn't really have any confidence in telephones and was trying to shout over from next door. "Wait till you see it, my dear, it's—"

"Oh, I can't come this morning Rita, I've got a book on Fundamentals of Advertising and I have to study it so I can get out of my mental rut."

"What? What are you talking about?"

"For goodness' sake, don't you read A Word to the Wives in the Chronicle?"

"My pet, I never even *see* the Chronicle. John takes it to read on the train."

"Well David used to, only he's been so busy lately, he works all the way to Montreal, every morning. And believe me, Rita, I wish I'd read A Word to the Wives a long time ago. I've just realized that I'm the perfect example of a *housewife*. I'm certainly no sort of companion for David, intellectually. So I've got this book—Rita, what are you laughing at?"

"Sorry pet, it's only that—well, you're just not the type!"

"What do you mean I'm not the type? Any woman is, if she puts her mind to it. Oh I realize I haven't accomplished much so far, but at last I'm waking up. After all, a housebound body does not necessitate a housebound mind. Rita? Are you still there?"

"I'm here. Listen Abbie, if you're not careful you'll turn into one of those deadly women who think it's beneath them to discuss anything *interesting*. You're still coming to the meeting this afternoon aren't you? Or are you too intellectual now for the Hillside Heights Community Women's Club?"

"Oh, of course I'm going. I'll have loads of time to read the book before three o'clock. Stop by for me . . ." Abbie's voice trailed off as she peered through the window. "Rita, hold on a minute. It's Ricky! Something must have happened."

She had the front door open before

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SEWING MACHINES PURR LIKE KITTENS with 3-IN-ONE

3-IN-ONE OIL

Ricky got there. He was crying. He came straight to her, threw his arms around her waist and buried his tear-stained face in her apron.

"Oh, Mum, I'm never going back to that old school, not ever. That mean old teacher, she—she *shouted* at me, so loud I couldn't even hear her. Mum . . . I didn't want her to shout at me!"

Abbie put her arm around his head and pressed him close while the world heaved around her and something roared in her ears. So this was what happened. You bore a child and loved him, you reared him in an atmosphere of gentleness, learning control because he could be so easily hurt, and then you sent him out to school and some woman, some *woman* . . . Watch it, she told herself, watch it, you're not being sensible. This was the way a tigress felt, or a mother bear—anything that didn't have a mind. She forced herself to sound casual.

"But what did *you* do, honey, to make her so mad?"

"I just spilled the ink. I didn't mean to, Mum. She let us write with ink and I was thinking, I mustn't make a blot 'cause she'd be mad, and then I spilled the bottle and she was screaming because it went all over the floor. So she sent me out to wash my hands and I just came home."

Abbie realized that there were metallic sounds coming from the telephone and she snatched up the receiver.

"Sorry Rita, I forgot you. Listen, I'll call you back. Ricky had some trouble with Miss Parker—"

"My dear I know, I heard most of it, and if I were you Abbie, I'd go straight over and give that woman a piece of my mind. It's not only Ricky. You know Dora Rogers? Well, she was telling me Mary Lou is so frightened of Miss Parker that she throws up her breakfast every morning, and has nightmares."

"But Rita, I can't understand it. Was she just as cross last year?"

"Oh she's new. She just came from out west and nobody knows anything about her—apparently not even the principal. If I were you I'd certainly do something. The woman is obviously unfit to teach."

Abbie hung up and ran upstairs to change her old grey slacks for a respectable red wool skirt.

"What is it, Mum?" asked Ricky uneasily. "Are you mad at me?"

"Not at you, Ricky. I'm going back to school with you and everything's going to be all right, you'll see."

She tied a kerchief over her hair to eliminate the necessity of combing it. She had things to say to Miss Parker that were too hot to keep.

As they hurried down the street Ricky suddenly tugged at her sleeve. "Gee Mum, what's wrong with you? You didn't even see that lady waving."

Abbie looked around quickly, and paused to wave to her next-door neighbor. The Vroneks and their baby were just over from Europe and didn't speak a word of English, so Abbie always tried to make the wave of her hand especially friendly, to take the place of all the things she would like to have said. How hard it must be to leave all your friends and come to a country where nobody could even speak to you. And even if she could talk English, she'd probably find us all terribly childish and frivolous—Europeans always do, the ones who have been through a lot. But how lonely she must be!

Abbie shivered and held out her hand to Ricky, pressing her palm against his small, warm one. Whenever she thought of loneliness she needed immediate comfort.

"What does Miss Parker look like?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know. She has lipstick, and she's old."

"Old like Grandma?"

"Oh, no, just old like you."

"I see," murmured Abbie gravely as they mounted the school steps. *She uses lipstick, she's old like me, and she terrifies little children as a hobby.*

They paused outside Ricky's classroom and she smiled down at him as she knocked. "Don't you worry, it's all right," she said firmly.

The door opened. Light from the windows fell on Abbie's face but Miss Parker remained an outline.

She has me at a disadvantage, Abbie thought, but suddenly she knew it was really the other way around, and that this woman standing here, pushing a strand of hair off her forehead, with a roomful of unloving children behind her and an irate mother in front, reminded her of a dreadful picture she had seen somewhere of a stag at bay.

"Why Ricky, we were about to send out an alarm for you!"

"Go and sit down Ricky," said Abbie, giving him a reassuring nod. "Miss Parker, I'd like a word with you, if I may."

"Certainly Mrs Todd. Would you step in here?"

Abbie walked past her to a cubbyhole

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Cleanses, softens, clears your skin all at the same time!

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but doesn't leave skin dried-out or drawn.

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A flat green head peered out at her

off the classroom. Why, she really is hardly any older than I am, she thought. But she has that look—as if she doesn't care about anything, just the way I look when David goes out of town on a long trip. She's smart enough to know that grey sweater needs a scarf or a necklace, but she just doesn't care. Oh, I know that feeling!

"I'll be back in a minute," said Miss Parker, shutting the door behind her.

This was obviously her own little room. Abbie's shoulder knocked the wooden clothes tree and set the empty wire hangers swinging. One peg held a navy-blue coat, with a green beret hung carelessly on top. There's nothing more forlorn than wire hangers knocking together, Abbie thought, putting out her hand to stop them, and suddenly she could see the coat and the beret as they must look when Miss Parker got home at night, hanging like this in a cupboard among other empty hangers, or thrown across the foot of a daybed, always by themselves, never pushed aside to make room for somebody else's clothes. What was it Rita had said? She's from out west, nobody knows her.

How would you go about meeting people in Hillside Heights anyway? Oh, the town was friendly enough for couples, but a single woman, teaching in a school? All the other teachers were middle-aged and married. And it was just far enough from Montreal to make an evening in town almost impossible without a car. So she goes home at night to her room, or her apartment, and shuts the door. And then in the morning she comes here and teaches a roomful of other people's children, people she doesn't know . . . Abbie thought of Ricky's little white face, and of her own rage that had brought her here; then she thought of Miss Parker's eyes, and the grey sweater, and she thought, there's something wrong, something wrong somewhere.

But I'd be silly not to tell her off. Rita would . . . Rita said I should . . . And yet, how comfortable it must be to be able to hate!

"You wanted to see me, Mrs. Todd?"

Abbie looked up. "Yes," she heard herself saying. "Yes, Miss Parker, I wanted to ask you—if you'd come and have dinner with us some evening."

Miss Parker's hand went to her hair. "Dinner? Why, that would be very nice. I'd—I'd be delighted." Her face was letting down its bars and a person—quite a nice person, perhaps, was showing through. "What night—what night do you want me?"

Even as she asked it, Abbie was picturing a milk bottle on a window sill, a lone lamb chop, a one-burner stove. "How about tonight?" she said.

Abbie was halfway home before she realized what she had done. Of all days to invite a stranger for dinner! She turned sharply and doubled back toward the supermarket; the potluck meal she had planned after the club meeting certainly wouldn't do now. She was exactly the kind of woman A Word to the Wives was talking about—immersed in her own little affairs at the expense of larger things.

But I will think of a slogan, she thought, reaching quickly for a package of frozen chicken à la king, a box of patty shells. I will help David . . . not outstretched hands, not a sad child's face. She snatched a tin of peas. This was going to be what David called a girls' bridge-club meal, but she had no time to ponder and plan. As it was, she would just about be home in time for lunch and the meeting was at three. Not much time for the book.

She hurried home, dumped her parcels on the kitchen table and started lunch for the boys.

It was Ricky who came in first, beaming and content as if this morning had never happened.

"How was Miss Parker?" asked Abbie, holding her breath.

"Huh? Oh—swell. Sally Ann cut her hand, and Miss Parker took her on her knee and kissed her. I never thought she was a lady who kissed kids, Mum, did you?"

Pete stuck his head in the door. "Mother, Joel's come for lunch, okay?"

"Yes, of course," Abbie said, reaching for another soup bowl.

"It's toasted tomato sandwiches and chocolate cake. Hope you like that, Joel."

"That sounds wonderful, Mrs. Todd."

Joel stood correctly by his chair until she was seated. He was the only child of the wealthy Davidsons up the hill, and his manners were so good that Abbie often felt uncomfortable. Bet it's the first time he's eaten in the kitchen, she thought, spooning her soup. And yet, comparing him with her own boys, she decided his face looked something like the sad child David's charity drive had used last year. There was such a pinched quality about it, somehow.

"Is that yours, Joel?" Abbie pointed to the green box just inside the back door. "What is it, a cage of some sort?"

"That's Joel's pet," said Pete quickly, a little too quickly. "You know Mother, for the Wolf Cubs' pet show."

"His *pet*? But what—"

Joel's big eyes seemed to devour her. Pete's voice rose in excitement. "And you know, this is the first year Joel has ever had a pet of his own to enter. His mother doesn't like dogs or cats or anything. In fact she doesn't even like this pet, so we wanted to ask you if Joel could keep him here. Just in the basement, Mother. Can he?"

Abbie couldn't have said what it was, exactly, that started the hairs prickling on her neck. She rubbed her hands up and down her arms, against the coldness that seemed to emanate from the silent green box.

"Boys, what kind of animal is it?" she asked.

They looked at each other and then Joel got up without a word and went over to the box. He raised the cover, and a flat green head reared up horribly, on a body that was all writhes and coils.

Abbie clapped a hand to her mouth and ran to the sink, fighting nausea. "Peter, how could you—you know what those things do to me!"

"But it's just a grass snake, Mother, just a *small* one."

"I don't care, get it out of here!"

"In the basement?"

"No! Out of the house. *Out!*"

Joel dragged the box onto the gallery and came back to the table. "It's okay, Pete," he said. "I told you it wouldn't work."

Abbie stretched a hand toward him and drew it back helplessly. "I'm sorry, Joel . . . if it was anything else . . . but

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you just don't know how I feel about—about those things. Why I couldn't sleep upstairs in my bed, knowing there was one in the house. I just couldn't." She shivered. "Why can't you keep it in your own basement?"

"It's the maid," Ricky spoke up importantly. "She found it when she was cleaning and she screamed her head off. She said she'd walk out right away if it stayed. Didn't she Joel?"

"Well, couldn't you hide it someplace the maid wouldn't go to clean?"

"She cleans everywhere," said Joel gloomily. "If she didn't my mother'd fire her." He folded his thin hands in his lap and looked at Pete with calm acceptance. "Never mind. I'll let him loose in the woods. I don't need to go to Pet Night."

Abbie swallowed hard. She cleared her throat. "Joel, can you—do you handle the—the snake? Well then, go out and get it," she said steadily. "Bring it over to me, but not too close till I say so."

When he returned she forced herself to look. The thing had curled itself around his arm and he was holding it gently on each side of its mouth.

Abbie closed her eyes. The fear inside her was deeper than reason, older than her life; it seemed to stretch back into shadowy ages and unknown ancestors. I can't do it, she thought. Her finger stopped in mid-air. Her arm felt like elastic stretched to the breaking point. She forced it on. And she touched the flat little head.

"Why, it's dry! It's not clammy or slimy at all! You know what it reminds me of? That old cigar in your father's desk, the one from when Ricky was born. Dry and papery."

She felt lighter and younger all of a sudden. "Getting rid of a fear is just like having your hair thinned!" she said, and giggled because the children couldn't possibly understand what she meant.

"Gee, Mother, take it easy," Pete said, but his eyes shone when they met hers. "Gee, I never thought you'd do it."

"Nothing to it," she said, leaning over and examining the snake like an expert. "Why look—it has eyes! And they're—yes, his eyes are frightened! Poor little thing, he's much more scared than I was! Put him back now Joel, and take the box downstairs. Pete will show you where."

"Gee, thanks Mrs. Todd! Say Pete, do you think I could put a ribbon around his neck for the show?"

"Sure! And paint his name on the cage—what is his name, anyway?"

Joel hesitated. "He hasn't got one yet. But I'd like—I think if it's okay with everybody I'll call him 'Mrs. Todd.'"

Abbie waited till they had left for school to go up and throw herself across her bed.

I wonder if this is what they call hysterics, she thought with interest as she wiped her eyes and rolled from side to side, gasping.

But I'm glad I did it, though I don't know how. It was surely God who helped me. He must have felt just as sorry for that poor child as I did. Not even a nook or cranny of his own house that he can call his own!

She sat up suddenly, remembering an old wooden cupboard that nobody used. It had drawers inside and a lock. She would put it down in the basement and give Joel the key; then he'd feel he had some privacy, at least.

But because it was such a horrible shade of scratched brown, she hunted around for the tin of green paint left over from the bedroom walls. Borrowing a brush of David's, she spread newspapers on the floor and went to work.

Of course it was the drawers that took so long. By the time she had finished, they were strewn all over the place, drying. And then as a last touch she located some black paint and lettered largely across the front PRIVATE CUBOARD.

Not a bad job if I do say so, she thought, sitting back on her heels proudly. But wasn't there something funny about . . . "Drat," she said fiercely, "'CUBOARD.' Wouldn't you think just for once I could do something right?" And she was the smarty who was going to help David . . . *help David!*

Abbie clapped a hand to her mouth in horror. Here it was two-thirty, time to leave for the meeting, and she hadn't even opened Fundamentals of Advertising.

First there had been Ricky and the visit to school, then shopping for Miss Parker's dinner, then lunch and an encounter with a snake that had driven everything else out of her mind. It had certainly been one thing after another all day, and the most important thing of all had gone by the board.

Well, there was only one thing to do—she would simply skip the meeting. Even though I am the chairman, they can certainly get along without me. It's not as if we were very formal, or ever accomplished anything—it's mostly gossip anyway.

Leaving her paint job to dry, she

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slipped on a coat and went out to tell Rita. As she went down the path a woman was walking slowly by, wheeling a baby.

"Why, Mrs. Vronek! Hello!"

It was the first time Abbie had come face to face with her neighbor. She was a large woman, and seen close up her face had something of the same massive quality as her body. But it was the serenity of expression which struck Abbie, a serenity that sat like a benediction upon a face raked with lines of past suffering. It was like seeing a beach after a rain storm, with the rippled, tortured sands basking in the sunshine.

And yet she's a person who would always come through, who could cope with anything. It was a comforting thought, like having a doctor move in next door, and Abbie filed it away for future reference: here was a person to whom you could run for help in time of birth or death, one who had seen life stripped down to its naked, primeval core, and had survived.

But they couldn't talk to each other! Abbie bent over the baby and he reached up, fascinated by the bright flower on her lapel.

"Hello there, Funnybun," she crooned, tickling his chins. "Oh, you're a pet, aren't you! And *you* understand — yes, you understand what I'm saying! So you won't let go of my flower? Okay then, it's for you." She unfastened it for him and straightened up, laughing away his mother's signs of protest.

And then their eyes met, as women's eyes have been meeting over the heads of children since time began, defying race, surmounting Babel.

Why, she's just like us, Abbie thought in amazement. No matter what she's been through, I'll bet she's just as proud of her new coat as I would be, or Rita. And she'd love to have someplace to wear it, something to dress up for. She'd love to sit down over a cup of tea for a good talk with other women.

She pointed to herself. "Abbie Todd," she said. "My name is Abbie."

Mrs. Vronek nodded. "I . . . learn . . . English," she said.

To her own surprise, Abbie felt her eyes fill with tears. How did a person learn English when she had nobody to talk it with? Abbie saw Rita come out of her front door, and suddenly she had an idea. She would go to the meeting after all; there was something she had to do, something very important indeed.

"See you later, Mrs. Vronek," she said, and hurried back to lock her door.

"What's up?" asked Rita. "You don't look exactly ready, if you'll excuse my saying so."

"I'm not—I'll have to keep my coat on all afternoon, and borrow your comb. I didn't intend to go at all, but something's come up—did you see Mrs. Vronek? We're going to ask her to join the club."

"But Abbie, she doesn't speak a word of English, I know—"

"Then we'll buy a dictionary. Rita, how is she ever going to learn if nobody helps her? Asking her to join would at least make her feel welcome. Think what a lonesome place Hillside Heights must be for a stranger! Now all you have to do is propose her for membership and find somebody to second it. Let's see, Nancy will do it—ask Nancy."

"Yes, but she has to be approved by everybody, Abbie, and you know some of those characters. I just don't see how you're going to—"

"Leave it to me. Just get hold of Nancy right away."

The little hall was crowded when they arrived, noisy and scented with a mixture of several perfumes. Abbie never sat at the table and picked up her gavel without feeling decidedly out of character. Clearing her throat, she rapped for order.

Rita and Nancy were sitting together, and when the time came they proposed and seconded with businesslike correctness.

"I will now call for a vote on the matter of membership for Mrs. Vronek," said Abbie. "Opposed?"

There was silence. People craned their necks around at each other. Somebody cleared her throat. Abbie left it as long as she dared, and then gave a start of dismay.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, I mixed that up, didn't I? I forgot to call for those in favor—but as there was no one opposed, I guess we can consider it carried unanimously?"

Rita's hand shot up, followed by several more, and as Abbie's gaze lingered in surprise on the few who had made no move at all, their hands were slowly raised.

"Motion carried," said Abbie, and somebody began to clap. Gradually it spread around the room, and the meeting broke up in a roar of applause and laughter.

Abbie felt dead tired when she got

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home, dead tired and depressed. She was glad for Mrs. Vronek, of course, but as far as her own life was concerned, she was a complete failure.

That's why there will never really be women at the head of things, she thought bitterly, as she put the creamed chicken on to heat. We have absolutely no singleness of purpose, we involve ourselves in everything that goes on around us, and miss the one thing we're driving at. No wonder men laugh when anybody mentions a woman prime minister!

Supper was hardly under control when David arrived and came out to the kitchen to kiss her.

"Say, what's going on, you're getting mighty exclusive all of a sudden," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"The 'private cuboard' out there in the hall."

Abbie laughed. "Oh that's not for me, it's for Joel Davidson. And by the way, there's a green box down in the basement. Don't open it, there's a snake inside. Be very nice to him, his name is Mrs. Todd. Oh, and Ricky's teacher is coming for supper. I just met her today and she's lonely. It's a long story."

She went over and kissed him again. "You look so tired. Have a good day?"

"Not very," he said, rubbing his forehead. The worry lines were still there, and Abbie put her arms around him, resting her head on his chest.

"Oh David, I did intend to help you. I got a book on advertising and I was going to read it so I could take an intelligent interest in your career—"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Don't you read A Word to the Wives? No, you wouldn't. Well anyway, it's made me see how I've been failing you by not understanding your work, and—"

"For crying out loud, talk sense. Abbie, you're not *crying?* Darling! Listen—why should I want a business partner in my home when I've got myself a real honest-to-goodness *woman?* You know, sometimes I think you're exactly what they had in mind when they coined the word."

Of course he was just being nice. A Word to the Wives was printed in a newspaper; the author *must* know what she was talking about. She wiped her eyes.

"I can only say I'm sorry, David. I was going to read Fundamentals of Advertising but I kept getting sidetracked all day. Things kept happening and — oh, sometimes it makes me mad as the dickens; there are just too many people on the *outside* of things!"

She took his handkerchief and blew her nose. "But maybe tomorrow . . . David, you haven't got the idea for the charity drive yet, have you?"

"Yes . . ." he said slowly. "Yes, I think I have." He looked at her queerly. "A scene like something from Dickens . . . a poor family outside a window, looking in on a comfortable room with a meal on the table . . . and the slogan, 'Let Them Come In' or 'Open the Door,' something like that. It's perfect!"

"Oh David," Abbie wailed. "I'm so disappointed; that was the very thing I wanted to do—help you with that slogan. It would have made me feel I'd accomplished something, for once, and here I've gone on all day just being a *housewife* and — Well David, for goodness' sakes, will you please stop laughing and let me in on the joke?" ◆

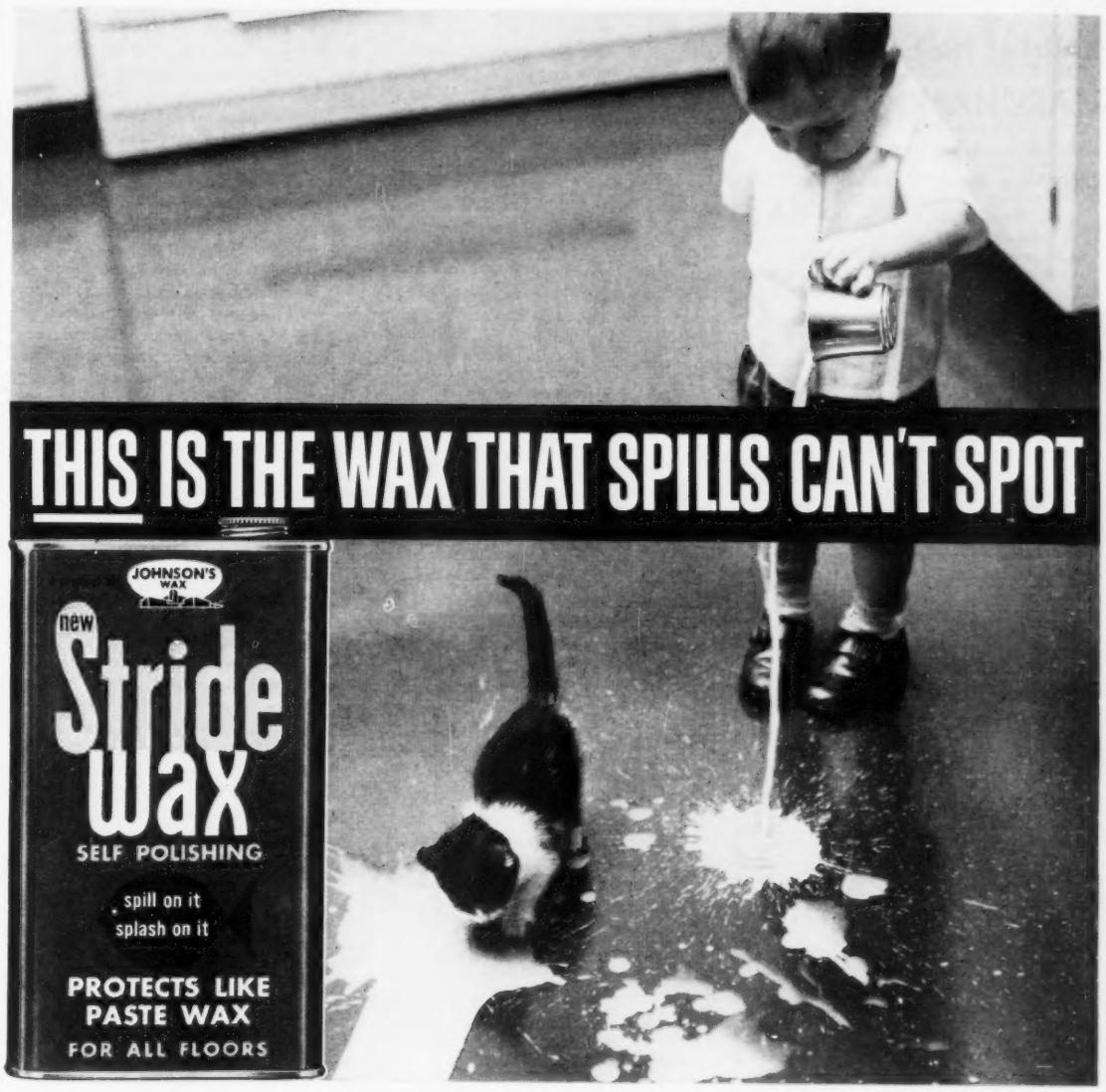
I LIVE AGAIN— AFTER INSANITY

Continued from page 13

see plainly that this is the way she wants it to remain. I have a job as a maid, which suits me perfectly until I am more sure of myself because it has no tempo or tension. I have no bitterness about any of this. I am constantly grateful to be in a world where an hour takes exactly an hour to pass. I am entranced by normality—conversations about the weather, shopping for a dress, meals full of tasting. I am not ashamed of having been mentally ill, but since some members of my family might be embarrassed I have decided not to use my name here.

During the eleven years that I spent in hideous limbo, the country has changed. I suppose I must have been aware of the new shape of automobiles throughout my illness because I could see the doctors' cars. Consequently I wasn't surprised by the new exteriors but I was dumfounded by the interiors. The clutch is gone and I have to learn to drive all over again.

I'm confused by the newspapers. When I became ill we were at war with Germany and Japan and I'm having a difficult time understanding the new groupings. I had heard of Louis St. Laurent, but Mike Pearson is a new name. I am sorry that Mackenzie King has died, and King George. I go to movies but I rarely see any actors or actresses I recognize. A



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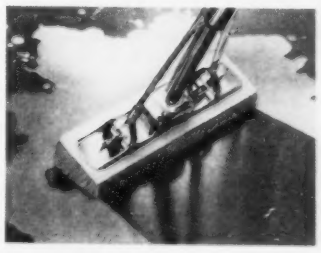

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few weeks ago I was delighted to see Ida Lupino; she looked just the same. Television is brand-new to me, of course. I listen to radio a lot but the music sounds different somehow. I'd love to hear some of my favorites again, like Laura. I don't understand the atom bomb at all, or jet planes. I've asked a lot of people to explain them to me but they use words like "speed of sound" and "nuclear fission" and I feel more confused than before. I'll figure it out eventually but I'm still trying to straighten out detergents, Orlon and pens that don't need filling. So much has happened in the eleven years I was sick.

My cure was dramatically sudden. I was a catatonic schizophrenic, one of the most serious of the range of mental illness. Until the tranquilizers, cures were unusual. The general symptoms of my illness are exaggerated excitement, hallucinations, massive apprehension. To this, according to my case history, I added flourishes of my own. I sometimes insisted that my husband was trying to kill me. Sometimes I screamed that I was God. Often I claimed to be a private investigator, gathering evidence of the "hundreds of crimes committed in this hospital."

I tried a lipstick

I have no knowledge at all of most of this behavior. I can't believe that I ever was afraid of my husband. Certainly the thought never crossed my conscious mind. Hospital records contain the information that I was violent most of the eleven years, with only a few weeks at a time of comparative calm. All my memories of my illness must be from those quieter periods, which would account for there being snow one day and flowers the next. Perhaps I could remember more of that nightmare world if I tried. I don't want to try.

A year ago last January the doctors at my hospital began treating me with the new tranquilizing drugs. I took the little white pills for a few weeks and then I began to be aware that I was stronger. I felt lightened somehow, and comfortable. I tried lipstick and combed my hair. I went to live in a nearby boarding home in the spring. I was given the job of maid in a rooming house, where the owner was understanding and gentle with me. Last October I was discharged from the hospital as cured. The public trustee wrote me a letter which read, in part, "Our file in this connection has now been closed." Wonderful words.

I still take three of the tranquilizing pills every day and I haven't the slightest curiosity to discover what would happen to me if I didn't. They cost twelve cents each. It seems a small price for something so precious. I'm advised by the hospital that gradually, over a period of a year or two, I can decrease the dosage. Although I am discharged, the doctors and social workers still take an interest in my welfare and I'm appreciative. They say I am one of their most spectacular cures.

I'm told that the Ontario government has spent a million dollars distributing these new pills to mental hospitals all over the province. They have the effect of calming patients in some cases, so that psychiatric treatment can reach them. Some types of mental illness, tragically, are untouched by the pills and others are changed only slightly. The doctors had expected the drugs to work best on young people who had been ill only a short time, but they were wrong. Instead the drug works with dramatic suddenness on patients who have been ill a long time, ten to twenty years. Some fifty of these have been cured and discharged, along with me, from one hospital alone. We are the newly risen dead.

Most of these former patients cannot discuss their illness without becoming agitated. For some reason, I'm not much disturbed when I talk about it. A psychiatrist who worked on my case for years has informed me that I have unusual powers of observation. If this is true, perhaps I can feel myself qualified to speak for victims of mental illness. I'd like to try to describe it in the hope that something of my experience may prove helpful.

Hospital documents trace the beginning of my illness from 1944, the year I turned thirty, but it was rooted in the years of bitter quarrels with my husband, who at that time placed very little value on women. I disagreed a good deal with my mother. Some of our quarrels were about my husband and some about religion. I was drifting away from the faith of my childhood. My growing sense of failure and futility made me, by turns, hostile and wretched. I changed jobs frequently as the turmoil in me mounted.

Shortly after my husband and I stopped the chaos of our marriage with a separation, I gave birth to our baby. I waited for her arrival at my mother's home. I was deeply upset — about the marriage, the baby, my mother, myself— and I slept very little and ate only enough to guarantee the survival of my baby. I kept thinking to myself "I can't stand it . . . I can't stand it . . . I can't . . ."

After the baby was born, my mother cared for her and I took a job in a factory. I felt it would be a contribution to the war effort—the Allies had just landed in Europe—and I didn't feel up to the strain of office work. I'm ashamed to admit that I felt factory work was beneath me. I hated the turban I wore and the coveralls. Now I'm proud to scrub floors. One of the few advantages of mental illness is that it re-sorts values that have become tangled.

During the months I worked on an assembly line, I fought with a growing sense of perpetual panic. I abandoned eating almost completely and it was nearly impossible to sleep. I began to read books about psychology. One night I was sitting in a chair studying one called Psychology and Life. I felt acutely strange. I seemed to have lost all my faculties. I couldn't think, feel or hear. The book seemed an enormous distance away and it was an effort to hold it. I came to a line that read, "In this particular instance, you have to be careful not to divide the conscious mind from the subconscious."

I tried to puzzle this through. I read it again and, as I did, an awful pain tore at the top of my head and wrenched my whole body. It was as though a root had been pulled out inside my head. Then I lost all control of myself. I got to my bed somehow, I don't remember how. I tried to take off my clothes but I found I couldn't. I couldn't pull back the covers. I lay on top of the bed and dreamed weirdly, that I was covered with a prickly fur.

My mother's attitude toward illness has always been that it is all fake. She usually ignored my ailments with some annoyance and she felt the same way, at first, about this one. Days and nights passed and I couldn't sleep. I was afraid

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all the time, afraid of death. After a time, Mother phoned a doctor. I remember looking at him, suddenly clear and natural in the ghastly blur I occupied. He was standing beside the bed looking at a bottle of medicine. I watched him with deep relief that vanished when he left. I was frightened again.

After that Mother says I picked up my baby and tried to feed her ink. We argued, she says. I don't want to try to remember it. I was taken to a psychiatric hospital, raving. After a while, I think only a few weeks, I was discharged. My mother came for me and I felt surprised because I didn't yet have any confidence in my ability to function. Nevertheless I went back to work.

I worked until two days before I became violently, unmistakably mentally ill. The final hours I was to spend outside of the hospital for the next eleven years were filled with wild argument with my mother. I wanted to take my baby away and she wouldn't let me. Though I now understand, of course, that she was protecting the infant from a demented woman it seemed to me then that she was perversely trying to thwart me. She seemed to be nagging at me senselessly. I phoned the police to come and make her stop nagging me.

When they arrived, I am told, I was sitting in the darkness outside, holding my baby and screaming that my husband was trying to kill me. I fought and cursed the police and the attendants at the hospital. I had to be forcibly restrained. I have been told about this but I don't remember it at all.

I was taken to one of the Ontario mental hospitals, certified insane, in September 1945. My first memory is of being in some building, a room I'd never seen before. A woman was sitting on the bench beside me, staring at the floor. "How long have you been here?" I asked her. After a long time she answered, "Twelve years." We continued to sit in silence. I felt nothing. Twelve years, she had said. Twelve years was another world; it meant nothing to me.

Later, they all seemed normal

Most of the time, as I have said, I was in a wild state like an animal. In the beginning when I needed calming they gave me baths. Later on they developed shock treatment as a therapy. All mental patients hate shock, but I wasn't bothered by it at first. When the others told me how much they disliked the treatments, I began to dread them too. Fear comes easily to mental patients.

I stopped looking in mirrors and my general appearance must have been repulsive. I cared nothing for neatness; it was a bother not worth any effort. Sometimes I tore magazines into tiny pieces and littered my room. At intervals the patients were required to go to dances and I would strive to look more tidy. I discovered, when I was looking into a mirror on one of these occasions, that my hair was turning grey and my skin didn't look right. I'm surprised now that I even noticed. I certainly didn't mind it. A stranger in the mirror was aging; it had nothing to do with me.

At first, I think, some of the patients seemed odd. After a time they all seemed normal. Every now and then one of them would suddenly strike me, in the middle of a conversation. I used to wonder vaguely why such a thing had happened. My case history records that I used to attack other patients too and

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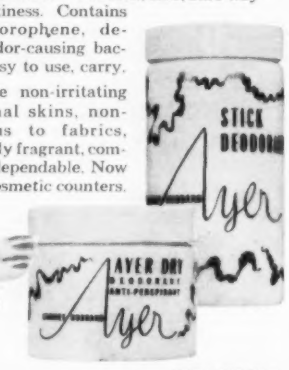

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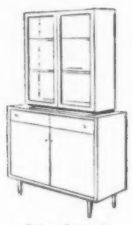

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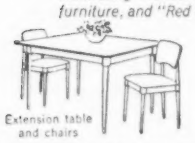

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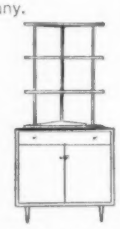

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"You're not my husband," I stormed

members of the staff. This must have happened in the big blocks of time I have lost permanently.

I insisted that everyone call me Mrs. Wheeler. I disliked my husband so much that I would fly into an uncontrollable tantrum if anyone called me by my married name, which was also his. I haven't the faintest idea how I happened to pick the name Wheeler. I just liked the sound of it.

I want to emphasize how important simple kindness is when dealing with mentally ill people. I could always sense genuine interest and concern in the people around me, even when I wasn't able to respond in any visible way. It warmed me and relieved the terrible loneliness of the wilderness I was in. A lot of people, over those years, tried to help me. Whether I showed it or not, I was grateful for their sincerity.

I must add that the reverse was also true. Some staff employees were hostile to the patients, although they concealed it much of the time. Dislike or disapproval struck us like a blow. It would upset me cruelly. The eeriest experience of my entire illness was the result of a ward aide's lack of sympathy.

It happened at a mealtime. Normally I was impatient with the importance the hospital placed on eating. I was never hungry and it seemed so silly. One day, however, something on the menu interested me and I asked for another helping. The aide curtly refused me. We argued and I found myself being pushed along a corridor and locked in a room.

I remember thinking, "Why, that woman is crazy!" I considered my problem. The solution would be to summon a doctor, a favorite doctor who had always been kind to me. I began to shout his name, but no one came. He can't hear me, I thought to myself, because the window is closed. If I made a hole in the window, I'd be able to yell through it and he would hear me clearly.

I approached the window and put my fist through it, very quickly so it wouldn't hurt. I leaned close to the ragged hole I had created and called the doctor's name again. I noticed that my wrist was cut to the bone and I watched it bleed. I felt no pain at all. When the doctor comes, I thought, he can cut the arm off and that will fix it. The solution satisfied me completely and I continued to call. After a time someone came. My arm was stitched up but I don't remember any more.

One morning, I don't know how long afterward, I was in pack. The pack, as we called it, is one of the methods employed to soothe mental patients. It consists of sheets and blankets rung out in cold water and wrapped around the entire body for a period of about two hours. The numbing coldness was relaxing but I never became fond of the treatment. As I say, I was in pack one morning when an aide sat down beside me and said conversationally, "How long have you been here, Mrs. —?"

She was new on the job and didn't know how much I hated my real name. I was about to snub her but I changed my mind. There was a chance she might take me out of the pack. "I don't know how long," I answered. "I'll go and find out," she said.

In a few minutes she came back. "Eight years," she said. I looked at her and thought about it. "I've been here long enough," I think I said. "I want to get better."

One day, a year or two later, my husband came to see me. He had been visiting me from time to time, I don't know how often, and I always introduced him as Mr. Wheeler. My, how I must have hated his name. This visit he took me for a drive in his car and talked to me. I was furious; he seemed a total stranger and I wanted to be back among my friends.

"I'm your husband," he insisted.

"You're not!" I cried, openly weeping. "I'm married to someone else!"

"You're married to me. You're Mrs. —," he said grimly.

"I'm Mrs. Wheeler!"

He turned the car around. "When you decide that you're Mrs. —, we'll be able to talk. You've got to stop calling yourself Mrs. Wheeler."

I began to concentrate on getting well. One of the doctors saw me for an interview. He was gentle and slow-speaking and I wasn't frightened. He let me talk at my own speed and he never interrupted or seemed to lose interest. While I talked, I felt deep gratitude toward him and the tension within me began to loosen. It was shortly after this, I think, that I began taking the little white pills —the tranquilizing drugs.

One of the doctors at the hospital, puzzled because to date it is mainly the long-term patients who have been helped by the drugs, has a theory that possibly we older victims had already begun to convalesce from our illness. "Possibly the drugs have helped them because the illness was already burning itself out," he once explained. "The pills were administered at just the right stage to do the most good."

Now, I build a new life

I don't understand myself how I came to be cured. The pills helped, I'm sure. My husband's ultimatum about the name helped. My own decision that I must try to get better was very important. I am also positive that a new attitude toward eating, bizarre as it may sound, was a good influence. I still don't enjoy food but I force myself never to skip a meal. I am convinced that mental illness can be averted if physical health is sound. I don't know how scientific this theory is but I have great faith in it. For example, I always take my tranquilizing pill with a glass of milk and I believe the milk to be as valuable to maintaining my mental health as the pill is. This may be a delusion but after eleven years of horrid fantasies I think I may be permitted a few mild eccentricities.

My greatest problem now is in putting together a new life. I'm growing more confident every day but I'm still anxious about my ability to seem normal—whatever that is—in a group of people. I know I must avoid excitement and argument like a hay-fever victim avoids goldenrod. For this reason I abandoned the likelihood that living with my mother again would be a good arrangement. She and I are still too far apart to risk it and my daughter is painfully uncomfortable with me. The hospital has found in cases such as mine that it is usually impos-

sible for the patient to return to the former environment. Too many years have elapsed and the family no longer has room for a haunted stranger.

It has been recommended to me by the hospital social worker that I start over in a new city where I have never lived. I considered this but I am experimenting first with the hope that my marriage can be rebuilt. My husband became more interested in me while I was ill, fought hard to develop my determination to improve and suggested on my discharge that we try again. He's changed a good deal and I have become wonderfully wise. I seem to have a bottomless capacity for acceptance. All our old battles used to be for supremacy; I no longer consider this first prize.

I spend one day a week in my husband's home, "on probation" he informs me. It suits me perfectly. I'm learning about new kinds of waxes for furniture, a vacuum cleaner with a strange shape, plastic place mats. I still can't get the proper appreciation of frozen foods. I used to cook marvelous French fried potatoes and it seems to me vaguely insulting that my husband buys them already cooked and frozen.

"Times have changed," he tells me. "These frozen foods are terrific. They save housewives hours!"

"Save housewives hours?" I ask, astonished. "For what?"

He stares at me. "You must make an effort to live in the outer world," he says in exasperation.

I agree but I will refuse to adjust to some things. The tight belts that women wear now seem to me unhealthy. I laughed the first time I saw the wide skirts—crinolines, they call them. They are just plain ridiculous and I'll never wear them. I can't bear Elvis Presley, but I understand this doesn't make me unusual.

I must get over an unfortunate habit I have developed, out of concern, of concluding all conversations with the questions, "Did I sound all right while we were talking? Did I make sense?" Soon my husband will be inviting his friends to meet me. I am sure of myself when I'm alone but in a company I have no way of knowing how I look or how I sound.

I'm pleased to notice that many people now regard mental illness as an unfortunate disease, rather than some deliberate form of filth. When I returned to work twelve years ago after my first attack, people turned away in distaste if I mentioned that I had been treated by a psychiatrist. Now I openly explain that I have just spent eleven years in a mental hospital and people politely say "Really?" in the same tone they would use if I said I was recuperating from measles. I can't assume this wonderfully encouraging new attitude is general—I live near a mental hospital where most of the public is well informed about mental illness—but I'm appreciative. I'm not ashamed of having been mentally ill. It may seem curious to some people, but I'm genuinely proud to have survived such an experience. I've lost eleven years but I'm a better person now, much better.

Not long ago one of the guests in the rooming house where I work was complaining about her boss.

"That man is off his rocker," she moaned. "He ought to be in a nut house."

My employer was aghast and looked at me with anguish. I smiled to reassure her. The girl doesn't know what she's talking about. She just doesn't know. ◆

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By Trudy Jensen

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WHAT SHOULD YOU TELL YOUR CHILD ABOUT SEX?

Continued from page 15

"And that's how you got me?" exclaimed the child in rising surprise.

The mother nodded, warily.

Suddenly the child laughed. "I think that's corny," she chuckled.

Another child, a boy of my acquaintance, was equally amused but he reacted differently. "That's the silliest thing I've ever heard," he told his mother firmly. "I don't believe a word of it."

An example of the kind of ease that I feel essential to the proper adjustment of a child was furnished by a patient of mine with a five-year-old girl. The child came home one day with a nasty case of poison ivy all over her behind. Her mother asked how the child happened to be exposed.

"Oh, we have a club," explained the little girl airily. "We call it the 'Taking Off Your Clothes Club.'"

"What do you do?" asked the mother casually.

"We couldn't decide," answered her daughter. "Some of the boys wanted to do some things but I told them I didn't think you'd go along with that. So we just take off our clothes."

A while later, when the rash had healed, the mother asked what the club planned to do.

"We're going to find a new place," her daughter assured her.

The mother looked disinterested. "Why don't you just stop?" she suggested. "You weren't having much fun, were you?"

"No, we weren't," decided the child. "We'll stop the club."

I like this story because it illustrates how tact and a light approach can win the day, where the sledge hammer of indignation might have inflicted permanent scars and attached unwholesome suggestion to the normal curiosity of children.

Most women seem to feel that sex education begins when the tiny tot asks, "Where do babies come from, Mommy?" and the mother answers, with considerable pride in herself, "From Mommy's tummy, dear." This isn't the beginning at all; the child's sex education began when she was six months old, at the moment she started to explore her own body.

During this first and natural exploration, babies invariably discover the most erotic parts of their bodies and derive from this a pleasant sensation. Human beings are constructed in such a way that this is inevitable. The baby, being a healthy, normal little person, is making some discoveries about himself. The mother, however, may put a different connotation on what he is doing.

I once asked a former psychology professor of mine, Dr. William E. Blatz of the University of Toronto's Institute of Child Study, how many children masturbate. "About one hundred and one percent," he answered readily. I surmised from this that masturbation is quite common among children.

A mother begins sex education with this very ordinary problem. Is she aghast? Does she slap the astonished baby's hand? Does she cry? I know for a fact that many mothers phone their obstetricians, wailing so that they can scarcely be understood. Pediatricians tell me that some mothers get their husbands home from the office and insist that they deal with the potential sex fiend. None of these reactions can fail to injure the child. The notion is planted that certain areas of the body are shameful, disgusting even. The baby is being wronged, and cruelly so. Many psychologists believe that adult preoccupation with pornography and burlesque often stems from a childhood in which natural curiosity about human anatomy was frustrated.

The solution to the universal problem of children masturbating is a positive approach, rather than the definitely harmful negative one. Recognize that in an infant such behavior is mere exploration. Give him something else to do, a toy to occupy his attention. Older children masturbate, usually, because they are bored and feel forlorn. They should be distracted with busyness. I sometimes suspect that most of the chronic behavior problems of small children can be solved by keeping them occupied. Little children have no reflections to content idleness; they need activity.

Never discipline a child for masturbation and never brand it as wrong. The act in itself is harmless; it is the aura of guilt and disgrace that is devastating to the life of an adult. I firmly believe that frigidity in women is often the result of a tone of voice or the atmosphere some mother has created around a child's natural interest in genitals. I wouldn't be writing about a subject so many people find distasteful if I didn't feel so strongly that it is time this shadowy menace was brought out into the light, discussed and dismissed for what it is—a normal and transient preoccupation.

While I favor an easy nudity in the home as being the best and most natural method of settling curiosity, I do wish the contemporary trend in this direction was more restrained. Many young couples, in their anxiety to keep any hint of furtiveness away from sex, fail to draw any boundaries of good taste. I've seen a child of eight, stark naked, stroll unconcernedly through the living room while guests were present. A rather charming dinner party was disrupted only recently when a ten-year-old blithely referred to procreation, on the canine level. It is surely not overwhelmingly difficult to advise children on the unsuitability of certain topics and certain behavior outside the family circle.

Similarly, some mothers are so determined to be frank (their word) about sex education that they dazzle the child with a pyrotechnics of detailed explanation, both bewildering and boring. Make certain first what information the child wants and give it to him, with no added flourishes. I might add the caution that some children aren't interested at all in reality and will discard science every time.

The mother of one such child was stunned to hear her little daughter informing a cohort that the fairies leave babies under rose bushes.

"I told you how babies are born, didn't I?" the mother asked, drawing the child aside.

"Oh sure," answered the little girl, "but I like this story better."

Every mother must attempt to judge, although impartiality is impossible, what sort of child she has. Some children want a leavening of fantasy in their lives and won't thrive without it. Mothers in such cases must make a distinction between reality and frills—but recognize that each has value. Other children want only

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the facts, like cops, just the plain facts.

All of them need to know that the theme of reproduction is respect, kindness, responsibility and affection. They learn this through their pores, absorbing the atmosphere of the home. The relationship between the parents establishes the tone that the children will always associate with marriage.

For this reason I feel it is one of the greatest of modern tragedies that fathers have so little time for their children. One survey in the United States established that the average father spent seven minutes a week in direct, personal communion with his children. Children in such homes naturally grow up believing that their mother is the kingpin of the universe, an attitude that may enchant the mother but can only cause difficulties for the children.

A little girl who is raised by an absentee father and an enthusiastic mother can never have a properly focused understanding of marriage. In searching for a mate, she has no pattern to make a sensible judgment. A little boy has just as great a problem. He cannot see the stature of being male; he has no concept of the protectiveness and strength of his sex. When he marries, he is without any appreciation of the role of a husband.

Parents should never be rude to one another—at least not in front of the children. The father shouldn't be irritable or the mother full of tears. A child can accept occasional disagreements between the adults he loves but not the acid evil of constant dislike and insult. A father can teach his son a good attitude toward sex in the courtliness and consideration he shows his wife. A mother can teach the grass-roots principle of happy adjustment in the respect and admiration she shows her husband. This is sex education in its finest, most intelligent form.

Even in the all too common households where pressure of business keeps the father absent a good deal of the time, the mother can do much to rescue the situation. She must keep clearly in mind, for the sake of the family as a whole, that the father is its head. She must never deride his wisdom or his decisions. She must never give the child the impression that only she, his mother, is interested in his activities. The multitude of monologues that distinguish a child's conversation should be directed at the father as well—and he would be well advised to listen patiently and with interest if he hopes to retain the friendship of his offspring. A breach between father and children is painfully difficult to bridge.

In the field of obstetrics, with its acute emotional impact, the quality of the childhood training can be clearly discerned in the adult patient. Some women approach motherhood with such obvious delight that they all but giggle. I know full well that their mothers loved babies and were proud in pregnancy. Some women are nervous and look at me with fathomless panic when I confirm their suspicion that they are pregnant. I can make an astute guess about their mothers too.

I wish mothers would remember that everything they say to their daughters about babies forms an attitude that persists a lifetime. One of my patients years ago told me, "The happiest time in our family is when I'm pregnant." When she was having her fourth child, the older children were concerned that their two-year-old brother was too small "to remember how wonderful it is to have a baby." They used to put his tiny hands on his mother's tummy so that he could feel the life within. "Mummy, baby," he would say, under their coaching. Not long ago the oldest child of the household, now grown and married, came to me to have her first baby. She was absolutely radiant and, possibly only by coincidence, she had one of the easiest pregnancies and deliveries in my experience.

My own choice of obstetrics as a profession is rooted, I am certain, in an incident that happened when I was five years old. My mother took me into our guest room—I remember it was chilly because it was unheated unless we had company—and pulled open the bottom bureau drawer. The smell of camphor and cashmere stung my nostrils and I saw the drawer was filled with beautiful baby clothes.

"This is our secret," my mother told me, with a sweetness in her face. "We are going to have a baby."

"Does daddy know?" I whispered.

My mother chuckled and closed the drawer. "You can come here whenever you like and look at the baby's things," she told me.

I learned of the tenderness and responsibility of having a baby in those few moments. For many years the thought of babies evoked the smell of camphor and cashmere and the loving tone of my mother's voice. I wish all women could have such an introduction to childbearing. It would settle something that too often is in doubt—that the business of creation is happy and fundamental. Babies are the result of warm love that overflows into physical union. That's my idea of sex education.

I don't want to leave this subject of sex education and the child without dealing with a problem that few people realize is very common. I have discovered over the years of my practice that an incredibly high proportion of my patients have had an unpleasant sexual experience in their childhoods, the victims of adults whose unnatural sex practices can be sustained by children. Other doctors treating men report the same findings and the most disturbing aspect of these tragedies is that the aberrations often occur *in the child's home*. The maid in the household may take aside a little boy, for example, or an uncle enlist the attention of a little girl. The experience is usually trivial in nature but nevertheless destructive in its consequence. I am certain that much of the exaggerated revulsion of some brides is the result of a traumatic experience in their childhoods. I'm caring for two such girls now; their menstruation is erratic and their loathing for the physical side of love is deep-rooted.

Almost all parents warn their children to be wary of a "stranger." It is a fact, familiar to experts studying sexual deviation, that most incidents of this nature occur with an adult whom the child knows and trusts, a relative or a neighbor. Children should be cautioned to avoid all interference from any source. It isn't necessary to be specific and describe the detail of deviation, of course, but make it clear that the child mustn't permit interference *from anyone*.

Should some such episode befall your child, despite all the protective devices you have built, I urge you to submerge your anguish and try to forget it. Treat the child with the same warmth and relaxed affection as in the past. In my experience, the hand-wringing overwrought mother is a far greater hazard to the child's recovery than the experience itself.

"What should I tell my children about —you know?" a neurotic patient of mine once asked me, squirming in her chair and twisting her gloves. "They ask me questions and I just don't know what to say."

I looked at her beaten, harrowed face and listened to the whine in her tone and I didn't know how to advise her. There is very little such a woman can tell children that will be of benefit, because the atmosphere she creates is all wrong.

But the mother who meets life with gaiety, who fills her home with companionship and consideration and a brimming zest, such a mother can tell her children that babies come from the moon, by parachute, if she likes. She won't, but it probably wouldn't matter much if she did. Her children will make out all right. They're going to just love being people. ◆

YOU WERE ASKING *Chatelaine*

Question:

A magazine article gave me the idea of planting soybeans (full of vitamins and other good things!), but how do you prepare them?

—*Mrs. M. A. Hilgers, Calgary.*

Answer:

Soak dried beans overnight, then simmer until tender (two to three hours). Combine with onion, tomato or diced meat in a casserole.

Some varieties can be picked while the pods are green and beans are the size of small limas. Cover pods with boiling water and let stand five minutes. Drain, press out the beans and cook in boiling salted water until tender (about twenty minutes). Season with salt, sugar, and a little butter.

Can you imagine precious vaccines in anything but glass?

It's easy to understand why things that guard your family's health come in safe, sanitary glass. Glass is so naturally pure, so chemically inert, it's the one container you automatically think of for invaluable vaccines. In glass, you know life-preserving medicines will stay safe. Aren't you glad so many of the things you rely on come protected by glass?

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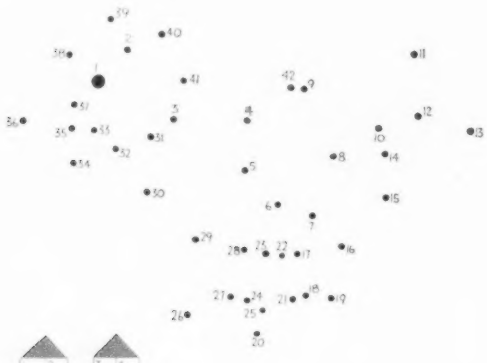
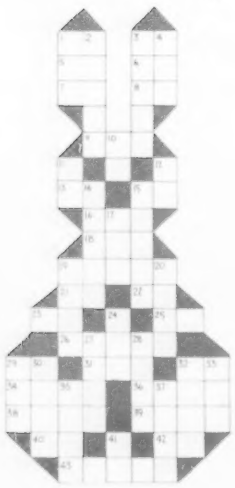
CHATELAINE'S

CHATTY CHIPMUNK

Try this pencil dot game and meet an Easter friend!



Now see if you can fill in this Easter-bunny crossword puzzle.



ACROSS

1. exclamation
2. like
5. baby word for father
6. behold
7. in attendance
8. nickname for Edward
9. something new for Easter
13. therefore
15. in that place
16. slang for policeman
18. automobile
19. a cute girl
21. either
22. sixth note of the scale
23. be
25. therefore
26. rabbit
29. father
31. green vegetable
32. Doctor of Divinity (abbr.)
34. answering sound
36. to talk to God
38. number from thirteen to nineteen
39. dry
40. Salvation Army (abbr.)
42. in that place
43. a famous rabbit's name

Answer on page 81

DOWN

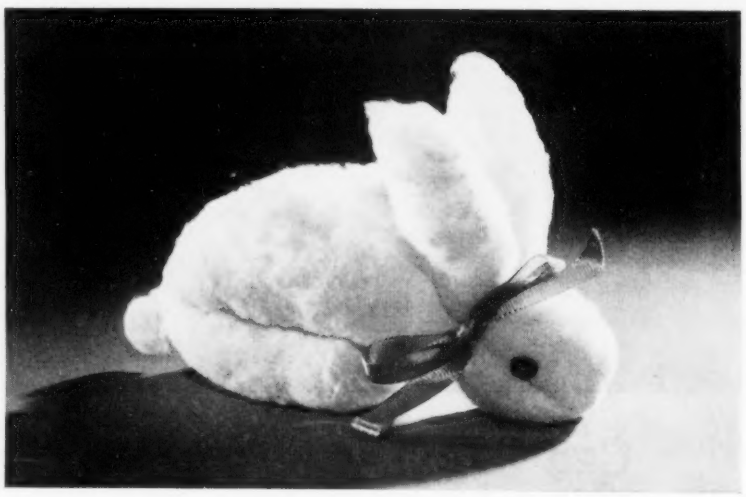
1. girl's name
2. when eggs turn to chicks
3. ready
4. patches of grass
10. article (grammar)
11. exists
12. that thing (pronoun)
14. happen
15. this month
17. grain
19. used to make hair neat
20. not hard
24. first number
27. on
29. a rabbit is a nice - - -
28. short sleeps
30. highest cards
32. run quickly
33. used to color
35. pile
37. back
41. that thing (pronoun)

At Eastertime it's fun to try decorating eggs. Make a small hole in each end of an egg and blow out the insides, then paint or decorate the shell. If you color hard-boiled eggs use vegetable coloring because the dye goes right through the shell. Did you know that when you boil an egg in with spinach or beets the egg inside as well as the shell turns a lovely color?

Here are some other things that you can do with eggs: When your mother uses an egg in cooking ask her to break it high up on the point so that there is quite a big piece of shell left. Wash it out carefully and chip the edges as even as possible. Decorate it on the outside and fill it with garden soil with a spoon. Plant a tiny plant in it and stand it up in a ring of plasticine.

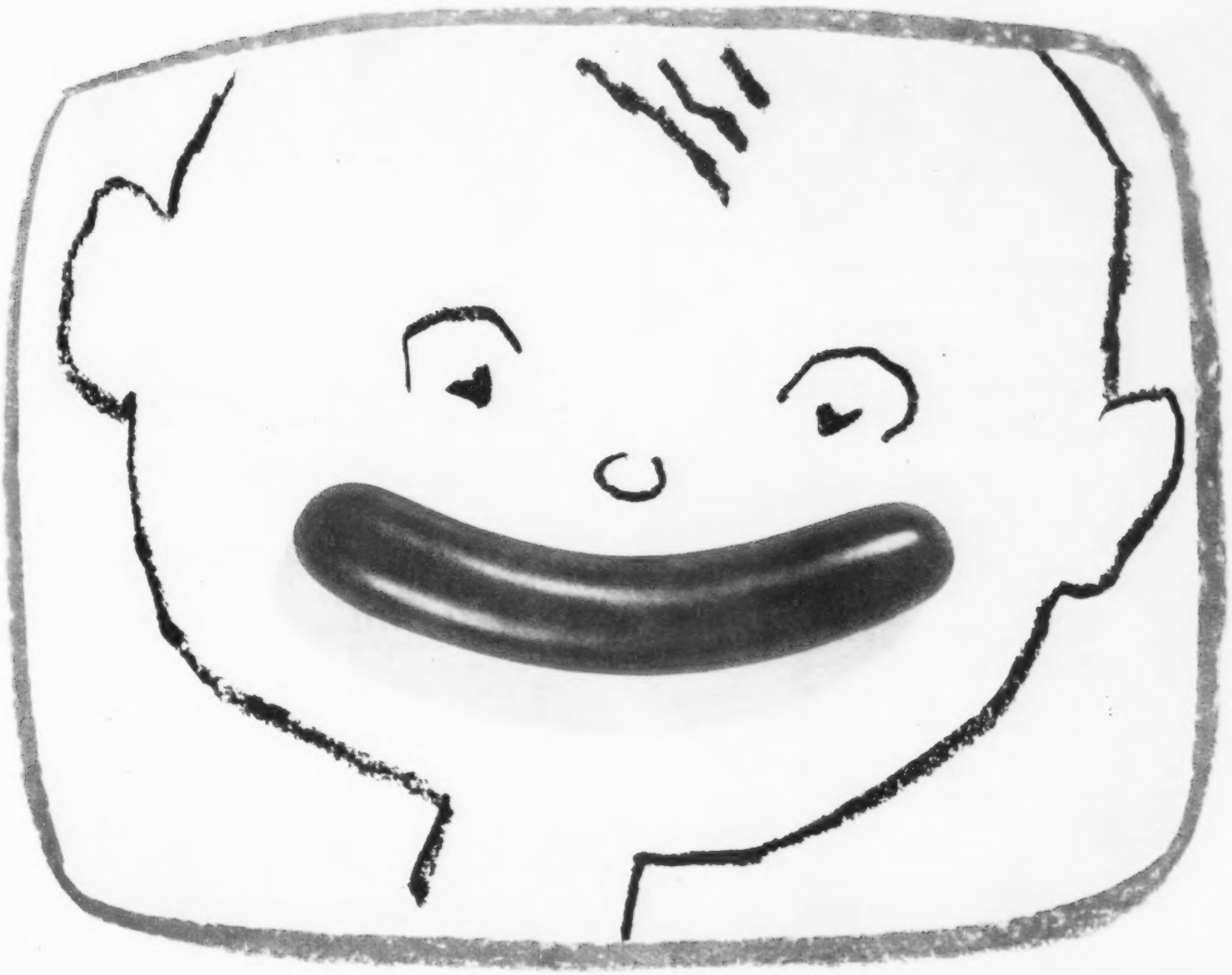
To make lovely floating flowers for an Easter table use half egg shells trimmed as smoothly as possible around the edge. This can be done with small scissors and smoothed off with fine sandpaper or an emery board. Paint them pretty colors inside and out and float them in a shallow dish.

Now here is an Easter bunny for you to make. You will need a strip of absorbent cotton 12 inches long and about 4 inches wide. Roll both long edges in toward the middle. With the rolls on top, about 3 inches from one end tie it with white thread and tuck this end under at the tie. Do the same thing at the other end but this time fold the end over at the tie. Tie a ribbon at this end around both pieces of absorbent cotton about 1 inch from the fold. Slash down the free end to make ears. They may need a bit of trimming on the points. Unroll the middle section slightly to puff it up. You can even stuff it a little if you want. A little ball of cotton pinned on for a tail and two circles of black cardboard pinned into the head for eyes will complete your bunny.



Good-by for this month — I'll be seeing you soon,

Chatty



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Colds	

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Should You Send Your Child to Camp?

What camp should you choose? What age should your child be? What will camp training do for your boy or girl?

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD, DIRECTOR CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

WHY NOT send your child to camp this summer? Even if you are one of the fortunate few who have your own cottage and can spend a long holiday there, your child will profit from at least a taste of organized camp life.

How to choose a camp

Often the expensive camps have representatives, from whom you can get information, in the larger cities of the province where the camp is located. Camps run by the YMCA or YWCA, the Scouts, the Guides, and many other organizations are definitely not expensive and can nevertheless be very good. If you write to the Canadian Camping Association, 170 Bloor Street West, Toronto 5, they can send you either a list of all the camps in your province or the address of the camping association in your area. A small fee to cover postage is all you pay for this service. You will find listed the location of the camp, the auspices under which it is run, the director's name, the cost, the size, the age range, whether it is for boys, girls or both, and the type of medical or nursing supervision provided.

If you can talk to the director of the camp you are considering, that is ideal, as you can judge a great deal about the camp from his or her attitude. You can obtain further information from folders, pictures and even movies. The parents of former campers or the campers and counselors themselves can give you good first-hand information about the equipment, the special interests and the general life at a particular camp.

How much does camp cost?

There is a wide range of prices at Canadian camps. Some charge as much as $575 for a two-month period; such a camp would have expensive modern equipment which is kept in excellent repair. Other camps charge only a small nominal fee and charge nothing to those who cannot afford it. The Y camps range in price from ten to fifteen dollars a week. Price is no indication of the standard of the camp. Most medium-priced camps are excellent, and a very primitive camp with few if any modern conveniences can give a wonderful camping experience.

Some private camps may charge extra for activities like riding, or for materials like leather or shells that are used in crafts. They may also insist that the child wear a camp uniform. At most camps, however, the child wears his own choice of shorts and T-shirts, which means a minimum of expense for his parents.

How safe are camps?

Of course, the director and staff should take great pains to guard against accidents. In choosing a

camp, you should make sure certain safety precautions are in force. For example, campers should be allowed to bathe only in certain areas at certain times; and the waterfront director with a large staff of trained counselors should be on hand to teach swimming as well as to keep track of all campers. Rules about the use of boats should be in force so that the unskilled cannot endanger themselves and others, and the dock and other waterfront facilities should be in good repair. Check with your provincial health department to see if tests of the water supply are made by the public-health laboratories. In addition, the sanitary facilities and the food-handling services and equipment should be inspected by government officials.

Who are the counselors?

Camp directors realize how important it is to have counselors who not only like children but also know quite a bit about them. They prefer those who have had camping experience themselves and are good swimmers. Counselors are usually university students or teachers and their suitability for the job is well scrutinized before they are accepted. Often the camping associations, possibly with the help of a university extension department, provide short training courses for counselors, and there are counselor placement bureaux to help them find jobs.

Well-organized camps don't take counselors under eighteen years of age, although sometimes seventeen-year-olds are employed as assistant counselors. For young campers, older counselors are needed. Each should have only about four youngsters under his care. With children over twelve years, six to a counselor is about right. Counselors may live in the cabin with the children or in a room attached to the same building. They do a great deal to make camp life happy and rewarding for the youngsters.

Both the campers and the counselors must have medical examinations within a week of leaving for camp to guard against their bringing infections with them.

How old should your child be?

Many child experts feel that if you can provide a healthful summer for your youngster outside of camp, it is best to do so until he is about nine years old. However, sometimes this isn't possible, and some camps accept children as young as three years. In choosing a camp for children under eight, be sure there is a relaxed program so that the youngsters have rests in the afternoon and long sleeps at night. In fact, a rest period of an hour or more after lunch is usually the routine in all camps.

In some camps, the camping period lasts ten to fourteen days, in others one to two months. One month at camp is long enough for very young campers. For children over thirteen years, two months at camp gives a fine chance to become really skillful at camping and at crafts and to earn the reward of more out-of-camp trips.

If the camp accepts children in a wide

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Why your child needs your help when pimples strike

by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY
(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent as letters from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Specialists warn that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause *permanent* damage to a child's personality. And everyone knows that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave *permanent* scars on the skin.

Is there a way you can help your child? Yes, thanks to CLEARASIL, a modern, scientific medicated formulation especially for pimples. In actual clinical tests, CLEARASIL brought positive relief in a high percentage of cases.

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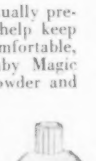

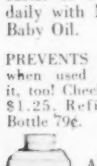

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range of ages, it usually divides them into three groups—Juniors, Intermediates and Seniors. These groups have different programs planned to meet their differing strengths, skills and interests.

When is he ready for camp?

If your child is enthusiastic about going to camp, he is ready and will enjoy himself. Only a very few children don't have a good time at camp; even those who aren't sure they want to go at first are usually eager to go back the following year.

But don't force him to go if he is set against it. A child who is not ready to go to camp will get nothing out of the experience. By the next summer he will probably be eager to go and thoroughly enjoy himself there.

Don't be afraid to send a shy, withdrawn child, or an only child, to camp. He may be homesick at first, but association with other children and other sympathetic adults than his parents usually improves his social adjustment and by the end of the camping period he is having a very good time.

Should you visit your child?

If the camp lasts only ten days to two weeks, you would be wise not to visit your children. If they are to be there a month, one visit is usually advised but not until after the first week, so that the youngsters have had a chance to settle down. Usually visiting is done on a weekend. The campers and staff may put on a special program, a tea party or a bonfire for you.

Your youngster may be upset when he sees you or he may pay little attention to you and prefer to spend the time with his camp mates. This is rather tough for you, of course, but at least it shows that he is enjoying himself, and that he has adjusted himself exceptionally well to a new way of life among strangers.

What can camp do for your youngster?

Camp teaches your child to get along with others at close range. He will likely be living with three, five or seven other campers, maybe only one of whom he knew before. Many children make good new friends at camp.

He learns to share the work, not only by keeping his own belongings and his cabin neat but in the outside jobs on trips and picnics as well. A lazy camper finds he is not popular. Even five-year-olds learn how to make their own beds and to help tidy the camp lodge after programs.

He learns independence and co-operation. Each cabin plans many of its own activities, and carries them through to completion. Planning a skit or a trip, mostly on their own, but with the counselor on hand to lend advice, is quite an achievement for the campers. They often discuss afterward how they could have done better.

He learns all kinds of camping skills. Fear of animals, fear of the dark, food dislikes often can be overcome at camp. He learns to enjoy the out-of-doors and to know many of its inhabitants. Camp is often the beginning of a life-long interest in nature study or astronomy, as well as dramatics, handicraft and sports. It is a place where a sense of value is learned and where good citizenship is encouraged. ◆

Slim Down for Spring

You'll find a sensible reducing program in Chatelaine's bulletin, "Keeping in Shape." It contains low-calorie diet, plus a series of slenderizing exercises to keep muscles firm. Bulletin No. 22. Price 10 cents.

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BAD BALLET LESSONS CAN CRIPPLE YOUR CHILD

Continued from page 10

developed. Of course, girls with exaggerated physical defects can never become ballerinas, no matter how hard they work. These are the girls who are overweight, who have a long body and very short legs, flat feet or a big toe that is so much longer than the others that it would be excruciating to stand on tiptoe.

But even if she is physically sound, the chances are that your daughter won't become a ballerina, because she won't make the effort required. But with sound training she will always enjoy her ballet experience. And ballet will give her grace and poise and correct her minor postural defects. Properly taught it cannot cause her bodily harm.

So it's vitally important for you to choose a qualified ballet teacher. Here are some pointers to help you:

Check her background. Was she trained by an accredited organization? In Canada two of the better-known ones are the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing, and the Royal Academy of Dancing, both of which originated in England. Traditional Russian ballet boasted some of the world's greatest teachers, but the Russian school is hard to check because it has no syllabus which specifies how the training is to proceed.

Check her reputation. The distinction of her pupils is a good yardstick, but guard against the teacher who has a big name and high fees, but no visible results of successful teaching.

Look at results. If her pupils have bulging leg muscles, she is giving them unbalanced training. If they do not keep the upper parts of their bodies relaxed and their hips and shoulders still while doing exercises at the bar, something is wrong. They should do their exercises with straight backs and straight legs, standing as tall as they can without strain. If this is not stressed in their early training, the teacher is poor.

Count the number in the class. If there are more than twenty, the class is too large for the teacher to watch everyone.

Investigate her ability to demonstrate. When a child is learning it isn't enough for the teacher to stand in front of the class and dictate an exercise. She must be able to help each student by placing her in the correct position.

Assess her personal qualities. Is she conscientious, patient, a good disciplinarian but not a martinet? A good class has an air of concentration, but is cheerful. If there is an atmosphere of tension, the children are being forced beyond physical or mental endurance.

Make sure she emphasizes correct posture: Pupils should stand tall, the head slightly lifted without tension, shoulders down, tummies in, knees straight, the weight of the body over the centre of the foot with the heels resting lightly on the floor.

Choose a teacher who proceeds slowly and builds up her pupils' strength, instead of pushing them into steps before they're ready. A good teacher will spend fifteen minutes on one exercise and get it right, and then play a game, instead of trying to hold the interest of the class by aping advanced ballet steps.

Don't choose a teacher merely because she's handy or cheap. ◆

BRINGING UP BABY

HINTS COLLECTED BY
MRS. DAN GERBER
MOTHER OF 5

Those first brave attempts at toddling are bound to be accompanied by assorted tumbles, bumps and bruises. That's just part and parcel of the important business of growing up. Of course you'll want to comfort baby, but it's not wise to over-sympathize, since this may instill a fear of trying to go it alone. I think perhaps a hug, a kiss and a quick distraction work more of a magic cure than dwelling on the hurt.

BITING STORY

Teething can often dampen even the brightest of spirits. Pleasant way to help relieve aching gums: Gerber Teething Biscuits. They're extra-hard so baby can get real biting satisfaction. The surface is smooth and soothing — the flavor mild and pleasant, and they're baked in a tapered shape for easy grasping.

Refreshing afterthought. Offer your teether frequent sips of cool (not cold) water or juice. Baby will welcome the cooling temporary comfort.

HOW A FELLOW MAKES A FRIEND

Some of the most successful visiting adults I know make friends with shy year-olds by "delaying action." Ignoring the little one at first often arouses enough interest to make the lad or lass gravitate toward the stranger. Once interest has been indicated, the friendship can usually be furthered with a chain of jingly keys, a bright-colored hankie or most any safe, indestructible item.

FRUIT REFRESHER

1 cup whole milk
1 egg white, beaten
*½ container of any Gerber Strained Fruit**
Sugar to taste

Combine ingredients and blend thoroughly with a rotary egg beater. Wonderful as an after-nap snack for toddlers.

*Gerber Strained and Junior Fruits are famous for tempting, true-to-nature colors and luscious flavor. Delightful by the spoonful—a delicious addition to cereal, puddings or ice cream. 11 Strained varieties, 8 heavenly Junior Fruits.

OUNCE OF PREVENTION

When baby begins to creep or toddle it's most important to see that all electrical cords are in good condition and electrical outlets are not left exposed. Keep lamp cords out of sight, iron and toaster cords well out of reach.

FEATURE OF THE MONTH

Gerber Junior Chicken Noodle Dinner

It's delicious! It's Chicken and Noodles and everything nice, including flavor-fresh vegetables. That just about sums up this delightful Gerber main dish for toddlers. Nourishing because it combines 3 food groups to give baby a variety of nutrients plus unusual flavor interest . . . all in one dish.

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Z.B.T. IS SO MUCH
SOFTER, TOO...
BABY FEELS
MORE COMFORTABLE

Smooth Z.B.T. on palm of hand and sprinkle with water. Note how water rolls off! That's why Z.B.T. keeps baby's tender skin dry . . . protects it against moisture irritation.
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Take the Baby With You

This mother reports complete success with "Operation Lynda"—a round trip by train from Toronto to Moose Jaw with her baby daughter

By DOREEN HAUSMAN

UNTIL A FEW years ago, the prospect of a long train trip with a baby was viewed with dread by most mothers. But today's air-conditioned trains, dome cars and coffee shops make possible a pleasant, even relaxed, journey. I found this out recently when I undertook a fifteen-hundred-mile train trip to Moose Jaw with my six-month-old daughter Lynda. For business reasons my husband wasn't able to go with us.

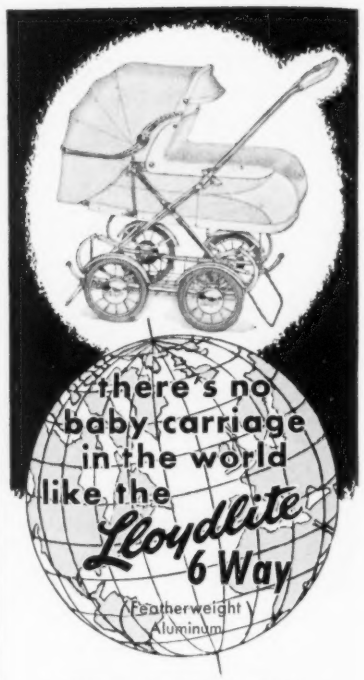
Although I made elaborate plans I found that, face to face with reality, there were things I'd overlooked. I'd like to pass these along in case you plan to travel with your youngster.

From Toronto to Moose Jaw is two days' and two nights' travel with a two-hour time change included. Lynda was taking five bottles of formula a day including one at night. Before leaving home, I prepared all ten bottles complete with nipples to be stored in the dining-car refrigerator.

When you go aboard, give your formula and tins to the dining-car steward. He'll heat them as you need them. Give him a written schedule of approximate feeding times and what should be included in each meal. Remember, though, that he has many other duties and don't be alarmed by slight delays. Take along extra formula ingredients in case you run out.

Doctors recommend changing from a fresh-milk formula to canned milk about a week before the trip. Fresh-milk standards may vary in different cities and can upset the baby, but canned milk is always the same. Let the baby decide how much food he wants and don't expect him to eat as well as usual.

Getting food for myself in the coffee shop, I found that off-hours were the key to success. At night I waited till Lynda was in bed before going to the diner for



- LIGHT—made of sturdy aluminum alloy, weighs only 36 to 40 pounds.
- SAFE—has Lloyd "Truly Safe" anti-tip stand and brake.
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my one big meal. Usually, someone near my seat offered to look in on her while I ate.

On the trip west I bought only a lower berth. This was a mistake. Lynda was too big to lie comfortably on one seat and I had to sit on the edge of the seat to keep her from rolling off. Coming back we bought a section (upper and lower berths entitling you to the use of both seats). The extra space was worth the additional cost. I had the lower berth made up as a bed without the night curtains, so there was plenty of room for Lynda to play and sleep. I had to sit sideways with my feet in the aisle but the peace of mind was worth the discomfort. Often another passenger would let me sit across the aisle where I could keep an eye on the baby.

At home Lynda had just started to crawl and was used to spending a lot of time on the floor. This was not practical on the train and I was hard put to entertain her. Walks through other cars delighted her tremendously. So did walks on station platforms. The dome cars provided a wonderful change of scenery, and Lynda often fell asleep under the spell of the subdued lighting.

I found too that traveling alone has its drawbacks in the washroom. On the trip west, in order to wash, I had to let the baby play on the floor. Coming back, I bought an inexpensive stroller and wheeled her to the washroom. The folded stroller fitted neatly under the berth.

I found it best to undress soon after supper and crawl into the berth to read or doze till it was time for Lynda's night bottle. I woke her for the bottle rather than waiting till she awoke herself, so that I could get it over before the other passengers had settled down for the night.

The first night I tried sleeping beside her, but spent a restless night worrying about pulling the covers over her head and smothering her. The second night I slept at the opposite end of the berth with my feet to the outside to keep her from rolling out. We both got more sleep and she still had plenty of room.

Luggage is a major problem on a trip like this. Of course I used disposable diapers. Another big help was a dampened washcloth. Trains have a way of making adults feel grimy and dirty, and this is even truer of children. I blessed this cloth every time I used it.

At night Lynda wore plastic pants over her diapers and I also put plastic pads under a sheet of my own on top of the train sheet. Wet clothing and rinsed plastic pants were hung to dry in the berth at night and I stored soiled clothing in plastic bags.

Another aid was a small overnight case where I kept things for immediate use. Each night I put in it what Lynda would need for the following day along with a supply of diapers, her dish and spoon, a tea towel, hand towel and the washcloth.

Even with checking most of my baggage and keeping only enough clothes, food and equipment for the journey, I had to keep track of two large suitcases and a small one on the train. But there were always redcaps at the stations to help. The made-up berth provides much more storage space than the single seats too. Porters are usually good with children and willing to help. Of course, much of their attitude depends on how you treat them. A good tip (two dollars) at the end of the journey is always appreciated. Don't forget to tip the dining-car steward too.

The discovery that there wasn't much I couldn't do for myself gave me a pleasant sense of independence. But don't be too independent. There's a difference between asking for help with every little thing and asking someone to baby-sit while you have your supper.

Remember, too, no matter how many plans you make, you are likely to run into something you didn't expect. Be prepared to meet the unexpected calmly, knowing you can always ask for help.

Above all, to keep the baby happy, be happy yourself. When things pile up and you start to get in a dither, remember the baby is watching you and try to think of the fun you'll have at the end of the trip. You'll help the baby enjoy the trip and you'll enjoy it too. Most important, you'll arrive at your destination looking forward to your vacation and not dreading the trip home. ◆

☆ ☆ ☆

HOLD THAT LINE!

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Oh, rarer than pearls in an oyster stew
Or cactus in Toronto
Is a pencil by the phone when you
Need one pronto!

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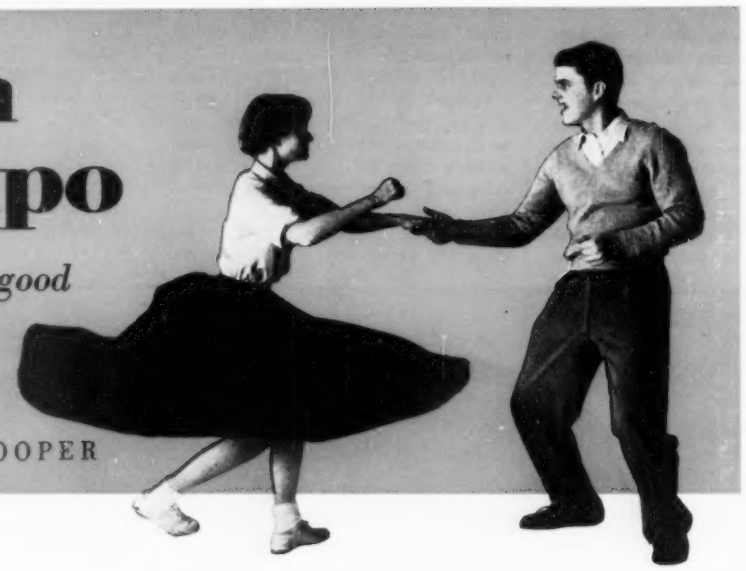
How to be a good baby sitter

BY SUSAN COOPER



Cash from the play-pen set

How to make a few extra dollars is a big problem when you're in school. Some teen-agers have Saturday jobs but many of you probably find you can't manage school, sports and a job too. Baby-sitting is a neat solution, helping you find extra pocket money and helping some harassed parents find some time to themselves.

You can get a good new handbook called simply, A Guide for Baby Sitters, from the Ontario Department of Public Welfare. It blueprints the baby-sitting business for you from how much to charge to how to entertain a two-year-old.

Here's how to start your baby-sitting career. Get references from your teachers and a note from your doctor certifying you are in good health. Then let mothers of young children know you're eager to baby-sit. Show them your references so they'll know you're a serious responsible person. This should bring you as many calls as you can handle. Then if you're good at the job, word of mouth from one mother to another will make business boom.

Baby-sitting is definitely a job for a dependable person. Always remember it is a career; you must be able to be counted on to keep your promises. If you say you'll sit and decide at the last minute to go to a basketball game instead, you deserve to lose your business. Once you've promised, your only valid excuse is illness or a bad cold. In that case, parents won't want you near their children anyway. But let them know as soon as you can so they can get someone else. Better still, try to get someone for them in your place.

When you get a call, find out ahead of time the children's ages. Before you undertake the job, settle the price, what extra pay you'll get for overtime, and how you'll get home. If possible, drop in beforehand so you can get the children's routines down pat: if the baby has a bottle and when, what animals little John likes to take to bed with him, what time he is supposed to be in bed, whether the dog is allowed in his bedroom . . . well you get the idea.

Be sure to note down where you can reach the parents, the children's doctor's phone number, and emergency numbers such as fire and police.

When the parents leave, you are the adult in charge of the house, but a visitor nevertheless. You don't help yourself to snacks from the fridge unless you've been told to. And you don't entertain your pals. If you've asked the mother if a girl friend might drop in to keep you company, leave it at that.

Usually you can do a lot of studying during the quiet hours. But don't count on it: if the children want attention they must come first.

According to the handbook, there are three rules to keep in mind when caring for children: keep them safe, keep them healthy, keep them busy. They will test you as they will any unknown authority. But if you behave in a calm matter-of-fact way, following their routine, you won't have any difficulty. Children are fascinating creatures who can be wonderful fun.

And finally, as the handbook suggests, keep a card file on each family, noting the children's routine and any special facts to remember.

How do you look to boys?

It's spring. Everything starts afresh — and so should your appearance (see Chatelaine's Spring Beauty Guide, page 24). This month we decided to poll the boys on how they like a girl to look. Here are the verdicts:

"If she's mussy-looking, sort of hanging together, she's signaling that she's likely to be a scatterbrain." . . . "I hate a girl who has do-dads draped all over her; and loud colors, like purple, put me off." . . . "The first thing I notice about a girl is if she's shiny . . . Even if she's not so hot-looking, she's worth noticing if she looks neat and tidy."

What do they like girls to wear? "I like a girl to look feminine. Those blouses with all the frills in front are nice and I like the fluffy dresses they wear to parties. Light blue is my favorite color." . . . "Girls who wear things that match catch my eye. I like skirts and sweaters that are the same color, all blue or all green. They look neat. I don't mind shorts and slacks for sports. On some girls, they look cute. But some girls shouldn't wear them! I don't know why someone doesn't tell them!" . . . "I like girls at parties to look like girls. They don't have to be all frills but sort of soft, as if they wanted to be treated like girls. I like pink, light blue and yellow."

What features do they notice? "The thing I really notice about a girl is her voice. If she looks like a million dollars and has a squeaky or a loud voice she doesn't attract me. I like a nice low voice." . . . "I notice a girl's eyes. If they're a pleasing color and full of fun she appeals to me. Cold, fish eyes scare me off." . . . "I notice the way a girl walks. Some girls clomp along as if they were wearing ski boots. I like girls who walk as if they were in step with music. And some girls walk as if they wanted all the boys to look at them. Awful! They can't realize how it looks."

How to date an out-of-town girl

Here's a dating problem from a boy: "My club meets with clubs from nearby towns. There's a girl from the next town at these meetings whom I'd like to ask out but I don't know how. Should I write her inviting her to a party in my town or phone her or what? And if she accepts how do I get her home? My parents won't let me drive if it's late."

If there's a party coming up, you could ask her at the next meeting. If not, go up and talk to her at the meeting. Later you can drop her a note, asking her to go with you on a certain date to a certain kind of party. Be specific so she'll know how to dress. If there's no party in the offing you could always drive over to her town and take her to a movie, setting the date in advance.

If you know a party will last later than usual, you could ask your mother if the girl could stay overnight at your house. If she agrees, she should enclose a note to the girl asking her officially.

It's a little difficult arranging dates with a girl out of town but you'll never ask her if you keep wondering about it. ◆

Watch for TEEN TEMPO next month, with news and views on teen fashions, dates and etiquette. Susan Cooper will be pleased to answer your questions or problems by mail. The best letters will appear in this column (no names will be published). Write to: Susan Cooper, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

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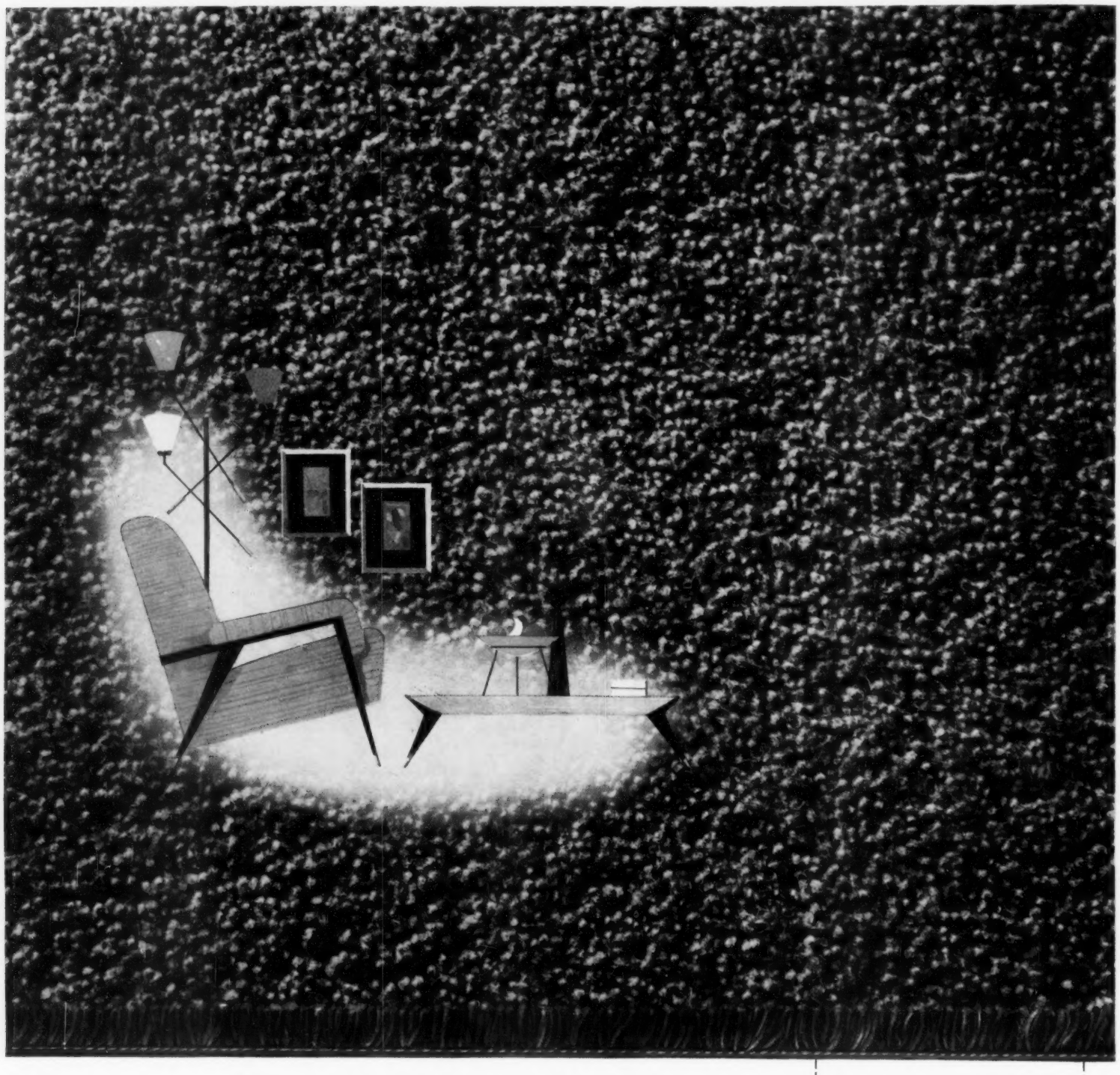

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